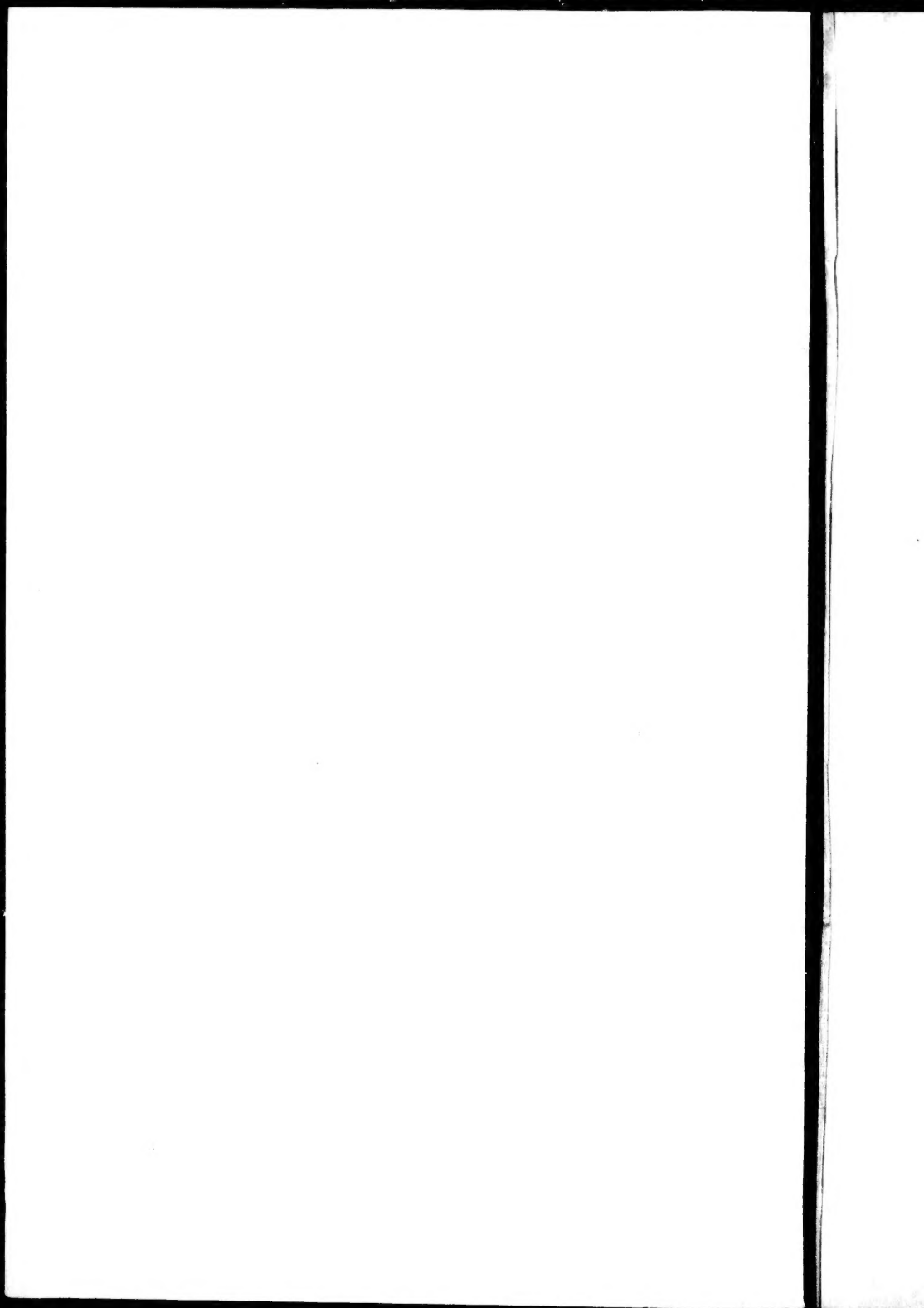




THE
GAELIC BARDS

FROM 1411 TO 1517

BY THE
REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.



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PREFACE.

THIS WORK is especially intended for Gaelic-speaking Canadians. Some of them, it is true, take very little interest in the past; they forget or ignore their obligations to it. But others are of a nobler stamp. They work hard to make a comfortable living for themselves; still they find some leisure hours for reading the poetry, legends, traditions, and history of their ancestors. They are Canadians by birth and are thoroughly loyal to their own country; but they are Kelts by blood, and are not ashamed of the poetic, warm-hearted, and warlike people from whom they have sprung. The Old Highlanders had faults, but they were men.

I have in this work given specimens of the compositions of the best known poets and song-writers of the Gaeldom of Scotland from 1411 to 1517, or from the Battle of Harlaw to the Battle of Sheriffmuir. I have also given a brief account of every author respecting whom it was possible for me to obtain any information. I have added glossaries and explanatory notes, which I trust may be useful in making the poems intelligible. I have

not given as many poems as I would like to have given, and for the very good reason that I could not afford to pay for a larger work.

I have departed to some extent from the common orthography. I am very far, however, from thinking that the mode of spelling I have adopted is free from faults. Still I do not suppose that it can, as a mere experiment, do any harm.

I have prepared the first fifteen pages of the Introduction for the benefit of English readers who speak Gaelic and would like to be able to read it. I feel confident that any person of ordinary intelligence who can read English and speak Gaelic can, if he will only try, learn to read Gaelic in a very few hours.

Several of the poems in this work are from Dr. Maclean's MS. I feel convinced that it would be useful, especially for philological purposes, to publish that MS. *verbatim et literatim*. I shall be glad to hand it over to any person or persons who will agree to do so.

The printers of this work do not understand a word of Gaelic. I live twenty miles from Charlottetown, and it was inconvenient to send me proofs more than once. In consequence of these facts there are a few typographical errors. Fortunately, however, they are not of very much importance. They can cause no difficulty to any reader.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Belfast, Prince Edward Island,

October 28th, 1890.

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INTRODUCTION.

I.

GAELIC READING AND SPELLING.

LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

The letters of the alphabet represent the sounds used in speaking. They are thus merely signs. We spell a word containing two or more sounds by placing two or more letters after one another, each representing a sound contained in the word. We pronounce a word by joining together the sounds represented by the letters in it.

A perfect alphabet would contain a letter or sign for every simple sound used in the language. An alphabet of this kind, however, would be somewhat long and rather difficult to learn. Besides, for the ordinary purposes of life it is not really needed. When two sounds are fundamentally of the same nature, like that of a in far and a in fat, the same letter suits well enough to represent both sounds.

The Gaelic alphabet consists of thirteen consonants, b, c, d, f, g, h, l, m, n, p, r, s, t; and five vowels a, e, i, o, u. Practically however it contains seventeen consonants, b, c, ch, d, f, g, h, l, m, n, ng, p, r, s, t, bh or mh, dh or gh; and

six vowels, a, e, i, o, u, ao. Ch, ng, bh or mh, dh or gh, and ao represent simple sounds, and are to be regarded as single letters. Ch is the same letter as the Greek chi. Bh and mh stand for v. Generally mh is a nasalized v, or a v sounded partly through the nose. Dh and gh stand for y. There is no word in Gaelic that begins with the sound of h, v, or y.

Ph is always sounded like f; as in phaisg e, faisg e, he folded. Th is sounded like h as in thilg e, hilg e, he threw. Sh is also sounded like h; as in sheall e, heall e, he looked. Fh is silent, as in chan fhaca mi, chan aca mi, I did not see.

THE CONSONANTS.

The names of the consonants are ba, ca, cha, da, fa, ga, ha, la, ma, na, ang, pa, ra, sa, ta, va, ya. The correct pronunciation of these names will be found in the following words:—*bath*-is, forehead; *cath*, battle; *chath*-ich e, he fought; *dath*, dye; *fath*, a mole; *gath*, a sting; *thath*-ich e, he frequented; *la*-sir, a flame; *math*, good; *nath*-ir, a serpent; *f-ang*, a sheep-pen; *pa*-cair a peddler; *rath*, luck; *Di-sath*-uirn, Saturday; *tath*-ich, frequent; a *vath*-is, his forehead; *yath* e, he dyed. The words or parts of words containing the names of the letters are printed in Italics.

In explaining the sounds of the consonants it will be convenient to treat each of the letters l, r, and n as two letters. The six letters arising from this division may be written lh, l, rh, r, nh, n. Lh, rh, and nh may be called liquid or soft letters, and l, r, and n hard letters. In using these terms, however, it must be distinctly understood that l, r, and n are hard letters only in comparison with lh,

rh, and nh ; not in comparison with other letters of the alphabet.

The difference in sound between lh and l, rh and r, nh and n will be readily noticed by comparing the sounds of each of these pairs of letters in lhian, a net, and mo lian, my net ; rhamh, an oar, and mo ramh, my oar ; nhamh an enemy, and mo namh, my enemy. Of course lhian, rhamh, and nhamh are invariably spelt in books lian, ramh, and namh.

The letters p, b, f, v and m are called labials, or lip-letters ; and the letters h, c, ch, g, y, t, d, lh, rh, nh, l, r, n, ng, and s, linguals or tongue-letters. As m, n, and ng are sounded partly through the nose they are called nasals, or nose-letters. All these letters have two distinct sounds, a low or flat sound, and a high or sharp sound. In the case of the labials, however, the difference between these sounds is of so slight a character that it is scarcely worth taking into account. In the case of the linguals the difference amounts to a good deal. Compare for instance the sound of t in tal, an adze, with its sound in tinn, sick. The difference between its sounds in these two words is almost equal to the difference between th in thank and t in tin.

By the low or flat sound of a consonant is meant its sound in union with a low or flat vowel, such as a, o, u, or ao ; and by its high or sharp sound, its sound in union with a high or sharp vowel, such as i.

It is not to be assumed that the Gaelic consonants agree in sound with the same consonants in English. The fact is that with the exception of h and m there is not a consonant in Gaelic that has the same sound, and only the same sound, as the same consonant or any other consonant in English.

We can readily learn the difference in sound between a Gaelic and an English consonant, by consulting, not our ears, but our tongue and lips. Our ears may deceive us, but our tongue and lips will not. A fiddler cannot produce two sounds precisely alike by touching the string in two different places. Neither can we produce two sounds similar in every respect by bringing the organs of speech into contact at different points. Let us compare for instance the sounds of English *th* in *lath*, Gaelic *t* in *at*, swelling, and English *t* in *hat*. These three sounds are quite different from one another. In saying *lath* the tongue strikes the edge of the upper teeth and is almost disposed to push itself out past the teeth; in saying *at*, it strikes against the root of the upper teeth; whilst in saying *hat*, it does not touch the teeth at all, but strikes above them.

How are we to know when *l*, *r*, and *n* have their soft or liquid sound, and when they have their hard sound?

As an almost invariable rule *l*, *r*, and *n* have their soft sound at the beginning of words. The only exceptions to this rule are *le*, with; *ri* or *ris*, to; *riamh*, ever; *roimh*, before; and *ni*, will do, as in *ni mi sin*, I will do that. *Reir*, according to, and *ris*, again, are only apparent exceptions, these words being merely shortened and improper forms of a *reir* and a *ris*. So far as *leibh*, with you, *ruibh*, to you, and *romhabh*, before you, are concerned, they are simply contracted forms of *le sibh*, *ri sibh*, and *roimh sibh*.

When *l*, *r*, and *n* have their liquid or soft sound in the middle or end of words they are generally written double; as in *balla*, a wall; *garrach*, a worthless little fellow; *bonnach*, a cake; *call*, loss; *gearr*, a hare; *tonn*, a wave.

We have now to consider another important

question. How can we know when the consonants b, c, ch, d, g, f, h, lh, l, m, nh, n, ng, p, rh, r, s, t, v, and y have their low or flat sound, and when they have their high or sharp sound?

When a syllable begins with a consonant, the consonant has always its low sound before a, o, u, or ao; and its high sound before e or i; as in sar, a hero; sor, spare; suil, an eye; saor, a carpenter; sen, old; sith, peace. When a syllable begins with a vowel the consonant coming after it has its low sound after a, o, u, ao, and e; and its high sound after i; as in as, out of; osnadh, a sigh; uspag, a push; aosmhor, aged; es, a water-fall; isban, a sausage.

When a syllable begins and ends with a consonant, as a general rule the sound of the last consonant is determined by the character of the vowel; as in bas, death; cos, a crevice; tus, beginning; taod, a hair rope; ses, stand; dis, soft. When the consonant has its low sound after i, the letter o is inserted between it and the i; as in fios, knowledge, which without the o would be pronounced fish. Again, when the consonant has its high sound the letter i is inserted between it and the vowel; as in braid, a horse-collar; boid, a vow; tuis, incense; and taois, dough. Of course the o is totally silent in fios, and the i in braid, boid, tuis, and taois.

There are a few exceptions to the general rules of pronunciation laid down which require to be pointed out. C at the end of a word of one syllable, or at the end of an accented syllable, is generally pronounced like chc, as in mac, machc, a son. Chd, originally cht, is also generally pronounced like chc, as in smachd, smachc, authority. Cn and gn are sometimes sounded like r. Thus we hear croc, a bill; craimh, a bone; gruis, the countenance; granda, ugly; and griomh, a deed;

in place of *cnoc*, *cnaimh*, *gnuis*, *gnada*, and *gniomh*. In English the *c* and *g* are wholly omitted as in *knock*, *know*, *gnat*, *gnomon*. In pronouncing *rt*, it is a common practice to insert *s* between the *r* and the *t*; as in *mart*, a cow, *cert*, right, which are pronounced as if written *marst*, *cerst*. Some insert the *s* between *r* and *d*, as in *ard*, high, *ceard*, a tinker, which they pronounce *arsd* and *cearsd*. In pronouncing *l* or *r* and a following *b*, *g*, *m*, or *v*, it is customary to insert the sound of a short *u*, like that of *u* in *agus*, between the *l* or *r* and the succeeding consonant; as in *Alba*, *Aluba*, Scotland; *ferg*, *ferug*, *wrath*; *arm*, *arum*, a weapon; *garbh*, *garubh*, stout. The same short sound is inserted between *n* and *m* or *v*; as in *ainm*, *ainum*, a name; *ainbhach*, *ainuvach*, a debt. The sound of *nn* is frequently omitted between a vowel and *s*; as in *annsachd*, a beloved person; *oinnsech*, a silly woman; *unnsa*, an ounce; *Innsainech*, an Indian. An *e* before *e* is sounded like *ung*, as in *an cu*, *ung cu*, the dog. *Fhuair*, found, *fhein*, self, and *fhathast*, yet, are pronounced as if written *huair*, *hein*, *hathast*. *Thu*, thou, is pronounced *u*, not *hu*. *S* after *t*- is silent, as in *'san t-slige*, *'san tlige*, in the shell, *S* has its high sound in *so*, *this*; *sud*, *that*; but these words might be written *seo*, *siud*. *S* has its low sound in *is*, the verb *is*, and also *and*. *Y* or *ya* is frequently silent in the end of a syllable; as in *fiodh-al*, a fiddle; *briagh-a*, beautiful. *V* also at the end of a syllable is treated by many persons as a silent letter; as in *ga*, *take*, for *gav* or *gabh*; *la*, *hand*, for *lav* or *lamh*.

A few erroneous statements respecting Gaelic sounds have found their way into books. It may save the student of Gaelic some perplexities to be put on his guard against these statements. Gaelic *t*, then, is never sounded like English *ch*. English

ch stands for tsh, as in tshurtsh or church. Gaelic d is never sounded like English j. English j stands for dzh, as in dzhig or jig. The man who says jirech sin for direch sin, just that, is simply mispronouncing the d. The expression tha eolas aige, he has knowledge, is not to be pronounced as if written tha yeolas aige. Eo never takes y before it except after do, to; as in do dh-Eoghan, or do y-Eoghan, to Ewen. Gh in laogh, a calf, is not a peculiar and jaw-breaking sound. It is simply the consonant y, as can be easily seen by saying, first, lao-ya and next lao-y, dropping the a. Dh' fh is not an unpronounceable combination of letters. Let us examine it in the sentence dh' fhag e mi, he left me. Dh stands for y and fh is silent. Surely any one who can speak at all can say yag e mi. A duck could almost say dh' fhag, or yag.

THE VOWELS.

The vowels a, o, u, ao, i, and e are named after their sounds in the following words:—*a*, out of; *olc*, evil; *urra*, a person; *aodach*, clothes; *ise*, she; *ech*, a horse. A, o, u, and ao may be termed broad, low, or flat vowels; i, a slender, high, or sharp vowel; and e an intermediate vowel.

A vowel may have two or more short sounds, and corresponding long sounds. When a vowel is sounded partly through the nose, which takes place only when sounded in union with m or n, it is said to be nasalized.

In giving the various vowel sounds in the Gaelic language I will give the short sound in the first word and the corresponding long sound in the next.

A IS SOUNDED

1. As in grad, quick ; gradh, love.
2. As nasalized in mac, a son ; mathair, mother.
3. As in lagh, law ; ladhran, hoofs, as pronounced in Western Argyleshire.

The sound of a in lagh is the same as that of u in lug. Its long form in ladhran can be ascertained by lengthening that of u in lug.

O IS SOUNDED

1. As in brod, 'lid ; cos, a crevice.
2. As nasalized in cnoc, a hill ; comhradh, conversation.
3. As in gobhar, a goat ; gobhlag, a fork.

U IS SOUNDED

1. As in cus, too much ; crubach, lame.
2. As nasalized in muc, a pig ; much, quench.
3. As in agus, and, or like a in hospital.

The long form of this sound is represented by a as sounded in Inverness-shire in ladhran, hoofs, and also by ao as sounded in Inverness-shire in laogh, a calf.

AO IS ALWAYS LONG. IT IS SOUNDED

1. As in laogh, a calf, in Western Argyleshire,
2. As in laogh in Inverness-shire.

I IS SOUNDED

1. As in ise, she ; i, an island.
2. As nasalized in min, meal ; minn, kids.
3. As in gabhibh, take, or like u in agus.

It is really sounded in three different ways in an unaccented syllable like *ibh* in *gabh-ibh*. Some say *gav-iv*, some say *gav-uv* or *ga-uv*, and others *ga-u*. Those who say *gav-iv* sound the *i* distinctly like *i* in *ibh*, drink; those who say *gav-uv* or *gauv* sound the *i* like *u* in *agus*; whilst those who say *ga-u* drop the *bh* or *v* both in *gabh* and *ibh* and sound the *i* like *u* in *ugh*, an egg.

E IS SOUNDED

1. As in *fer*, a man; *ferr* or *fearr*, better.
2. As nasalized in *nech*, a person; *nebh*, heaven.
3. As in *egal*, fear. or like *a* in *maple*; as in *cem* or *ceim*, step, or like *a* in *fame*. Many sound *e* in *egal* like *e* in *fer*.
4. As in *fine*, a clan, or like *u* in *agus*.

The short sound of *e* in *fer* is the same as that of *e* in *ferry*. The corresponding long sound, or that of *e* in *ferr* or *fearr*, does not exist in English. Some find it in *there* and *where*, but they do so by mispronouncing these words, a thing that is very commonly done.

DIPHTHONGS.

A diphthongal sound is formed by the blending together of two vowel sounds. Two vowels placed side by side do not necessarily form a diphthong. If they are both sounded they constitute a diphthong; if one of them is totally silent they are merely a digraph. The Gaelic diphthongs are *ai*, *oi*, *ui*, *aoi*, *ei*; *au*, *ou*, *ua*; *ia* or *io*, *iu*; *eo*, *eu*.

AI IS SOUNDED

1. As in saighit, an arrow ; saill, fat.
2. As nasalized in naidhechd, news ; scraing a scowl.
3. Like aoi, as in aibhnen, rivers, as pronounced in some places.

OI IS SOUNDED

1. As in roimh, before ; Roimh, Rome.
2. Like aoi, as in oidhirp, an attempt ; oidhche, night.

UI is sounded as in suip, wisps ; luib, the genitive case of lub, a bend.

AOI is always long, and is sounded as in aoibhnes, joy.

EI is sounded as in beinn, a mountain.

AU IS SOUNDED

1. As in aubhin, as pronounced in Western Argyleshire ; as in daull, blind.
2. As nasalized in laumhan, hands, in Western Argyleshire ; as nasalized in maull, slow.

OU is sounded as in foughar, autumn, in parts of Argyleshire ; as in toull, a hole.

UA IS ALWAYS LONG, AND IS SOUNDED

1. As in ruadh, reddish.
2. As nasalized in nuadh, new.
3. As in fuar, as pronounced in Athole.

IA OR IO IS ALWAYS LONG, AND IS SOUNDED

1. As in *diar*, tear ; *fion*, wine.
2. As in *fiar*, crooked ; *fior*, true.

IU IS SOUNDED

1. As in *tiugh*, thick ; *cliu*, praise.
2. As nasalized in *os-ciunn*, overhead, or above.

EO OR EA IS SOUNDED

1. As in *Seoc*, Jock ; *leon*, a wound.
2. As in *leabhar*, a book ; *teoma*, skilful, *teaghlach*, a family.

EU is sounded as in *geumhtach*, short and thick ; *ceunn*, head.

In some parts of Argyleshire the sounds represented by *au*, *ou*, and *eu* are not used. *Dall*, *tonn*, and *ceann* are pronounced as these words are spelt, the *a*, *o*, and *e* being lengthened to some extent. According to the present mode of spelling, *io* is frequently a digraph, *ea* and *ei* are generally digraphs, whilst *eu* is always a digraph. There are no triphthongs either in Gaelic or English.

THE ACCENTS.

In pronouncing a word of two or more syllables we lay a certain pressure or stress of voice upon one of the syllables. This stress is called the accent, and the syllable upon which it falls the accented syllable. In Gaelic the accent invariably falls upon the first syllable of a word, except when that syllable happens to be a prefix, as in *las-ir*,

a flame. It never falls upon a prefix that is known and felt to be such. In the word co-chruinn-ech-adh, a collection, no one would ever think of putting the accent upon co. Any one would put it upon chruinn, which is the main part or root of the word.

SYLLABICATION.

With regard to syllabication, or the division of words into syllables the following rules may be laid down:—

1. As a general rule the second syllable of a word begins with a vowel, and also the third syllable; as in benn-ach-adh, a blessing. The tendency is to end a syllable with a consonant.

2. Ch, th, bh and mh, dh and gh, ll, rr, and nn must always be joined to the vowel before them; as in clach-air, a mason; Leth-an-ach, a Maclean; clobh-a, a pair of tongs; samh-ach, quiet; claidh-ebh, a sword; bragh-ad, the neck; duill-ech, foliage; dann-arr-a, stubborn.

3. In the case of compound words the syllabic division must always take place between the two words that form the compound; as in gnath-fhacal, a common saying or proverb.

4. Prefixes and suffixes always form distinct syllables, as in do-leighes, incurable; coill-tech, one who lives in the woods.

THE USE OF THE APOSTROPHE.

When a word is contracted by omitting one or more letters generally used in pronouncing it, the omission should be indicated by an apostrophe, as in bhuailt' e for bhuailtedh e, he would be

struck. Again, when a word generally used and necessary to make a sentence intelligible has been omitted the omission should be indicated by an apostrophe, as in an te 'bh' ann san taigh for an te a bha ann san taigh, the woman that was in the house.

As no one ever says an bhen, the woman, gu am faod mi, that I may, gu an deid mi, that I will go, na an rachadh e, if he would go, na am faicedh e, if he would see, we should not write a' bhen, gu'm faod mi, gu'n deid mi, na 'n rachadh e, na 'm faicedh e; but a bhen, gum faod mi, gun deid mi, nan rachadh e, nam faicedh e. It may be replied that some one said an bhen and gu an deid mi long ago. What of that? We do not write to instruct people in antiquarian matters or the original forms of words, but to convey our ideas to them. As a matter of fact no one ever said gu an deid, except perhaps in singing a line which lacked a syllable of the number required.

THE ORIGIN OF CERTAIN WORDS AND LETTERS.

The word thanic is from do and anac or ananca, which is from the Indo-Keltic root nak, to reach. To write d' thanic instead of danic or d' anic would be equivalent to writing do do-bhuail instead of do bhuail. As the verb anac or anic is never used by itself, there is no necessity for writing d'anic. Ranic, reached, is from ro and anac, or anic, the form of the word always used by early writers in the third person singular. Thic, will come, is from do and ic; and theid, will go, from do and eit. Thuc, gave, is from do and uc; and thoir, give, is from do and bheir. A bheil thu, are you? is for am feil thu. Is, and, is a different word from agus,

and. It is therefore improper to write it a's or 'us, as if it were a contracted form of agus. It is at the present day invariably pronounced us, and might be written us. Is is generally used to connect nouns, and agus to connect the clauses of a sentence. Ged a is from ge do, and is still used in that way, as in ge do bha mi, although I was. Mo, my, and do, thy, are generally changed after ann, in, to am and ad, as in ann am laimh, in my hand, ann ad laimh, in thy hand. In expressions of this kind the preposition is frequently omitted. We say simply 'am laimh, 'ad laimh. Aig, at or by, originally oc, has been cut up into more shapes than any other word in the language. We find it not only in its proper form aig, but also in such forms as aic, ag, 'g, a, ga. Its various forms will be found in the following expressions: aig Mari, in possession of Mary; aic-e, in her possession; ag ol, at drinking; 'g ithedh, at eating; a buladh, at striking; ga a-bhualadh, contracted to ga 'bhualadh, at his-striking, or striking him. A-bhualadh is dealt with as one word. In the expression, thig gam ionnsidh, come to me, ga is not for aig, but for do, to. The correct form is thig dom ionnsidh. In the expression gach sceula ga bheil agad, every story that you have, ga stands for de na. The original form of the article was sind. Sind was first changed into in or int, and next into an or ant. We still use the last form of it, as in the expression ant ech, the horse. As, however, in pronouncing this form of the article, we invariably separate the t from the article and prefix it to the noun, we should write not ant ech, but an t-ech. The original form of the preposition ann, or an, was in. It was changed from in to ann or an. The s that we find attached to it in such an expression as anns an taigh, in the house, does not properly belong to it. It is the s of the article in its original form, sind. For anns an taigh, then, we may write ann san

taigh, or an san taigh, which is probably the most common form of the expression. In the expression *thoir sin do dh-Iain*, give that to John, *dh* is not a repetition of the preposition *do*, but simply a sound thrown in to render the pronunciation more agreeable. It is easier to say *do dh-Iain* than it is to say *do Iain*. We should write, not *do dh' Iain*, but *do dh-Iain*.

THE RULE OF LETHANN RI LETHANN AND CAOL RI CAOL.

The earliest Irish writers followed a natural and correct method of spelling. In course of time, however, the rule of *lethann ri lethann* and *caol ri caol* was framed and adopted, and is still in full force. According to this rule, if the last vowel in a syllable be a broad or low vowel, the first vowel of the syllable following it must also be a broad or low vowel; and if the last vowel of a syllable be a slender or high vowel, the first vowel of the syllable following it must also be a slender or high vowel. In the word *slanich*, *heal*, from the stem *slan* and the suffix *ich*, *a* is a broad or low vowel. It may therefore be followed by *a*, *o* or *u*, but not by *e* or *i*. We may write *slanaich* or *slanuich*, but not *slanich*. Of course the *a* in *aich* leads to a false pronunciation. The *u* in *uich* is equally useless, and also leads to a false pronunciation. Why then insert either *a* or *u* before *ich*? Simply to preserve the rule of *lethann ri lethann* for the benefit of the eye. The word *baighail*, *kind*, is formed from the stem *baigh* and the suffix *ail*, a contraction for *amail* or *amhail*, like. As *i*, the last vowel in *baigh*, belongs to the class of slender or high vowels, we must take good care not to put *a*, *o*, or

u after it ; it must be followed by e or i. Consequently we change ail to eil, and write baigheil. Of course nobody thinks of saying baigheil ; every one says baigha'il. But what of that ? The rule of caol ri caol is preserved for the satisfaction of the eye. After the rule of lethann ri lethann and caol ri caol had become fashionable in Ireland, it was introduced into Scotland, and rigorously applied to the Scottish Gaelic.

To the rule of lethann ri lethann and caol ri caol there are several objections. In the first place, it is not needed, and can not serve any useful purpose. It is impossible to point out anything gained by it. In the second place, it tends to produce a false pronunciation. If we pronounce the word Mairi as it is spelt we must evidently say Myry. In the third place, it tends to put the student of languages off the right track. We are told that ea in fear, a man, is a diphthong, and that it is made up of the sounds of e and u rapidly joined together. No man would maintain this absurd notion except a man who was influenced by the rule of lethann ri lethann and caol ri caol. We are told that fear was originally feras, and that the a was so powerful that it forced its way back between the e and the r. It is a well-known fact that when a vowel forces itself back in a word, it does not do so to be a silent letter and thus destroy itself. There is not a man living that ever heard the a in fear sounded even in the faintest manner. But fer was not originally feras, but feros. We are told that the rule of lethann ri lethann and caol ri caol, or of broad vowel to broad vowel and slender vowel to slender vowel, is the same as the law of vocalic harmony in the Finnish and other Ural-Altaic languages. The two rules are not the same. The Finn pronounces his words as he spells them ; the Highlander does not. The Finn's law is founded

upon the nature of his language ; the Highlander's law is founded simply upon the lively fancy of Irish scribes of a comparatively late period. The Finn's law is a reality ; the Highlander's law is a fiction. Probably we shall be told by and by that the law of *lethann ri lethann* and *caol ri caol* clearly proves that the Highlanders and Irish are to a large extent descended from some small yellow savages who spoke a language allied to the Finnish, and imposed its laws upon the Gaelic. In the fourth place, the law in question is an utter absurdity. It exists in books ; but the spoken language refuses to submit to it, just as a sane man would rebel against being put in a straight-jacket.

PHONETIC SPELLING.

That the current method of spelling Gaelic is exceedingly imperfect no one can deny. The same letters or combinations of letters are used to represent several distinct sounds ; the same sounds are represented in different ways ; simple sounds are represented by two letters ; letters and combinations are sometimes used to represent sounds that do not properly belong to them ; and letters are frequently written, but not pronounced. Some of these things are not merely theoretical imperfections, but positive evils. These evils should be removed. That they could be removed is just as certain as that they exist. They could be removed by spelling the language phonetically ; that is, by spelling every word as it is pronounced, and by always using the same sign to denote the same sound. But is it desirable to spell words in this way ? Yes, from every point of view in which the matter can be looked at.

Every one knows that it is a very laborious work to learn to read English. This arises from the fact that one has to learn not only the names of the letters, but the names of thousands of words as well. Who would ever think of calling cough, coff, and plough, plow, unless he had been taught to do so? The present mode of spelling is utterly vicious and absurd. It is simply a disgrace to the British and Americans, especially when we consider how these peoples ridicule the old-fashioned notions of the Chinese and boast of their own intelligence and progressive spirit. We all profess to take a deep interest in the welfare of the young people who are growing up and soon to take our place in the world. Is it becoming then on our part—is it kindness or justice—to be compelling children to waste years of valuable time learning to read their mother-tongue, when, if it was spelt properly, they could learn to read it in a few months?

It may be imagined by some that the introduction of phonetic spelling would tend to obscure the roots of words. This is merely a groundless supposition. Those who have carefully considered the matter, and whose opinions are worth listening to, think very differently. Max Muller says:—"The pronunciation of languages changes according to fixed laws, the spelling has changed in the most arbitrary manner, so that if our spelling followed the pronunciation of words, it would in reality be a greater help to the critical student of language than the present uncertain and unscientific mode of writing."—*Science of Language, Vol. II, page 111.* Prof. Whitney, the highest authority in America, says:—"Our words as we write them are full of silent and ambiguous signs of every class, unremoved ruins of an overthrown phonetic structure. And our sense of the fitness of things has become so debauched by our training

in the midst of these vicious surroundings that it seems to us natural and proper that the same sounds should be written in many different ways. It is natural and praiseworthy that we should be strongly attached to a time-honored institution, but this feeling becomes a mere blind prejudice, and justly open to ridicule, when it puts on airs, proclaims itself the defender of a great principle, regards inherited modes of spelling as sacred, and frowns upon the phonetist as one who would fain mar the essential beauty and value of a language.—*Language and the Study of Language, pages 94 and 468.* Prof. Sayce says :—"The objection that a reformed spelling would destroy the continuity of a language or conceal the etymology of words is raised only by ignorance and superficiality."—*Introduction to the Science of Language, Vol. II. page 345.*

It may be urged against phonetic spelling that by having the same sound always indicated by the same sign we may have two words of different significations spelt in the same way. What of that? It will of course be replied that we will have no means of determining what is meant. It is not perhaps desirable that two nouns having different meanings, or two adjectives, or two verbs or two prepositions, or two adverbs, or two conjunctions should be spelt in the same way, but this is a thing of very rare occurrence. The old Kelts and Goths could not build railroads and steamboats, but they knew how to build up a language just as well as we do, and probably a great deal better. They took good care not to make two words belonging to the same part of speech precisely alike. Cas, the leg, and cas, steep, are spelt and pronounced in the same way. Ghearr mi mo chas means I cut my foot, and tha e cas, it is steep. Is it conceivable that any man would understand by ghearr mi mo chas, I cut my steep?

It is especially desirable that the Gaelic language should be spelt phonetically. There are at the present day thousands of persons in the world who can speak Gaelic and read English, but who cannot read Gaelic. This is surely a state of things that should not be allowed to continue. If Gaelic were only spelt phonetically any one who understands it, and who can read English could learn to read it in a few hours. That the ability to read it would be an intellectual gain to one no man who is possessed of sound sense will be disposed to deny. We are told over and over that Gaelic is a dying language. Probably it is. At the same time it does not follow that it is as near its end as its foes imagine. There can be no doubt that among the things helping to kill it, at least in this country, is the inability of those who speak it to read it. By spelling it in a natural and proper manner this source of injury to it would be removed, and its life prolonged. The man who can read and enjoy its song and stories will never think of letting it die. Others may kick it and try to kill it, but he will stand by it. He loves it, not simply because his ancestors spoke it, not merely because it was the language of good, and great, and brave men, but for its naturalness, beauty, and strength, for its inherent excellence.

The following statements by Prof. Sayce, deserve earnest consideration :—

“The inadequacy of English spelling is exceeded only by that of Gaelic, and in the comparative condition of the Irish and Scottish Gaels on the one side and the Welsh Kymry on the other, we may read a lesson of the practical effects of disregarding the warnings of science. Welsh is phonetically spelt, the result being that the Welsh, as a rule, are well educated and industrious, and that their language is maintained in

full vigor, so that a Welsh child has his wits sharpened and his mind opened by being able to speak two languages. In Ireland and Scotland on the contrary, the old language is fast perishing ; and the people can neither read nor write unless it be in English."—*Introduction to the Science of Language, Vol. II, page 343.*

Whilst the first and supreme rule in spelling words is that we spell them as they are pronounced there is another rule to which we should also attend. When we know the original form of a word we should in spelling it preserve that form as far as the present mode of pronouncing it will permit us to do. Claidhebh, a sword, naobh, holy, deagh, excellent, traigh, the foot, and laighe, lying down, were originally spelt claideb, noeb, deg, traig, laige. So far as the present pronunciation of these words is concerned claidhemh, naomh, deadh, traidh, and laidhe suit just as well as claidhebh, naobh, deagh, traigh, and laighe. Inasmuch however as the latter mode preserves the original consonants, whilst the former does not, the latter mode is to be preferred. The older the form in which we have a word the more likely we are to find out its origin and true meaning. It is perfectly true that it is not the business of spelling to preserve or suggest etymologies. At the same time we should not utterly disregard the etymology of a word when there is no real necessity for doing so.

II.

THE STRUCTURE OF GAELIC POETRY.

There are certain rules of composition to which every poet or song-writer must attend. These rules are very simple, and can be thoroughly understood and practised by any one who will try. The following are the principal rules:—

1. Every line of a poem must be of a certain length, that is, it must contain a certain number of syllables.

2. Certain lines, which may be called corresponding lines, must be of the same length.

3. The accent must fall at regular intervals; in other words, the accented syllables must occupy a certain position.

4. The end-words of certain lines must rhyme together; that is, they must contain the same vowel sound. It is not necessary in Gaelic that the consonants should have the same sound. Two words rhyme perfectly when their vowel sounds are the same, as *beo* and *ceo*. Two words rhyme imperfectly when the vowel sounds are not precisely the same, as *torr* and *meoir*. Imperfect rhymes are allowable. They should not however appear only as occasional exceptions.

5. In certain cases a word within a line must rhyme with the last word of the preceding line. This in-rhyme, or middle rhyme as it is generally called is neither required nor used in English. In Gaelic poetry it is almost a matter of necessity.

We may have poetry without it, but we cannot have poetry that will please the ear without it. It may not give strength to a poem ; it unquestionably gives beauty to it. The want of it is a serious defect in our present metrical version of the Psalms.

6. In songs, or poems intended to be sung, all the verses must be of the same length. Of course this rule does not apply to poems composed in the same style as Beinn-Dorainn, which contains several parts, each to be sung to an air suitable to itself.

In order to understand the full meaning of these rules it will be necessary to examine the structure of a few verses. Let us begin with the following verse :

Cha robh na Gaidhil faìlinnech ;
B' e 'm beus 'bhi sesmhach, tabhachdach,
'Bhi bechdail, rechdmhor, ardanach,
'Bhi' dan a dol 'san tuasaid.

CHORUS

*Deoch-slainge luchd-nam-brecanan ;
'S e 'cur mu 'n cuairt a b' aite leinn ;
'S gun olamid gu scairtail i
Air lascairen a chruadail.*

The first line, Cha robh na Gaidh-il fail-inn-ech, contains eight syllables. The second and third lines are of the same length. The fourth line, Air, las-cair-en a chruad-ail, contains seven syllables. In the first line the accent falls upon robh, Gaidh, and fail, or upon the second, fourth and sixth syllables. In the second and third lines, and also in the fourth, it falls upon the same syllables. The end-rhyme comes in at fail, or the sixth syllable. It comes in in the same syllable in the second and third lines. *Faìlinnech, tabhachdach,*

and *ardanach* rhyme together. The in-rhyme, or middle rhyme, comes in in the second syllable of the fourth line. *Dan a dol* rhymes with *ardanach*. The chorus is constructed according to the same general plan as the first verse, and is of course to be sung with it. When we take the verse and the chorus together we find that the two closing words, *tuasaid* and *chruadail*, agree in rhyme. But the chorus is to be sung after every verse in the poem. It follows then that the closing word of every verse must be a word with which *chruadail* will rhyme. The first verse contains thirty-one syllables. Every verse in the poem contains the same number.

Let us look at another verse :

Thuit gu *lar* an crann *múllich*,
 Craobh a b' *aluinne dúillech*
 Fer neo-scathach 'sa *chunnart*
 'Shesadh *dar* anns gach *cúmasc* ;
 Bha thu *laidir* mar *churidh*
 'Chur na stáin gu *fulang* ;—
 Bu tu 'n t-armunn d' am *búinedh* 'bhi mor.

The sixth syllables of all the lines agree in sound. This was necessary. But the third syllables of all the lines also agree in sound. It was not necessary that all the the third syllables should rhyme together. Still, the fact that they do so adds to the melody of the verse. The verse closes with the accented syllable *mor*. Every verse in the poem ends with a syllable that rhymes with *mor*.

Let us now consider the structure of the following verse :

Thanic dith air an *ardrich*
 'Nuair a dh' eirich muir-bathhte fo *chroic* ;

Thuit craobh-ubhall mo gharridh,
 'S gun do fhroisedh am blath fedh an fheoir;
 Chaidh mo choinnel a smaladh,
 'Bu ghlan solus a dearrsadh mu 'n bhord;
 Bhrist an gloine 'bha 'm scathan,
 'S dh 'fhalbh an daoimen a m' fhasinne glan oir.

The first line contains seven syllables and the second nine. The two together contain sixteen syllables. The third and fourth lines, the fifth and sixth lines, and the seventh and eighth lines contain the same number. The verse is thus formed by putting two lines after two lines until the eight lines required in it are made up. The sixth syllable of every second line rhymes with the sixth syllable of every first line. Then the end-syllables of all the second lines, as *chroic*, *fheoir*, *bhord*, and *oir*, rhyme together. This adds to the melody of the verse, and makes it more easily remembered. All that was absolutely necessary however was that the end-syllable of the fourth line should rhyme with the end-syllable of the second line, and the end syllable of the eighth line with the end-syllable of the sixth line. The agreement in sound of *ardrich*, *gharridh*, *smaladh*, and *scathan* is purely accidental. *Ardrach*, or *ard-ramhach*, means an oared galley, and is not to be confounded with *ardach*, a dwelling.

The number of lines in a stanza, the length of each line, the position of the accent, and the words that must rhyme together depend upon the measure in which a poem is composed.

We may find the plainest laws of prosody violated in some old poems. We must remember, however, that some of the old poets could not write, and that even those among them who were good scholars did not write down their poems. Thus errors of composition might easily escape their notice. We must remember also that the men

who handed down poems by memory from one generation to another were likely to introduce defects of various kinds into them. They might change words unintentionally, they might forget words and substitute words of their own, or they might join parts of two stanzas together.

We are not to rush to the conclusion that those bards who could neither read nor write, such as Rob Donn and Duncan Ban, were uneducated men, and therefore totally unacquainted with the laws of prosody. It does not follow that a man who cannot read is an uneducated man, that is, a man destitute of mental training. The old bards were all educated men. They could speak their mother-tongue correctly, and were intimately acquainted with the history, traditions, and poetry of their country. So far as prosody is concerned they made a careful study of its laws.

Among the abominations to be avoided in poetic compositions are contractions. A termination that is invariably used in prose should not be lopped off in poetry. Neither should vowels be thrown away. Consonants are very good in their place, they are the bones of a language, but there is very little music in them.

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BROSNACHADH-CATHA CHLANN- DOMHNILL.

LE LACHINN MOR MAC-MHUIRICH.

A Chlanna Chuinn, cuimhnichibh
Cruas an am na h-iorghuill,—
Gu airnech, gu arronnach,
Gu arach, gu allanta,
Gu athlainh, gu arronta,
Gu allmhara, gu arahdach,
Gu anmhorach, gu aon-innt'nech,
Gu ar-meinech, gu anamanta,
Gu ascaoinech, gu airfidech,
Gu allta, gu anabarrach,
Gu ann-meinnech, gu an-glonnach,
Gu ainnertach, gu ainsgenach,
Gu aintesach, gu anmhurrach,
Gu arm-leonach, gu acf huinnech,
Gu arm-chreuchdach, gu aigentach,
Gu ailghesach, gu agarach,
Gu aghmhor, gu abarach,
Gu airbhertach, gu ath-bhuillech,
Gu an-dlighech, gu ath-mhillech,
Gu ainmail, gu allail,
Gu ardanach, gu ath-shellach,
Gu aon-ghuthach, aon-chridhech,
Aon-ghneithech, all-bhuadhach.

Gu urranta, gu ur-mhaisech
Gu ur-chlesach, gu uaibhreach,
Gu uil'-fhergach, gu uail'-fheartach,
Gu urchoidech, gu uamhasach,
Gu urrasach, gu urramach,
Gu ur-loiscech, gu uachdarach,

Gu ur-mhaillech, gu uchd-ardach,
 Gu uidhimicht', gu ughdarach,
 Gu upairnech, gu ur-ghleusach,
 Gu ur-bhuillech, gu ur-spellach,
 Gu ur-labhrach, ur-lamhach, ur-nertmhor,
 Gu cosnadh na cath-larich
 Ri bruinne bhur biuthidh. —
 A Chlanna Chuinn Cheutchathich,
 'S i 'n nis uair bhur n-aithnechidh.
 A chuilainen confhadhach,
 A bheithrichen bunanta,
 A leoghannan lan-ghasta,
 Onchonabh iorghuillech,
 De laochridh chrodha churanta
 De Chlannabh Chuinn Cheutchathich,
 A Chlanna Chuinn, cuimhnichibh
 Cruas an am na h-iorghuill.

Bruinne, the breast, front. Biuthidh, a formidable foe.
 Confhadhach, furious. Bunanta, strong. Onchu, a wolf.

Mac Mhuirich's brosnachadh-catha contains in all seventeen stanzas, or a stanza for every letter in the Gaelic alphabet except h. It was addressed to the Macdonalds when about to engage in the battle of Harlaw, July 24th, 1411. We have given only the first stanza and the last. The other stanzas contain nothing but adjectives preceded by gu, and thus turned into adverbs.

ISEBAL NIGH'N MHIC-CAILAIN.

Isabel Campbell, the poetess, was a daughter of Archibald, second Earl of Argyll, Gillesbic Ruadh. She was married to Gilbert Kennedy, second Earl of Cassilis. Her husband was assassinated at Prestwick, near Ayr, by Hugh Campbell, Sheriff of Ayrshire, in 1527. Gilbert, her eldest son, who was born in 1515, succeeded his father as Earl of Cassilis. Quentin, her fourth son, was the last abbot of Crossraguel.

IS MAIRG DO'N GALAR AN GRADH.

LE ISEBAL NIGH'N MHIC-CAILAIN.

Is mairg do 'n galar an gradh,
 Ge b' e fath fo 'n abrim e ;
 'S decir scarachdinn r' a phairt,
 'S truagh an cas 'sa bheil mi-fein

Leis a ghradh 'thug mi gun fhios,
 On 's e mo les gun a luaidh,
 Mur a faigh mi furtachd trath,
 Bidh mo bhlath gu tana, truagh,

Am fer sin d'an dug mi gradh,
 Is nach faod mi 'radh os n-aird,
 Chuir e mis' am boinn rach geill,
 Mo chrech! domh fein is ceut mairg.

— + —

DUANAG GHAOIL.

Do nighin Mhic-Dhomhnill Dhun-naobhaig,

LE MAC-CAILAIN.

Mairenn uain gu Dun-nan-naobh gel,
 Aol-chlach eibhinn nan sruth fionn ;
 Cuirten righ is cuan nan glan thraigh,
 'S e 'm brugh eibhinn, 's bantrachd ann, O.

'S tursach leinne 'bhi ga t' fhagail,
 'Arois nan cuach amalach oir ;
 Osnadh, gu d' ruighechd fo d' mhor mhaire,
 Bheirar uainn le frasabh dheoir, O.

'N cuimhne letsa, 'bheil-deirg mhalda,
 Mo riochd fein, uait no 'ad ghar ?

Mar shamhilt brain air ghlan leig,
A ghrasidh, gun aon bhreig, riut ni'n scar, O.

Mi ga t' f heithemh air srath sen chuain,
Gun iul puiri, gun chal 'bhi fo 'm,
'M buinne fairge tonn thar thaobh oirn,
Clar mo luinge bheirar uam, O.

'S eibhinn dhuit-s', a mhadidh bric, O,
Mo ruz-riut 's na h-abair e,—
Far an caidil thu gun toir ort,
A thi, 'nuair nach caidlinn fein, O.

'S eibhinn dhuit 'n trath laighes cach, O,
A bhi 'n caidremh mna nan rosc mall;
Ged a chuirte dh mi ri croich, O,
'S truagh an nochd nach mis' a bh' ann, O.

Gu dun nam buadh is an t-sonis
Thoir uamsa soridh ne dho,
Gu ribhinn shuairc a chaoin chaidrimh,
'S a chuach-fhuilte fhad a gu broig, O.

Brugh, a grand house, a royal residence. Samhilt, likeness, image. Bran, a raven. Leug, a pearl. 'Ad ghar, near thee, beside thee. Buinne, a wave, a stream.

It is probable that the Mac-Callain who composed Mair-eann Uainn, was Archibald, fourth Earl of Argyll. He succeeded his father in 1530, and died in 1580.

— X —

TIGHERNA CHOLA.

Hector Macleas, fourth of Coll, was a good man, and an excellent scholar. He was known as An Cleireach Beg, or the Little Clerk. He composed a few pieces of poetry in Latin. He succeeded his brother as Laird of Coll, in 1558. He was then well advanced in years.

CAISMECHD AILAIN NAN SOP.

LE TIGHERNA CHOLA.

'S mithich dhuinne mar bhun umhlachd
 Dan burdain a chascairt dhuit,
 A fhlescich bhrioghmhoir 'fhliuchas piosan
 Le d' dhibh spiosair, nertmhorich.

'N nochd nar cheiltedh fion na Frainge
 'Nad thech menmnach, masgalach,
 A shil uaibhrich nach biodh uaighech
 'S o 'm biodh sluagh gu cadaltach.

'S iomad geocach ann ad choisin.
 Agus deoiridh aigentach
 'N uair 'leigedh iat am mach am barca
 Thar an cabul ro ghasda.

Cenglar uimpe mar bhur n-abhaist,
 Cuan a b' aird' do chascairt leo,
 'S nitar sin a reir a cheile
 Gun fheum 'bhi air ath dheanamh,

Beirt choal righin, lionmhor, chainbe,
 Gun aon snaim marcachd oirr',
 'N cengal ri failbhegabh iarinn,
 Droineb nach iarr acarachd.

Sin air dheanamh luthach laidir,
 Le spionnadh ard 'sa chert uair sin,
 Gus an dugadh air a crannabh claonadh
 Taobh na gaoith a chert-eigin.

'N uair 'shuidhedh iat air a crann-ceille
 Gach fer fein ri drepairechd,
 A liuthad sodar anuir onfhaidh,
 'S e gu ceannghel, gorm, caitainach.

A bristedh gach taobh de 'brannradh,
 'S e 'n coi-ruith ri 'baidalabh,
 Fad bhur fad-fhradhairc 'sna neulabh,
 'Slad o 'beul r' a fhaicin leo.

A dol timchioll sruth' no sailain,
 'S i gu lenabhail, tartarach,
 'S iomad luirech an cengal ri 'h-earrich,
 'S bogha derg Sasunach,

Crainn air an locradh o roinn gu dosabh
 Le 'n cinn dhoidech fhad-ghaineach. —
 'N uair a chunnacadar am fad bhuait
 Na criochar ris an robh fuath acasan,

Glacadar na fuirbi righne
 'Nan doidibh min', ladarna ;
 Rinn iad an t-iomram teann teth
 Tobhtach, laidir, eolach, acuinnech.

Thug iad cutrom air na liaghibh,
 'S raimh gam pianadh acasan ;
 Chuir iad a beoil mhor ri cheile,
 'S a da chleith an taice sin.

Burdan, a jest, a criticism, a jibe ; a humming noise, a sing-song ; also perhaps burdoon. The Irish burdoon was a species of harmonic accompaniment. It was the same kind of singing as the French faux bourdon, and the Italian falso bordone. When a song was sung with the burdoon, three or more voices took part in the singing, one representing the tenor, the others successively repeating the words of the song in a higher pitch, so as to form accords. E. O. 'Curry's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish, vol. i., page 607. Dan burdain may then mean a song sung in the burdoon manner. Probably however the meaning of the expression in this poem is a bantering song, a song composed in good humour, but containing some gentle

touches of sarcasm. Pios, a silver cup. Masgalach, flatterer. Droineb, tackling. Acarachd, moderation, gentleness. Luthach, strong, well-jointed. Crann-ceille, helm. Sodar, a trotting, a trotting horse, a wave trotting or rushing on. Onfhadh, a blast, a storm. Caitainech, rough, surly. Brannrahd, a prop, a support, as tand. Baidal, the upper part of a sail, an ensign, a tower. Slad, fagging, making havoc, plundering. Sailain, a little inlet, gulf, or arm of the sea. Tartarach, noisy, clamorous, bold. Doidech, strong. Fad-ghaineach, long-darted. Doid, the hand, grasp. Tobhtach, furnished with benches for rowers. Liagh, the blade of an oar. Cliath, or cliath-ramh, a set of oars.

Lachainn Catanach Maclean of Duart married Marion, daughter of John, first Maclean of Treisinnis, by whom he had two sons, Hector Mor his successor and Allan, known as Ailain nan Sop. It is stated in some works that Allan was a natural son. The statement is not correct.

Ailain nan Sop was a man of courage and ability. He got a small fleet under his command and made plundering excursions to Ireland, the Lowlands, and parts of the Highlands. He got the name Ailain nan Sop from the fact that he frequently set wisps of burning straw to the buildings of the districts invaded by him, and reduced them to ashes. He killed the Laird of Lethir and took possession of his lands. He killed Malcolm Macneill of Gigha in 1530, and seized his estate. The Earl of Argyll secured his non-interference by a gift of the lands of Cille-Charmaig in Knapdale, and Macdonald of Islay by a gift of Tarbert Castle. He died in 1551, and was buried in Iona. He had two natural sons, Hector and John. They were both legitimated. August 30, 1547.

According to tradition, Hector Maclean, the Bard, afterwards Laird of Coll, made some remarks about Ailain nan Sop's conduct that were not very complimentary. Allan, provoked by these remarks, went to Coll, seized the poet, and took him away as a prisoner to Tarbert Castle. The bard composed a poem about Allan, which pleased him so much that he set his prisoner at liberty, with a friendly warning to be more guarded about his tongue for the future. Dr. Maclean states that Caismechd Ailain nan Sop was composed about the year 1537. It is in all probability the very poem which procured his liberty for the scholarly bard of Coll.

DOMHNALL MAC FHIONNLAI DH
NAN DAN.

Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh was a Macdonald. According to tradition his father, Finlay Macdonald lived in Glencoe, and was banner-man to Mac Mhic Iain, as Macdonald of Glencoe was invariably called. His mother was a native of Lochaber, and the daughter of a poet and deer-stalker who lived at Creg-guanach. Donald was brought up with his grandfather in Lochaber. After his father's death he returned to his native district, but owing to a disagreement with his chief, Macdonald of Glencoe, he remained there only a short time. He returned to Lochaber, the home of his youth. He succeeded his grandfather as bard and chief deer-stalker to Macdonald of Keppoch. He lived at Fersit, An Fhersaid Riabhach, at the lower end of Loch-treig, but passed the greater part of the summer at Creig-guanach, which is at the upper end of that loch. He was married but his wife lived only a few years. Mary his only daughter, kept house for him in his old age.

When Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh was an old man, and unable to hunt the deer, the young laird of Keppoch Raonall Gorach invited his principal followers to an entertainment at Taigh-nam-fledh. The aged bard was not invited, but started of his own accord, and went as far as Taigh-na-fuine on his way to Taigh-nam-fledh. Finding however that he was not wanted at the entertainment, he turned home. On his way back he heard an owl in the woods of Strone. His Oran na comhachaig, in which he addresses the owl as old and lonely like himself, was then begun.

Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh was a very old man at the time of his death. He is buried in Cille-Chaorail in Lochaber.

ORAN NA COMHACHAIG.

LE DOMHNALL MAC FHIONNLAI DH.

AM BARD.

A Chomhachag bhochd na Sroine,
An nochd is bronach do leba,
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Dhonnghail,
Chan iongnadh ge trom let t'aignedh.

A CHOMHACHAG.

'S co-aoise mise do 'n daraig,
'Bha 'na faillein ann sa choinich,
'S iomad linn a chuir mi romham,
'S gur mi comhachag bhoich na Sroine.

AM BARD.

An nise on tha thu aosda,
Deansa t' fhaosit ris an t-sacairt,
Agus innis dha gun euradh,
Gach aon sgeula ga bheil agad.

A CHOMHACHAG.

Cha d'rinn mise braid no breugan,
Cladh na tearmun a bhristedh ;
Air m' fher fhein cha d'rinn mi innadh,
Gur caillech bhoich ionnric mise.

AM BARD.

Chunnacas mac a Bhrithimh chalma,
Agus Ferghas mor an gaisgech,
Agus Torradan liath na Sroine;—
Sin na laoich 'bha domhail taicail.

AM BARD.

On a thoishich thu ri senachas,
'S eigin do lénmhuin na's faide
Gun robh an triuir sin air foghnadh,
Mun robh Donnghal ann san Fhersit.

A CHOMHACHAG.

Chunnic mi Alastair Carrach,
An duine 'b'allaile 'bha 'n Albin,
'S minic a bha mi ga eistechd,
'S e aig reitech nan tom selga.

Chunnic mi Aonghus 'na dheghidh,
 Cha b' e sin raghain 'bu taire,
 'S ann san Fhersit a bha 'thuinedh,
 'S rinn e muilenn air Allt-làrach.

AM BARD.

Bu lionmhor cogadh is crechadh,
 Bha 'n Lochabar ann san uair sin,
 Cait am biodh tusa ga t' fhalach,
 Eoin bhig na mala gruamich?

A CHOMHACHAG.

Is ann a bha 'chuid mhor de m' shinnsredh,
 Etar an Innse 's an Fhersit ;
 Bha cuid eile dhiubh mu 'n Deubhadh,
 'S bhiodh iat ag eighech 'san fhescar.

'N uair a chidhinn-sa 'dol sechad
 Na crechan agus am fuathas,
 Bheirinn car beg bharr an rathid,
 'S bhidhinn grathun an Creg-guanach.

AM BARD.

Creg mo chridh-sa Creg-guanach,
 'Chreg an d' fhuair mi greis de m'arach,
 Creg nan aighen 's nan damh siubhlach,
 A chreg urail, fhiarach, aghinhor.

A chreg mu'n iathadh an fhaghit,
 Bu mhiann lem a bhi ga tadhal
 'N uair bu bhinn guth gallan gadhair.
 A cur greidh' gu gabhal chumhinn.

'S binn na h-iolairen mu 'bruachabh,
 'S binn a cuachan, 's binn a h-ela,
 Is binne na sin an blaoghan
 A ni'z laoghan men-bhreac ballach.

Is binn lem torman nan dos,
 Ri uilin nan corra-bheann cas,
 'S an eilid bhiorach a 's coal cos,
 'Ni fois fo dhuillech ri tes.

Gun de cheil' aic' ach an damh,
 'S e 's muime dhi fear is cremh,
 Mathair an laoigh mhenbh-bhric mhir,
 Ben an fhir mhall-roscich ghlain.

'S siubhlach a dh' fhalbhas e raon,
 Cadal cha dean e san smur,
 B' fhearr leis na plaide fo 'thaobh,
 Barr an fhraoich bhadanich uir.

Gur h-alin sceimh an daimh dhuimn,
 'Thearnas o shiredh nam beann,
 Mac-na-h-eilde 's ainm do 'n t-shonn
 Nach do chrom le spid a cheann.

Eilid bhinnech, mhergant', bhallach,
 Odhar, engach, uchd reidh, ard,
 Damh togalach, croic-chennach, sgiambach,
 Cronanach, ceann-riabhach, derg.

Gur gasda a ruithedh tu suas,
 Ri lecuinn chruaidh is i cas;
 Moladh gach aon nech an cu,
 Ach molim-s' an trup' tha' dol as.

Creg mo chridh-sa, 'chreg-mhor
 'S ionmhuin an lon 'tha fo 'ceann;
 'S anns' an lag 'tha air a cul,
 Na machair is mur nan Gall.

M' annsachd beinn shescair nam fuaran,
 'N riascach o'n dean an damh ranan;
 Chuiredh gadhair a's glan nuallan,
 Feidh 'nan ruaig gu Inbhir-mheoirain.

B' annsa lem na dnrda bodich,
 Os cionn lic ag eraradh sil,
 Buirain an daimh 'm bi gne dhuinnid,
 Air lecuinn beinne 's e ri sin.

'N uair 'bhuireas damh Beinne-bige,
 'S a bheices damh Beinn-na-creige,
 Fregridh na daimh ud d 'a cheile ;
 'S thig feidh a' Coire-na-snaige.

Bha mi on rugadh mi riamh,
 Ann an caidribh fhiadh is earb' ;
 'S chan fhaca mi dath air am bian,
 Ach buidhe, riabhach, is derg.

Cha mhi-fhin a scaoil an comun,
 A bha etar mi 's Creg-guanach,
 Ach an aois ga'r toirt o cheile ;
 Gur grathur an fheill a fhuaras.

'S i creg mo chridhe-sa Creg-guanach,
 A chreg dhuillech, bhiolairech, bhraonach,
 Nan tulach ard, alin, fiarach,
 Gur cian a ghabh i o 'n mhaorach.

Cha mhinic a bha mi 'g eistechd
 Ri seitrigh na muice-mara ;
 Ach 's tric a chuala mi moran,
 De chronanich an daimh allidh.

Cha do chuir mi duil san iascach,
 'Bhi ga iarraidh leis a mhaghar ;
 'S mor gum b' annsa lem am fiadhach,
 'S a bhi 'falbh nan sliabh a's t-fhoghar.

'S eibhin an obair an t-selg,
 'S ait a cuairt an aird' gur bechd ;
 Gur binne a h-aidher 's a fonn
 Na long is i 'dol fo 'beirt.

Fhad 's a bhidhinn beo no mairenn
 'S deo dhe 'n anail ann am chorp,
 Dh' fhaninn am fochair an fheidh ;
 Sin an spreidh 'an robh mo thoirt.

Cait an cualas ceol 'bu bhinne,
 Na mothar gadhair mhòir a techd ;
 Daimh shenga 'nan ruith le gleann,
 Mìolchoin a dol annta 's ast.

'Nuair a bha mi air an da chois,
 'S moch a shiubhlinn bhos is thall,
 Ach an nis on fhuair mi trì,
 Cha ghluis mi ach gu min, mall.

Tha blath mo bhogh' ann am uchd,
 Le agh moal odhar is ait,
 Ise genail 's mise gruamach,
 'S cruaidh an diu nach buan an t-slat.

'S truagh an diu nach beo an fhedhain,
 Gun ann ach an ceo de'n bhuidhin,
 Leis 'm bu mhiannach gloir nan gadhar,
 Gun mheoghail, gun ol, gun bhruidhin.

Bratach Alastair nan gleann,
 An srol faramach ri crann,
 Suaichentas soilleir Shiol-Chuinn,
 Nach d' chuir suim an clannabh Ghall.

'S ann an Cinn-ghiubhsich 'na laighe
 'Tha namhit na greighe deirge ;
 Lamh dhes a mharbhadh a bhradain,
 Bu mhath e 'n sabaid na feirge.

Dh' fhag mi 'san ruighe so shios,
 Am fer a b' olc dhomhs' a bhas ;
 Is tric 'chuir e 'thagradh an cruas,
 An cluais an daimh chabrich an sas.

Raonull Mac Dhomhnaill Ghlais
 Fer a fhuair foghlum gu des,
 Deagh Mhac-Dhomhnaill a chuil chais
 Ni'm beo nech a chomhraig leis.

Alastair cridhe nan gleann,
 Gun e bhi ann mor a chrech,
 'S tric a leg e air an tom,
 An damh donn leis a chu ghlas.

Alastair mac Ailain mhoir,
 'S tric a mharbh 'sa bheinn na feidh,
 'S a lenadh fad air an toir,
 Mo dhoigh gur Domhnallach treun.

Is Domhnallach thu gun mherachd,
 Gur tu buinne gel na cruadhach,
 Gur cairdech thu do Chlann-Chatain,
 Is gur dalt thu do Chreg-guanach.

Ma dh' fhadadh Domhnall am muigh,
 'Na aonar an taigh-nam-fledh,
 'S gearr a bhios gucag air bhuil,
 Luchd a chruidh bidh iat a staigh.

Bu mhath mo bhuachaille cruidh,
 B'e sid uasal nan fer ;
 Bu decair dhomh tarmus air t' fhuil,
 Cha bu dubh, ach aobharrach glan.

Bu mhath mo bharanta cogidh,
 Ged a thogair mi tigh'n uaithe ;
 Gur h-e Eoin a Taigh-na-creige,
 On a bhagair e mo bhualadh.

'S on a bhagair e mi gu teann,
 Cho fad 's a mhaire crann no clach,
 Cha tog mi uige mo thriall,
 Ni mo dh' iarrinn dol 'na thech.

Soridh uam gu Coire-na-claich',
 Au coire 'm bu toigh lem 'bhi 'tamh ;
 'S gu Uisge-labhir nan faobh,
 Cuilidh nan agh maol 's nam mang.

Soridh eile gu Bac-nan-craobh,
 Gu da thaobh Belach-nan- scurr ;
 'S 'dh-fhios an Etar-bhelich mhoir,
 Far nach cluinner gloir nan Gall.

Mi 'm shuidh' air sith-bhruth nam beann,
 A coimhed aig ceann Loch-treig
 Creg-guanach 'm biodh an t-selg,
 Grianan ard 'am biodh na feidh.

Chi mi an Dubh-lochan uam,
 Chi mi Chruach is Beinne-brec,
 Chi mi Srath Oisain nam Fiann,
 Chi mi 'ghrian air Meall-nan-lec.

Chi mi Beinn-Nibhais gu h-ard,
 Agus an carn derg r 'a bun,
 Is coire beg eile r 'a taobh ;
 Chi mi monadh faoin is muir.

Gur riomhach an Coire-derg,
 Far 'm bu mhiannach leinn bhi selg,
 Coire nan tulachanan fraoich,
 Innis nan 'aogh 's nan damh garbh.

Chi mi braigh Bhidein nan dos,
 'N taobh so 'bhos de scurra-lith ;
 Scurra-choinich nan damh seng,
 'S ionmhuin lem an diu na chi.

Chi mi srath farsuinn a chruidh,
 Far an labhar guth nan sonn,
 Is coire cregach a Mhaim-bhain
 'Am minic an dug mo lamh toll.

Chi mi Garbh-bheinn nan damh donn,
 Agus Lap-bheinn nan tom sith,
 Mar sin agus an Leitir-dhubh,
 'S tric a rinn mi fuil 'na frith,

Soridh gu Beinn-eolair uam,
 On 's i 'fhuair urram nam beann ;
 'S gu slios Loch-eirechd an fheidh,
 Gum b' ionmhuin lem fein bhi ann.

Thoir soridh uam thun an Loch,
 Far am faicteadh bhos is thall,
 'S gu uisge Leamhna nan lach,
 Muime nan laogh brec 's nam meann.

'S e loch mo chridhe-sa an loch,
 An loch, air am biodh an lach,
 Agus iomad ela bhan ;
 'S bhiodh iat a snamh air mu sech.

Olidh mi a Treig mo theann-shath,
 'Na deidh cha bhi mi fo mhulad ;
 Uisce glan nam fuaran fallain,
 O'n seng am fiadh a ni 'n langan.

'S buan an comun gun bhristedh,
 'Bha etar mise 's an t-uisce,
 Sugh nam mor bheann gun mhisce,
 Mise ga ol gun trascadh.

'S ann a bha 'n comun bristech,
 Etar mise 's a Chreg-sheilich ;
 Mise gu brath cha dirich,
 'S ise gu dilinn cha teirin.

On labhair mi umibh gu leir,
 Gabhidh mi-fhein dibh mō ched ;
 Dermad cha dean mi 'san am,
 Air fiadhach ghleann nam Beann beg.

Ced a's truaighe 'ghabh mi riamh,
De n fhiadhach bu mhor mo thoil,
Cha 'n fhalbh mi le bogha fo m' sgeith,
'S gu la-bhrath cha leig mi coin.

Mise 's tusa, 'ghadhair bhain,
'S tersach ar turas do 'n eilain,
Chail sinn an tathunn 's an dan,
Ged bha sinn grathun ri cenal.

Thug a choille dhiots' an erb',
'S thug an t-ard dhiomsa na feidh,
Chan fheil naire dhuinn a laoiach,
On laigh an aois oirnn le cheil'.

'Aois chan fheil thu mechair,
Ge nach feudar leinn do shechnadh,
Cromidh tu an duine direch,
A dh' fhas gu milanta gasda.

Giorrichidh tu air' a shaoghal,
Is caolichidh tu a chasan,
Fagidh tu 'cheann gun deutch,
'S ni thu eutan a chasadh.

'Aois chas-aodnach, phellach,
A shrem-shuileeh, odhar, eitidh,
Cuim' an leiginn let a lobhair,
Mo bhogha 'thoirt dhiom air eigin'.

On 's mi-fhin a b' fhearr an airidh,
Air mo bhogha ro mhath iubhair
Na thusa, 'aois bhothar, sgallach,
'Bhios aig an tellach a' d' shuidhe.

Labhair an aois, a rithist,
'S mo 's righin 'tha thu 'lentuin
Ris a bhogha sin a ghiulan
'S gur mo 'bu chuibhe dhuit bata.

Gabh thusa uams' am bata,
 'Aois ghnada chairtidh na pleide,
 Cha leiginn mo bhogha letsa,
 De d' mhathas no air eigin.

'S iomad laoch a b' fhearr na thusa,
 'Dh fhag mise gu tuisleach an f hann,
 'N deidh fhaobhachadh as a shesamh,
 'Bha roimhe 'na fhlescach menmnach.

Faosit, confession. Tathunn or tathfan, the barking of a dog. Blaoghan, the cry of the fawn. Tearmun, a sanctuary. Cremh, wild garlic. Eraradh, a parching of corn preparatory to grinding it. Mothair, a loud noise. Laoghan, or laoighan, a little calf. Tarmus, dislike. Galan, a noise. Cuilidh, a hollow. Faobhich, despoil, strip. Imnadh, tribulation, distress. Maghar, bait for catching fish. Duinned, degree of brownness. A's t-fhoghar, a violent and undesirable contraction for anns an fhoghar, or rather for an sant fhoghar, in the fall.

Alastair Carrach, the founder of the house of Keppoch. Aonghus na Feirte, the son and successor of Alastair Carrach. Raonall Mac Dhòmbnaill Ghlais, Raonall Mor na Cepich, who was executed at Elgin in 1547. Alastair nan gleann, Alastair Bhoth-Fhlcinn, who died at Kingussie. Eoin a Taigh-na-Creige, Macdonald of Glencoe.

CUMHA GHRIOGAIR MHIC-GRIOGAIR.

LE A MHNAOI.

Moch 'sa mhatuin air la Lunisd
 Bha mi 'sugradh mar-ri m' ghradh,
 Ach mun danic medhon latha
 Bha mo chridhe air a chradh.

*Ochain, ochain, ochain uiridh,
 'S goirt mo chridhe, dheth, a laoigh;
 Ochain, ochain, ochain uiridh,
 Cha chluinn t' athair ar cruaidh chaoidh.*

Mallachd aig maithibh 's aig cairdibh
 'Chuir an cradh mi air an doigh s',
 'Thanic gun fhios air mo ghradh-sa
 'S a thug fo smachd e le foill.

Nan robh da-fher-dheug de 'chinnedh ann,
 'S mo Ghriogair air an ceann,
 Cha bhiodh mo shuil a' siledh 'dheur,
 No mo lenabh fein gun daimh.

Chuir iat a cheann air ploc darich,
 Agus dhoirt iat 'fhuil mu 'n lar;
 Nan robh agam-s' an sin cupan,
 Dh' olinn de 'n fhuil sin mo shath.

'S truagh nach robh m' athair an galar,
 Agus Cailain ann am plaigh,
 Ged a bhiodh nighen an Ruadhainich
 A sior shuathadh bhas is lamh.

Chuirinn Cailain liath fo ghlasabh,
 Agus Donnachadh Dubh an laimh,
 'S gach Caimbeulach a ta 'm Belach
 Gu bhi 'giulan nan glas-lamh.

Ranic mise reidhlain Bhelich,
 Ach cha d' fhuair mi an sin tamh;
 Cha d' fhag mi roin de m' fhalt gun tarruinn,
 No gel chraicenn air mo laimh.

'S truagh nach robh mi 'n riochd na h-uisaig,
 Spionnadh Ghriogair ann am laimh,
 'S i 'chlach a b' aird' ann sa chaistal
 A chlach a b' fhaisge do 'n bhlar.

'S truagh rach robh Fionnlairig 'na lasaír,
 Agus Belach Mor 'na smal,
 'S Griogair ban nam basan gela
 A bhi etar mo dha laimh.

Tha mi 'n diugh gun ubhlan agam,
 Agus ubhlan uil' aig cach;
 'S ann tha m' ubhal cubhrigh grinn-sa
 Agus cul a chinn ri lar.

Ged bhios mnathan chaich aig baile,
 'Nan laighe 's 'nan cadal seimh,
 'S ann bhios mis' aig bruaich mo lepa,
 'S mi a bualadh mo dha laimh.

'S mor a b' annsa 'bhi aig Griogair
 Air fedh coille agus fraoich,
 Na aig Baran crion na Dalach
 An taigh claiche agus aoil.

'S mor a b' annsa 'bhi aig Griogair
 'Cur a chruidh a suas do 'n ghleann,
 Na aig Baran crion na Dalach,
 'S a bhi 'g ol air fion 's air leann.

'S mor a b' annsa 'bhi aig Griogair
 Fo bhrat ribach robach roin,'
 Na aig Baran crion na Dalach,
 'S mi a' giulan siod' is sroil.

Ged bhiodh cur ann agus cathadh,
 Agus latha nan sechd sion,
 Gheibhedh Griogair dhomhsa cragan
 Ann san caidleamid fo dhion,

*Ba hu ba ho, asrain bhig thu!
 Chan fheil thu fhathast ach tlath;
 'S egal leam nach dig an latha,
 'San diol thu t' athair, gu brath.*

Asran, a forlorn object, a destitute wanderer. Cragan
or cregan, a little rock.

The wife of Gregor Macgregor was a Campbell. Her father desired to have her married to the Baron of Dall, on the south side of Loch Tay; but she loved Macgregor, ran away with him, and was married to him. Her husband and her herself were under the necessity of wandering from place to place to escape the vengeance of her father and his friends. They were at last captured by their pursuers, and carried off to Taymouth Castle, Caisteal Bhelaich. Gregor was beheaded, and his wife compelled to witness his execution.

Sir Colin Campbell became laird of Glenurchy in 1550. He was a bitter and relentless foe to all the Macgregors. He caused Gregor Macgregor of Glenstrae to be put to death at Kenmore in 1570. He is evidently the Cailain liath of the poem. He was married to a daughter of Lord Ruthven, "nighen an Ruadhainich." He died in 1583. He had four sons, and four daughters. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Duncan, Donnachadh Dubh a churric, or Black Duncan of the cowl. Duncan was married in 1574, and died in 1631.

It is probable that Gregor Macgregor of Glenstræ, executed in 1570, is the Gregor of the lament. But who was Gregor's wife? It is held by some that she was a daughter of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, and a sister of Donnachadh Dubh a' churric. It is held by others that she was a daughter of Duncan Campbell of Glenlyon, Donnachadh Ruadh na Feilachd. The traditions of Glenlyon favor the latter view.

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CUMHA NEILL OIG.

LE MOIR NIC-FAIDAIN, A LENNAN.

Gur a mise 'th 'air mo churadh,
Thug mi gelladh do 'n chuirtaire,
Is cha leig mi fo rum e na's mo.
Gur a mis' etc.

Tha mi 'm muigh ann san fhescar,
'S gun do chuspair ga chepadh,
'S mheudich sugradh nam flescach dhomh bron.

Tha mi 'feithemh na faiche,
 'S fir an ordagh 'dol sechad
 Ach fer t' aogisc chan fhaic mi gan coir.

Bu duin' uasal treun, tapidh,
 Fiuran gasda ro bhechdal,
 Am fer fial dha 'n do bhaist iat Niall og.

Ach nam b' aithne dhomh t' airemh,
 B' ur a' choill as an d' fhas thu,
 'Shil nam faillainan ard' 'bu mhor stoirm.

Mac-Gilleain air thus let,
 Agus oighre na Cuile,
 'S let Mac-Fhionghain bho dhluth choille chno.

'S let Mac-Cuimilein uaibhrech,
 Is Iarl' Antrum mu 'n cualas,
 'S Lachainn 'thuit ann am bualadh nan sron.

Gur a math 'thigedh feileadh
 Air an ioscaid nach b' eitidh,
 'Nuair a scioblaichedh m' eudail gu falbh.

Cha bu mhes' 'thigedh boinaid
 Air chul fainnech nan donnag,
 Bu tu 'n gaisgech des foinnidh, gun gho.

Selgair feidh air an druchd thu,
 Bhiodh e lot-te le t' f hudar,
 'Call na fala 's do chu air a lorg.

Bu tu 'n cearrach mor, prisail,
 Air na cairtan 's na disnen,
 'S tu gum buidh' nedh a chis ann san toirm.

Agus cearrach air feoirne,
 Air an tailiesg 'gan steornadh;
 'S tu nach h- iarradh 's nach soradh an t- or.

Bu tu ceann do luchd-muinntir,
Nach robh geur ann an cainnt orr'
Ann an eirechdas cunntais no moid'

An la 'thanic thu 'dh-Albain,
Bu lamh shonrichte airm thu ;
Tha sud firinech derbhte gun bhosd.

'Ruin, nam bidhedh tu mairenn,
Bu tu mo raghain de dh-fherabh,
Leiginn Eoghan is Ailain air falbh.

A mhic Neill 'bu mhor gaisge,
'Fhuair a stialadh mu 'n Chlachan,
'Se do bhas 'chuir am fadal mor s 'oirnn.

Chunna mi do cheann-cinnidh,
'S cach ga d' ghiulan gu innis ;
'S gun robh surd ann air tioma gu leoir.

Bha gruaim mhor air do dh-alta,
'Nam an uaigh bhi ga trechailt ;
Gun robh uair nach bu mhasladh sud dho.

Tha thu 'd chomhnaidh 'sa chaibal,
'S tu gun chomhradh, gun chaidremh,
Is gun chomhfhurtachd lepa ach bord.

Curadh, severe distress; not to be confounded with
ciurradh, a hurt. Churadh, distressed. Cearrach, a game-
ster, a dexterous player of games.

Neil Maclean, known as Niall Mor Mac Mhic Iain,
was tutor to Lachlan sixth Maclean of Coll, during the
minority of the latter. He was a distinguished warrior, and
an upright man. About 1590, Sir Lachlan Mor of Duart
sent an armed force to Coll to compel the Macleans of that
island to follow him in all his wars. Niall Mor marched

out in great haste to meet the invaders. On his way to the encounter he found that the flag had been forgotten. This caused him a good deal of annoyance. An old warrior, known as Domhnal Mugach, seeing the perplexity of his leader stepped forward, took off his bonnet, and pointing to his bald head, exclaimed, "This will do for a standard, and I promise that it will not go back a foot to-day." The two parties met at Sruthan nan Ceann in Totaranald. The invaders were defeated with great slaughter. Sir Lachlan Mor sent a more numerous force shortly afterwards. The result was that he became master of Coll. Niall Mor had to flee for his life. Sir Lachlan's men were constantly in pursuit of him. At last twenty-four of them came upon him by surprise at Clachan Duibh in the northern part of Mull and slew him. The spot at which he was killed is known as Torran Neill. Niall Og was a son of Niall Mor.

The twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth verses are not in the MS. from which the poem has been copied. They are taken from a version published in the Gael for 1872, at page 179. If they really belong to the poem, Niall Og must have fled from Scotland, probably to Ireland, after his father had been murdered. An la 'thunic thu 'dh-Albain will then refer to his return.

The late lamented J. F. Campbell, of Islay, got hold of curious, but interesting account of Niall Mor. It shows the manner in which legends are formed from actual facts. It is published in the Gael for 1873, at page 138.

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AM BARD MAC MHURCIDH MHIC IAIN RUAIDH.

The poet known as am Bard Mac Mhurchaidh Mhic Iain Ruaidh was a Macrae. His name was either John or Alexander, probably the latter. He resided at Mamag, in Glencilchaig, Kintail.

Murdoch Macrae, Murchadh Mac Alastair, was the seventh son of Alexander Macrae of Inverinatre, chief of Macraes. In the beginning of the winter of 1620, he went on a hunting excursion to the upper parts of Gleann-Lic. As he did not return when expected his friends became alarmed about him. After a search of fifteen days they found his lifeless body at the foot of a large rock. He may have been killed by falling over the rock; but the common belief was that he had been thrown over it, by a wicked wretch that he had found stealing his goats. The poet was a herdsman with Murdock Macrae's brother.

CUMHA.

*Do Mhurchadh Mac-Rath, a Chailledh an
Gleann-Lic 'sa bhliadhna 1620.*

LEIS A' BHARD MAC MHURCHIDH MHIC IAIN RUaidh.

Och nan ochan 's mi scith,
'Falbh nan cnoc so ri sion ;
Gur neo-shocrach an scriob 'tha 's duthich.

Cha b' e t' fhasach gun ni,
No t' fherann-aitich 'chion sil,
Ach sceul ro chraitech a mhill ar sugradh ;

Thu bhi, 'Mhurchidh, air chall,
Gun aon chuimse cia 'm ball ;
Sud an urchair 'bha cailltech dhuinne.

'S beirt nach guidhinn de m' dheoin,
Ach 's ni 'lughaidh Dia oirnn,
Do chul buidhe bhi 'choir na h-urach.

'S cruaidh an cas 'sa bheil sinn,
Is goirt craitech gach cridh',
'S cha chuir cairden an ire dhuinn e.

Och, mo chlisgedh 's mo chas,
Gun thu 'n ciste chaoil chlar,
Le derbh-fhios aig do chairden ciuirt' air.

Bu chall ceill' agus baigh'
'S gum bu mhisde mo chail,
Mur a tuigt' air mo dhan gum b' fhiu thu.

'Nuair a shuidhedh tu, 'sheoid,
Mar-ri buidhinn ag ol,
Mar bu chubhidh bhiodh ceol mu 'n turlach.

Slan le treubhantas seoid,
Slan le gleusdachd duin' oig,
'N uair nach d' fheud thu bhi beo gun churam.

Slan le gliocas 's le ceill,
 'S a bhi mesail ort f hein,
 'S nach h-'eil fios ciod e 'n t-eug a chiurr thu.

Slan le binnes nam bard,
 Slan le grinnes nan lamh,
 Co 'ni mire ri d' mhnaoi, no sugradh?

Slan le grinnes nam meur,
 Slan le binnes luchd-theud,
 'Nuair a sheinnedh tu 'm beul gun tuchan.

Slan le uaisle na 's leoir,
 'S tu bhi suairce gun bhron,
 Bho nach d' fhuaras tu, 'sheoid, ga h-urail.

Slan le fiadhach nam beann,
 Slan le iasgach nan allt;
 Co chuir iarunn an crann cho cliutech?

Do luchd-fair' tha gun fhiamh,
 Bhon bha t'air' orra riamh;
 'N nochd cha gherain am fiadh a churam.

'S ait le binnich nan allt,
 'Chor 's gun cinnich an clann,
 Gun do mhilledh na bh' ann de dh-fhudar.

Faodidh 'n erbag an nochd,
 Etar mhaoislech is bhoc,
 Cadal samhach air cnoc gun churam.

Faodidh ise bhi slan,
 'Siubhal iosal is aird
 Bhon a chailledh an t-armun cliutech.

In the line, Do luchd-faire tha gun fhiamh, the reference is to the red deer. Binnich nan allt, the roe deer. Turlach, a large fire.

CUMHA.

Do dh-Iain Ruadh Mac Dhughaill.

LE A MHATHAIR.

'S daor a chennich mi 'm fiadhach
 A rinn Iain Di-ciadain ;
 Rinn an t-eilain dubh riabhach mo leon.
 'S daor a chennich, etc.

Bu domhain an linne
 'San robh fir ga do shiredh,
 Ann san d' fhuair iat mo chion 's gun e beo.

'N uair a thug iat a stech thu
 Bha do ghruaidhen air secadh ;
 Och 's e m' eudail a bh' aca gun deo !

A Dhomhnaill Mhic Iain,
 An nochd 's cruaidh let mo naidhechd ;
 'S ann a tha iat gun aigher 'san Strom.

Gur h-e mis' 'th' air mo chrechadh,
 'Dol a dh-ionnsidh do lepadh,
 'S gun mo lamh air do chraicenn gel og.

Tha do phethrichen truagh dheth,
 Air dhroch chengal tha'n gruagabh ;
 On 's e 'n losgadh a fhuair iat 's an leon !

Is gur h-iomad duin' uasal
 Leis 'm bu duilich mar chual iat,
 Bho an Teist gun am buail iat an Strom.

Cas a shiubhal nam fuar bheann,
 Ghabh thu raghain 'bha uasal,
 'S tu gun trebhadh no buailten air doigh.

Gur a h-iomad bian beiste
 'Chunnic mise mu d' reidhlein
 'S e mo chrech nach do dh-fheud thu 'bhi beo

Gum bu lionmhor dhuit carid
 Etar Leodhas 's na Herradh
 Fir nach treigedh am barail le 'n deoin.

Murdoch Macaulay, a grandson of the celebrated Donald Cam, lived at Valtos in the parish of Uig in Lewis. He married Elizabeth Macpherson from the Isle of Skye, by whom he had John, Zachary, and other children. John who was known as Iain Ruadh MacDhughail was only in his fifteenth year when his father died. He grew up to be an athletic and handsome man, and was celebrated as a hunter. He was drowned in Loch Langabhat whilst swimming to an island in the middle of that lake, an t-Eilain Dubh. A large stone marks the spot on which his body was laid after it was taken out of the water. His bereaved mother used to visit this spot on almost every Wednesday of the year. He was born about the year 1600.

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FEAR AICHALIDH.

Murchadh Mor mac mhic Mhurchidh was the fifth Mackenzie of Aichilty in Ross-shire. He lived a long time in Lewis. He was factor in that island for the Earl of Seaforth. He was a clear-headed and well informed man. He composed several poems.

AN LAIR DHONN:

Oran molidh do shoithech a bha aige.

LE PER AICHALIDH.

Tha mise fo ghruaim
 'S gun mi 'n caidremh a chuain,
 Cha chaidil mi uair air choir
 Tha mise fo ghruaim, etc.

Ge socrach mo ghleus
 Air capul 'na leum,
 Cha chaisger lem m' fheum le treoir.

Loth phellagach bhreun,
Fo phillein 's fo shrein ;
Aon ghille 'na deidh bu lod.

Cha dugadh i 'n cein
Ach duine 's i-fein,
'S gun cuireadh i feum air lon.

Nan eighedh i scios,
'S e b' f heudar 'dhol sios
'S a treigsin, ge b' fhiamh an toir.

Cha b' ionnan 's mo lair,
Air linge nam barc,
Ag imechd a ghnath le treoir.

Bu mhaisech a loinn,
Ri grinnes na gaoith,
Gun bhioran ri 'taobh, 's i 'falbh.

'S i 'b' f heraile ceum
De 'm faca mi-fein,
'S cha bu gheran d'i feum air lon.

Iubhrach shocrach a chuain
Dha 'n cliu toisech dol 'suas,
'S giuthas dosrach nam buadh fo sheol,

Air bharrabh nan stuadh
'Cur darich 'na luaths,
'S buill tharruinn nan dual 'san dorn.

'Reubadh mara gu dluth,
Fo bheul sgar agus suigh,
'N deidh a barradh gu h-ur bho 'n ord.

Ruith chuip air a clar,
'S i druidte fo 'sail,
Bu chruit leinn a gair fo sheol.

Chluinntedh faram nan ramh,
 Bho 'n charric a snamh,
 'S bhiodh barant an laimh gach seoid.

Chan iarradh i moll,
 No fodar no pronn,
 Ach sadadh nan tonn ri 'sroin,

B' e sud m' aigher 's mo mhiann
 Ged a ghlasich mo chiabh,
 'S cha bu shlat agus srian a' m' dhorn.

Ged thigedh an ruaig
 Le caithemh a chuain,
 Cha laighedh oirnn fuachd no leon.

'N uair a ghabhtedh gu tamh
 Ann an cala puirt sheimh,
 Cha b' fhallain bho m' laimh-s' an ron.

'S bhiodh eilid nam beann
 Ga h-imain le gleann,
 'S mo pheileir gu teann 'na lorg.

Ga fennadh air luib,
 Fo mhellabh na stuic,
 Gum b' fhallain mo shunnd 's gach doigh.

Ar scennan bhiodh geur
 Gu fennadh an fheidh,
 'S cha b' annas an gleus sin oirnn.

'Fhir a dh' imiches 'n iar,
 Bho nach cinntech mo thriall,
 Bi 'g innsedh gur bliadhn' gach lo.

Beir an t-soridh so 'null,
 Air fad chuan an fhuinn.
 Far am faightedh na suinn ag ol.

Gu eilain an fheidh,
 Gu eirthir an eisc,
 Far nach paighamid feich air lon.

Gu comunn mo ruin
 Nach cromadh an t-suil
 'N am tromachadh dhuinn am poit

Gun ardan, gun strith,
 Gun airemh air ni,
 Ach 'cur saridh am fion 's ga ol.

Bhiodh ceol fìdhle ri 'r cluais.
 Bho 'n Eoin fhinalt' gun ghruaim,
 Fer bu rioghail cur dhuan air falbh.

The poet went to England with a drove of cattle. While waiting for an opportunity to sell the cattle, he hired a horse and gig and visited several places. It was whilst on this excursion that he composed the above song. He would rather be in Lewes than in England, and would prefer a sail in his own vessel to a ride in a gig.

DIORBHAIL NIC-A'-BHRIUTHAINN.

Dorothy Brown, Diorbhail Nic-A'-Bhriuthainn, lived in the Island of Luing in Argyleshire. It is evident that she possessed poetic talents of a high order. There is only one of her poems extant, "Alastair a laoigh mo Cheille." It was composed about the year 1647.

ALASTAIR A LAOIGH MO CHEILLE ;

Oran do dh-Alastair Mac Cholla.

LE DIORBHAIL NIC-A'-BHRIUTHAINN.

Alastair, a laoigh mo cheille,
 Co 'chunnic no 'dh' fhag thu 'n Eirinn?
 Dh' fhag thu na milten 's na ceutan,

'S cha d'fhag thu t-aon leithid fein ann ;—
 Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eutruim,
 Cas 'chruinnechadh an t-sluaigh ri 'cheile ;
 Cha deanar cogadh as t'eugais,
 'S cha deanar sith gun do reite ;
 'S gar am bi na Duibhnich reidh riut ;
 Gun robh 'n righ mar tha mi fein dhuit.

E ho, hi u ho, ro ho eile,
 E ho, hi u ho, 's i ri ri u,
 Ho hi u o, ro ho eile,
 Mo dhiobhail dith nan ceann-feadhna.

Mo chruit, mo chlarsach, is m'fhiodhul,
 Mo theud chiuil 's gach ait am bidhinn ;
 'N uair a bha mi og a' m'nighin,
 'S e 'thogadh m'inntin thu 'thighin ;
 Gheibhedh tu mo phog gun bhruidhin,
 'S mar tha mi 'n diugh 's math do dhligh' oirr'.

'Mhoire 's e mo run am firionn ;
 Cha bhuachaille bho 'san innis,
 Ceann-feadhna greadhnach gun ghiorag,
 Marcich' nan steut a 's leoir mire,
 'Bhuidh' nedh na cruinten d'a ghillen,
 'S nach sechnadh an torachd iomairt :
 'Ghaolich nan deanadh tu tilleadh,
 Gheibhedh tu na bhiodh tu 'siredh,
 Ge do chaillinn ris mo chinnech,
 Pog o ghruagich dhuinn an fhirich.

'S truagh nach h-'eil mi mar a b'ait lem,
 Ceann Mhic-Cailain ann am achlais,
 Cailain liath an deidh a chascairt,
 'S an crunair an deidh a ghlacail ;
 Bu shunndach a gheibhinn cadal,
 Ged a b'i a 'chreg mo leba.

M'eudail thu 'dh-fherabh na dilin,
 'S math 's aithne dhomh do shloinnedd innseadh,

'S cha b' ann an cagar os 'n iosal ;
 Th' do dhrech mor dh' iarradh righ e,
 F. . am boinaid is e sintech,
 Is sar mhusc ort no cuilibhair ;
 Dh' eightedh geard an cuir an righ let,
 Ceist nam ban o'n Chaistal Ilech,
 Dorn gel mu 'n dean an t-or sniamhan.

Domhnallach gasda mo ghaoil thu,
 'S cha b' e Mach Dhonnachidh Ghlinne-Faoch-
 ainn,
 No duine 'bha beo de 'dhaoine ;
 'Mhic an fhir o thur na faoilechd,
 Far an dig an long fo 'h-aodach,
 'S far an oiltedh fion gu greadhnach,

'Mhoire 's e mo run an t-oiger,
 Fiughantach, aigentach, sporsail,
 Cennard na cethairne moire ;
 'S mise nach diultadh do chomhradh
 Mar-ri cuidechd no a'm' onar,
 Mhic an fhir o 'n innis cheolmhoir,
 O'n tir 'am faightedh na geoidh-ghlas,
 'Sam faighedh fir fhalamh storas.

Bhuailtedh crech agus spech mhor let,
 'S cha bhiodh 'chridhe tigh'n ga t' fheorich,
 Aig a liuthad iarl is mor-fher
 'Thigedh 'thoirt am mach do chorach,
 Thig Mac-Shimi, thig Mac-Leoid ann,
 Thig Mac-Dhomhnaill-Duibh o Lochidh,
 Bidh Sir Seumas ann le mhor fhir,
 Bidh na b' annsa Aonghus og ann,
 'S t' fhuil ghreadhnach fein bhi' ga dortadh,
 'S des tarruin nan geur lann gorma.

Is nan saoledh cinnedh t' athar
 Gu 'n deanadh Granntich do ghleidhedh,
 'S iomad fer gunn' agus claidhibh,

Cotain uaine 's breacain dhathail,
'Dh' eireadh let da thaobh na h-abhunn,
Cho lionmhor ri it an dredhain.

Ged tha mis' a'm' phaisde suarach,
Thall 's a bhos mu uisg' a chuain so,
Nam biodh mo chrodh air na buailten,
Mo ghreigh a tadhal nam fuaran,
'S mo chaorich ghela gan cuartach',
Ribainan a cengal mo ghruaige,
Gur lionmhor fer 'bhiodht' a luaidh rium.

'Mhoire 's iat mo run an comunn,
Luchd nan cul buidhe 's donna,
'Dheanadh an t- iubhar a chromadh,
'Dh' oladh fion derg 'na thonnabh,
'Thigedh 'stech air mointich Thollidh,
'S a thogadh crech o mhuinnter Thomidh.

John Mor Tanaistear, fifth son of the first Lord of the Isles, received from his father 1,600 acres of land in Islay and 3,600 acres in Kintyre. He married Margery Bisset about the year 1399, and obtained the Glens of Antrim with her. He was succeeded by his son Donald Ballach. Donald Ballach married a daughter of Conn O'Neill. He defeated the royal army at Inverlochy in 1431. He died about the year 1480. John Mor, his son and successor, married Sabina, daughter of Felim O'Neill, and had by her John Cathanach, so called from having been fostered with the O'Cahans. John Cathanach married Cecilia Savage. He was executed in Edinburgh in 1498. Alexander, his son and successor, married a daughter of John Macdonald of Ardnamurchan, by whom he had six sons, James, Angus, Coll, Alastair og, Donald Gorm, and Sorley Buy, Somhairle Buidhe. James married Agnes, daughter of Colin, then Earl of Argyle. He died in 1565, and was succeeded by his son Angus. Angus married Mary, daughter of Hector Og Maclean of Duart. He died about 1512, and was succeeded by his son James, who died in London without issue in 1626. James was the last of the Lords of Islay and Kintyre. Coll, the third son of Alastair Mac Iain Chath-analch resided at Kinbaan in Ireland. He married Eveleen,

daughter of Macquillan of Dunluce, by whom he had two sons, Gillespic and Randal. He died in May 1558. Gillespic married the daughter of a man named O'Quinn, by whom he had one son, Colla Ciotach. He was killed, shortly after his marriage, by an infuriated bull. Sorley Buy, the youngest of Alastair MacIain Chathanach's sons, was born about 1505. He was a man of very great ability. He succeeded in retaining possession of the Autrain estates. He married Mary, daughter of Conn O'Neill, first Earl of Tyrone, and had by her five sons, Donald, Alexander, James, Randal, and Angus. Randal was created Earl of Antrim in 1620.

Colla Ciotach was born at Loughlinch, Loch Leith-innis, in 1570. He was removed at a very early age to the island of Colonsay, where he resided until 1639. He had three sons, Gillespic, Alexander, and Angus. He was hanged near Dunstaffnage in 1647. Two of his sons, Gillespic and Angus were put to death at the same time.

Alexander, second son of Colla Ciotach was born in Colonsay. He left Ireland for Scotland at the head of 1500 men, June 27th, 1644. He distinguished himself as a warrior in battle after battle under Montrose. He returned to Ireland in May 1647. He was killed at the battle of Cnocnanos, in the county of Cork, November 13th, 1647. He was married, and left two sons, Coll'-a- Mhuilinn, and Gillespic.

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IORRAM NA TRUAIGHE;

*Cumha do dh-Iain MacLeoid, a Chaochail
'sa bhliadhna 1649.*

LE POL CRUBACH.

Gur h-i iorram na truaighe
Tha ga h-eibhech aig sluagh san am s',
Is a liuthad glaoth tioma
Gun bhinnes r'a eistechd leinn.
Tha ar tigherna duthcha
Ann sa chiste chaoil dhuinte theann :
Gach cuis chruidh 'sam biodh cunnart
'S tu a b'urrainn a reitech' dhuinn.

Chunnic mise Sir Seumas
 Ga do threigsin 's cha b' ann de 'dheoin ;
 Bha a dher shuilen glana
 'S iat ri siledh nam milten 'dheoir
 Nam b' ann le nert lannan
 Bhiodh do cholun a caochladh neoil,
 Chitedh iomad laoch ferail
 'Bualadh faraim 's a reubadh feoil.

Gum bu lionmhor srol ballach
 Bhiodh ga nochdadh ri slinntibh chrann ;
 'S gum bu lionmhor treun ghaisgech,
 Ri faicin nam maoth shrol fann,
 'Bhiodh air ghluasad gun fhuirech
 Do na chumasg gu stroicedh cheann ;
 'S a chur lunnan air braighden,
 'S iat a' faighnechd, 'n e 'm bas a th' ann ?

'Siomad clogaide cruadhach
 'Bhiodh a falach nan gruag 's nan sron ;
 'Siomad cuilbhair a chitedh
 A toirt teine le cinnt ri ord
 'S iomad fiubhaidh chaol erra
 Bhiodh gam falach gu'n ceir am feoil ;
 'S gum bu lionmhor pic-mhellach
 Bhiodh ga tarruinn bho chluais gu dorn.

Nam bu chiontainan dhaoine
 A bu bhaogh'l do bhetha Mhic-Leoid,
 Gur a lionmhor tuir shuairce
 A ghluaisedh gu h-allanta borb,
 Is a bheiredh ruaig mhadne
 Gun an oidhch' a chadal air choir,
 'S mnathan bruite ag eighech
 Mu bhi 'rusgadh nan geur lann gorm.

Gur a mor an tein'-adhair
 'Thug an spredhadh 'bha trom 'n ar mesg ;
 Thuit ar n-aignedh an islid,
 Is ar cridhe 'nar cliabh gu 'n do chlisg :

Gur a h-iomad ben bhreid-ghel
 Bha a h-enchainn a leum fo 'sic,
 Mu dheagh Iain Mac Ruari
 Bhi an eclais nan stuadh fo lic.

Gur a mor an sruth traghidh
 So a bharc air fir Innse-Gall ;
 Ri amharc a' cheile
 Gur a soilleir dhaibh fein an call.
 Fer do choimais cha leir dhomh,
 Bu tu 'n curidh an streup nan lann,
 Le do 'n chlaidhibh cruaidh beumnach
 Ann ad dhes laimh gu speicedh cheann.

A ghnuis shoilleir ne feile,
 Nach breugichadh t'fhacal san uair
 Bu tu ceann-uidhe nan deoraidh
 Is nan airclach gun treoir 's nan truagh.
 Bu tu cearrach na tice
 Aig 'm bu tric a bhiodh airemh sluaigh
 'S fer na fialaidhachd dhubailt
 Nach do chleachd 'bhi ri cunntas cruaidh.

A dheagh Iain mhhic Ruari,
 'Fhir nach gluaisteadh le muiseg fiat,
 'Fhir nach gabhadh bonn egail,
 Ach a shesadh 's gach cuis gun fhiamh,
 Cha 'n fhacas do ghillen
 An tir eile ga spuinnedh riamh,
 'S cha robh feum air luchd-faire
 Ann ad bhaile 'san oidhch' mar dhion.

Aig ro fheodhas an achda
 So a chleachd thu 'nad thir mu 'n cuairt,
 Cha do dh-iarr thu riamh clachair
 Gu do chaistal a dhion roimh shluagh,
 Cha bhiodh droll air do chomhla
 Mu thrath noine gu teann le gruaim,
 Ach thu 'n cathair na feile,
 Is tu leughadh a cheirt dha d' shluagh.

Gum b'e m' aigher an t- Iain
 So 'chaochail air matuin Di-mairt;
 Ceann a reitech' gach facail
 Gus 'n uair an dech stad air do chainnt.
 Bha do chaiden trom tursach,
 'S fath an curaim an aite teann,
 A sior choimhed a' t' aotan
 Is gun chomas do dhioghailt ann.

Tri bliadhn' agus fiched
 Bha thu 'n gliocas 'na t' aite fein,
 Gun bheud is gun mhulad,
 Gus 'n do thromich am bas 'bu treun.
 Mar gun digedh trom fhras oirnn
 A ghrad chaisgedh bhuainn soills' nan speur,
 Thanic smal air do dhuthich,
 Dh' fhalbh ar surgradh gu brath 'nad dheidh.

According to some writers, Olave the Black, the Norwegian sub-king of Man had six sons, Harold, Reginald, Magnus, Leod, progenitor of the Macleods, Guin, progenitor of the Gunns and Leandruis, progenitor of the Gillanders. That he had Harold, Reginald, and Magnus is a historic fact; but that he also had Leod, Guin, and Leandruis is merely a supposition.

Leod possessed two-thirds of Glenelg, the district of Harris, and probably Lewis. He married the daughter of Mac-Raild, the most influential man in Skye, and obtained about two-thirds of that island with her. He had two sons, Tormod, progenitor of the Macleods of Glenelg, Harris and Dunvegan; and Torquil progenitor of the Macleods of Lewis, Watermish, Assynt, Coigach Gairloch and Raasay.

Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan, known as Ruari Mor, married Isabel, daughter of Donald Macdonald, eighth of Glengarry, and had five sons by her, John his successor, Sir Roderick of Talisker, Sir Norman of Bernera, William of Hamer, and Donald of Greshornish. He died in 1626. John Macleod of Dunvegan was a man of great size and strength, and was known as Iain Mor. He was an excellent chief. He exerted himself to the utmost to improve the morals of his people. He married Sibella, daughter of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, and had by her

the following issue: Roderick his successor; John Brec who succeeded Roderick; Mary, second wife of Sir James Macdonald of Sleat; Marion, wife of Donald Macdonald of Moidart; Julian, wife of Sir Allan Maclean of Duart; Sibella, wife of Thomas Fraser of Beaufort; and Margaret, wife of Sir James Campbell of Lawyers. He died in September, 1649. Ailain Muidartach, Sir John Maclean of Duart and Lord Lovat, were grandsons of John Mor.

— x —

MARI NIGHEN ALASTAIR RUAIDH.

Mary Macleod, Mari nighen Alastair Ruaidh, was born in Roudal, in Harris, about the year 1590. She composed a great number of excellent poems, but only a few of them have been preserved. She was an ardent admirer of Sir Norman Macleod of Bernera, and was constantly singing his praises. Rory the witty, who succeeded his father, Iain Mor, as chief of the Clan-Leod in 1649, was displeased with her for bestowing so much praise upon his distinguished uncle, and banished her to the island of Mull. Rory died in 1664. He was succeeded by his brother, John, Iain Brec. John, who was an exceedingly popular chief, recalled the poetess from Mull. She is said to have died in 1693, at the advanced age of 103 years.

—————

O, MO CHRADH-GHAL BOCHD,

Cumha do Shìr Tormaid Mac-Leoid.

LE MARI NIGHEN ALASTAIR RUAIDH.

O, mo chradh-ghal bochd,
Mar a tha mi an nochd,
'S mi gun tamh, gun fhois, gun sunnd.

Mi gun surd orm 'ri stath,
Is gun duil ri bhi slan,
Chaidh mo shugradh gu brath air chul,

Chaill mo shusbaint a cail,
Tha mi tursach gach la,
'S mi sior ursgeul air gnaths mo ruin,

Deagh Mhac Ruari nan long,
Lamh a liobhrigedh bhonn,
'S a bha mesail air fonn luchd-ciuil.

'S e bhi smaointechadh ort,
A throm chraidh mi a' m' chorp
Is a chnamh dhiom na raise fo m' shuil,

Bhi ri smaointin bochd, truagh,
Is ri iomradh baoth, buan,
'S mi ga t' ionndrain-sa bhuam, 's tu b fhu.

'Gionndrain Leodach mo ghaoil
Bhi' 'san t-srol-anart chaol,
'S e gun chomhdach ri 'thaobh ach buird.

O'n la ghlasadh do bheul,
Gun dech airc air luchd-theud,
'Fhir a sgapadh gu reidh na cruin.

Thug na filidh ort sgeul,
Fhad 's a dh' imich an ceum,
Nach fac iat na b' fheile gnuis.

Gun robh mais' ann ad f hiamh,
Agus tlachd ort 'mesg chiat
Rud nach cuala mi riamh air triuir.

Tha Mac-Leoid s' th' air ar ceann,
'S e fo thursa nach gann ;
'S beg an t-ionghnadh, 'se 'chaill an stiuir.

Chaill e aodhair' a threud,
'San robh fradharc nan ceut,
Agus taghadh na deagh chairt-iuil.

Deagh shelgair am frith
'Bha gun cheilg do thaigh righ.
Agus seirbhaisech diles cruin.

Tha do chinnadh fo ghruaim,
 'S gach aon fhine mu 'n cuairt,
 O 'n la ghrinnichedh t' uaigh 'sa chruist;

Mu 'n t-sar ghaiscech dhes, threun,
 Ann am bailt nan ceut;
 Cha bu lapach 'san leum ud thu.

Lamh churanta, chruaidh,
 Ann an iomairt le buaidh;
 Dhuibh a bhuinedh an uaisle, 'ruin.

Tha do thalla fo ghruaim,
 'S e gun aigher gun uail,
 Far 'm bu mhinic an d'fhuair sinn cuirm.

Sir Norman Macleod was the third son of Ruari Mor, thirteenth of Dunvegan. He was born about the year 1600. He commanded the Macleods at the battle of Worcester in 1651. He was knighted in 1660. He was the progenitor of the Macleods of Bernera.

ECHANN BACACH.

Hector Maclean, known as Echann Bacach an t-Aosdana, lived in Mull. It is said that he had a small annuity from Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart. He was a very able poet.

IORRAM.

Do Shir Lachinn Mac-Gilleain.

LE ECHAN BACACH.

A shir Lachinn na feile,
 Nan ech cruithich 's nan geur lann,
 Is tu m' aigher is m' eudail, 's mo threoir.

Gres an nall uginn dhachidh,
Oighre dhlighich na h-aitribh,
Is nan pioban 's nam bratichen sroil.

An Duneiden nan caistal,
Tha triath gleust na mor aitim ;
'Sann de d' bheus a bhi sgapadh an oir,

'S gann gum b' urrain do dhuthich
'Chur a'd' lamhabh de chuinedh,
'Mheud 's a chosgadh tu 'chruintibh mu'n bhord.

Gur a buidhech gu leir dhiot
Do chuid uaislen 'nan eidedh,
Leat gun guidh iat buaidh threun anns gach toir.

'Chuid de 'n chleir s' a chaidh sechad,
Mu do reidhleinn gum faight' iat
'S fad 's is cian 'thug luchd-astair ort sgeoil.

Crann gun doichel, gun euradh,
'S tric a chosgas na ceutan,
Dha 'm bi dorsairechd feile trath noin.

Bhiodh fir Mhuile-mu d' bratich,
Mu do ghuailibh gu 'm faict' iat ;
Bu ni duilich a glacadh 's do leon.

'S luath a chruinnichedh aig t' fhacal
Na fìor churidhnen gasda,
'Bheiredh fuil 'nuair a chastedh ri 'n sroin.

Bhiodh ac' boghachan dathte
A chuil bhuiddh' thig a Sasunn,
'Ghabhadh lubadh 's nach speltadh san dorn ;

Fiubhidh chinntech, chruaidh, fhallain,
'S i gun fhiaradh, 's gach gel laimh,
'Dheanadh reubadh 'nuair 'bhenadh i 'dh-fheoil ;

De na gallain 'bu daoire
Cruaidh, sgalanta, caoinail,
Glac earr' oirr' 's ceann ladhrach o'n ord ;

Is pic dhirech nam mellan,
Mar a ghrian 's i gun smal oi'rr,'
'Chuireadh naimhden gu talamh fo leon.

'S math do bharantan daoine,
'S iat gan aiseig thar chaoilten,
Clann barail, des, aobhidh Mhic-Leoid.

Deagh Mhac-Coinnich bu let e,
Bha e diles dha d' phersa ;
Bha sud scribht' ann an cairt Chlann-Ghilleoin.

Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart was the second son of Hector Og of Duart by his first wife, a daughter of Mackenzie of Kintail. He succeeded his brother Hector Mor, as Lord of Duart and chief of his Clan in 1626. He was created a baronet by Charles I., September 30, 1631. Leaving his brother, Donald of Brolas, to raise his followers, he made haste with thirty of his kinsmen to join Montrose. He arrived just in time to take part in the battle of Inverlochy, February 2, 1645. He had 1,100 men, 750 being Macleans and 350 Macquarries, Macneills and others, at the battle of Kilsyth, August 15th, 1645. His brother Donald Domhnall Mac Echinn Oig, was Lieutenant-Colonel under him. General David Leslie and Argyll invaded Mull with a force of 5,000 men in 1647, and ravaged a great part of the island. In the same year Argyll bought up all the debts both public and private, that he could find against Sir Lachlan, seized himself and imprisoned him in the castle of Carrick. He was in prison about a year. He lived only a few months after his liberation. He died at Duart castle, April 18th, 1648. He was buried at Iona. By his wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Roderick Mor Macleod of Dunvegan, he left two sons, Hector Roy and Allan.

ORAN.

Do Shir Lachinn Mac-Gilleain.

LE ECHANN BACACH,

'S ann Diciadain, a shair,
'Ghabh mi ced dhiot air traigh ;
'Righ, gum faicim thu slan neo-airsnelach.

A Shir Lachinn nam barc,
'Chuireadh luinges air sail',
Leis an togar an cabhlach acuinnech.

Gur tu oighr' Echinn Oig.
'Leis an eireadh na sloigh ;
'N uair a leumadh do shron cha b' aircleach thu.

Clann-Ghilleain cha tlath
'Dhol an cogadh nan arm ;
'S tric a bhuannich sibh blar, 's e b' f hasan duibh.

'S fada 'chluinntedh 'ur foirm
Agus faram bhur gleois
'Togail chrech o na chro 's a ghlasanach.

'N uair a spreigedh sibh piob
'S fuaim bhur creich' ga cur sios,
Gum biodh crith air an tir 'san tachradh sibh.

'N uair a nochdadh sibh srol
Ris na caol-chrannabh stoir,
'S mairg a thachradh g'a dheoin roimh 'r lasrichen.

An duirn laochridh gun leon
Bhiodh caol chuilbhairen gorm,
Agus sradag nan ord 'toirt lasain daibh.

Fhad 's a bhidhes tu beo
Cum an stiuir ann ad dhorn,
Is na melladh fer-sgoid no beirte thu.

Chluinnt' ad thalla fuaim theud
 An am laighe do 'n ghrein,
 'S mnathan grinne 'cur greis air fasanan.

'S mi bhiodh cinntech a t' fheum
 Ann am beanntabh na seilg
 'S do choin erbsach air eill roimh 'n chamhanich.

Namhit eilid nan gleann
 Agus bradain nan allt ;
 Sgibair fairg' thu 's muir ard 's an langanich.

Slan gun till thu a rithist,
 Air reothart an lionidh,
 Gu Dubhairt 'bu rioghail aigenach

Ochain, ochain, mo chradh,
 'Chloinn-'Illeain nam bàrc.
 'S e mo chrech mar 'tha 'n traghadh sechad oirbh.

A CHNO SHAMHNA ;

*Marbhrann do Shir Lachinn Mac-Gilleain,
 Triath Dhubhairt, a chaochail 'sa
 bhliadhna, 1648.*

LE ECHANN BACACH.

Thriall ar bunadh gu Paras ;
 Co a b'urrair a shenachas
 Ach Mac-Mhuirich mac Fherghais
 Craobh a thuinich re aimsir,
 'Fhriamhich bun ann an Albinn ;
 Chuidich fer dhiu Cath Ghairbhaich ;
 Fhuair sinn ulaidh fer-ainm' a thechd beo.
 Fhuair sinn ulaidh, etc.

Cha chraobh chura, cha phlannta,
 Cha chno 'n uiridh o'n d' fhas thu,
 Cha bhlath chuirteadh mu bhealltain,
 Ach fas duilich is mhenglan,
 Am meur mullich so 'dh' f' hagh sinn :
 Criosd 'chur tuilleadh an aite na dh' fhalbh.

Is mor putbar an raidhe s',
 'S trom an dubhadh so 'dh' fhas oirnn,
 Gur a cumhann leinn t' f'hardach,
 Leba luthidh nan claran ;—
 'S fad is cuimhne leinn caradh nam bord.

Cha do bhrist tlu 'chno shamhna,
 Chaidh do chist' an taigh-geamhridh,
 Misnech fir Innse Gall thu ;
 'S mor a 's misde do ranntabh
 Nach clisg thu roimh armait ;
 'Righ, bu mhesail thu 'n campa Mhontrois.

'Fhir 'bu rioghaile clechdadh,
 'S tu 'bu bhioganta faicin ;
 A dol 'sios ann am machair
 Bhiodh let mile mu d' bhratich,
 'Chuid 'bu phrisail' de 'n echridh ;
 Luchd do mhiruin nan caist' ort,
 'S ann a dh' innstèdh leo t' f'hasan
 'Nuair 'bu sgith leo cur sgapadh 'nam feoil.

Cha bu bhuannachd dha d' namhid
 'Thigh'n a dh' fhuasgladh uait lamhain ;
 Bha thu buadhach 's gach aite ;
 Cha b' e fuath mhic a' mhaile
 Fer do shnuaidh 'thigh'n do dh-fhardich ;
 Cha dath uaine 'bu bhlath dhuit
 Nuair a bhuailedh an t-ardan do phor.

Cha b'e sin mo luan-caisge
 'Nuair a bhual do ghath bais thu ;

'S truagh a dh'fhag thu do chairden ;
 Mar ghair sheillen an garadh,
 'N deidh am mealanan fhagail,
 No uain earrich gun mhathair,
 'S fad a chluinner an gairich mu 'n chro.

Bhuinedh dhinne 'n a ur ros,
 Fer ar taighe 's ar crun-fher ;
 Ghabh e'n rathad air thus uainn ;
 'S iomad latha r'a chunntas,
 A bh' aig maithibh do dhuthcha,
 Meud an aighir 's am muirne ;
 Bha mi tathaich do chuirte
 Sel mu 'm b'urraim mi 'n t-urlar aic' fhalbh.

Thug Iarl' Ogilbhi 's Eirli,
 S' gaisich eile nach geilledh,
 Ann ad thaigh-sa ag eirigh,
 Thug iad gelladh gu h-eudmhor
 Bhi ro chert do righ Seurlas 's do'n choir.

Gum b' aithriseeh t' fheum-s' dha,
 'Nam na crannan a bheumadh,
 'Chum an dennal a sheidedh ;
 Bhiodh lann thana, chruidh, gheur ort,
 'S tu fad la air an t-seirm sin,
 'S cha bhiodh lag bhuille mheirbh o do dhorn.

Till ri t' fhochal, a Dhebhi,
 Tha i 'nis 'na clar reidh dhuit,
 O nach mairenn t' fher-streupa ;
 Dh' imich Alastair fhein bhuainn,
 'Thuit le baran an Eirinn,
 'Scha b'e mala na reit' e ;
 Do dh-fherabh Dhuneidin,
 No 'Mhac-Cailain cha gheilldh r' a bheo.

Naile chunnic mi aimsir,
 'S tu ri siubhal na selga,

Nach bu chuith ort an garbhlach;
 Pic de 'n iubhar cha d' fhas i
 'Chuireadh pudhar no spairn ort;
 Cha bhiodh fuidhel nach tairntedh,
 Nam biodh luthadh 'na crann-ghail
 'Chuireadh siubhal fo earr-it' an eoin.

Glac chomhnard an caradh
 Am bian roinech na h-erba,
 Cinn storach o 'n cheardich;
 Cha bhiodh oirleach gun bhathadh,
 Etar smeoirn agus gainne,
 Le nert corcich a Flanras;
 Cha bhiodh feolach an tearmad
 Air an seoladh tu 'n crann sin ad dheoin.

B'eol dhomh innsedh na bh' aca;—
 B' ann de bheusabh Shir Lachinn
 'Bhi 'g ol fion an taigh farsuinn,
 Mnathan riomhach ri fasain
 A cur siod' agus pasmuin,
 Gloir bhinn agus macnus,
 Ann san am 'sam bu chleachd leibh 'bhi poit.

Gum bu mhath do dhiol fresdail,
 An taigh mor am bial fescair,
 Uisge-betha nam fedan
 Bhiodh am piosan ga leigeil,
 Sin 's a chlarsach ga spreigedh ri ceol.

'N am do 'n fhaire bhi 'glasadh
 Bhiodh a chlarsach ga crechadh;
 Cha bhiodh ceol innt' an tasgidh
 Ach na meoir ga thoirt aiste,
 Gun leon laimhe, gun laigse,
 Gus 'm bu mhiannach le'bh cadal gu foil.

Cnaip na h-araich ri braise,
 Iomairt tailisg mu sech orr',

Fir feoirne ri tartrich,
 Toirm is mathadh air chairten ;
 Dolair Spaintech is tastain
 Bhiodh gan dioladh gun lasan 'nan lorg.

Thug cach teist air do bheusan
 Nach robh ceist ort mar threun fher ;
 Bha aoidh deisechd is deilbh ort,
 Bha fath seirc' aig do cheil' ort,
 Bha gradh is egal Mhic De ort ;
 Bhiodh an sriobtair ga leughadh
 Ann ad thalla mun eiredh do bhord.

Ged bu lionmhor ort frasachd,
 Chum thu direch do d' mhac e,
 Breid dionach gun sracadh,
 Cha do dhiobair ceann-slait' thu,
 On 's e Crisd a b' fher-beirt dhuit,
 Sin an Ti a leig let an taod-sgoid.

'Mhic, ma ghlacas tu 'n stiuir so,
 Cha bu fhathas gun duthchas
 Dhuit bhi grathun air t-urnigh,
 Cuir g'a caithemh an triuir so,
 Cuir an t-Athair air thus ann,
 Biodh am Mac mar fher-iuil oirr',
 'S an Spiorad Naobha ga stiuredh gu nos.

Mac-Mhuirich mac Fherghais, the registrar of the monastery of Iona. Fer-ainme; Hector Roy of Duart fought at Harlaw in 1411. Sir Lachlan's heir was also called Hector Roy. Debhi; General David Leslie. Alastair, the famous Alastair Mac Cholla fer tholladh nan taighan.

Bunadh, the stock of a tree; applied here to a chief as the stock which supported the branches of the clan. Uladh, a treasure. Pudhar, loss, damage, hurt. Fuath, a spectre, a scarecrow. Luan-caisge, Easter Monday. Cuith, a snow bank. Crann-ghail, a bow. Smeoirn, the end of the

arrow next the bow-string. Gaine, an arrow, a dart. Fochall, dirt. Cnaip na h-araich ri braise is in Ranald Macdonald's version, Bhiodh na cearrich ri braise. Fer-feoirne, a chessman. Flathas, dominion, the position of a chief. Nos, custom, correct habit.

BLAR INBHIRCHEITAIN.

LE ECHANN BACACH.

LUINNAG.

Fail il an u, hil an u, hil an o ro ;
 Fail il an u, hil an u, hil an o ro ;
 Fail il an u, hil an u, hil'an o ro ;
 Fail il an o, ho 's och nan och mar tha sin.

Gur a h-oil leam an sceula so
 A dh-eist mi Di-domhnich ;
 Gun bhi tuilledh ga fhaighnechd,
 Gur h-e 'n fhoill so 'chaith Hobron,
 Dh' fhag iat shios Mac-Gilleain
 'Cur a chatha 'na onar,
 'S theich iat fhein troimh a cheile,
 'S bha ratreut ann mar ordagh.

'S mor bha 'dh-uiresbhidh lamh ort,
 Ged thug ardan ort fuirech,
 Agus tuilledh 's an t- anabarr
 'Thechd an nall air an luinges.
 'S mise 'chuireadh an geall sin
 Mur biodh ann ach na h-urad,
 Nach buailedh iad banga
 Ann sa champa le sulas

Chuir thu grabhailte cruadhach ort,
 Air ghruag nan ciabh amlach,
 Claidhibh tan' air a liobhadh,
 Is e direch gu 'bharr-dheis,

Sciath dhaingenn nan cruaidh shnaim,
 Agus dual nam brec mer-mnach,
 'S paidhir dhagachan sgriosail
 Air chrios nam ball airgit.

Cha bu shlachdan aig oinid
 Culidh chomhraig a ghaiscich ;
 'Dol an coinnimh do namhit
 Cha chrith-mhanntain a ghlac thu.
 'Nuair a bhuail thu beum-sceithe
 'Dh iarraidh ceile co-chath' riut,
 Is a thug thu 'nan comhail
 Theich Hobron 's a mharc-shluagh.

'Sann a thug thu do dhualchas
 O'n fher 'bhuailedh an Gruinnart ;
 Cha robh'n imairt gun fhuathas,
 Cha robh 'bhuannachd gun chunnart.
 Gun robh torrun an lamhich
 Agus cairnenach ghunna,
 Ri des laimh mo ghraidh-sa
 'Cur a chairden gu fulang.

Cha b' i ruaig ud fir Mhuile
 Gu traigh Ghruinnart a chrech sinn ;
 Gur h-e mheudich mo mhulad
 Sar mhac urrant Shir Lachinn
 'Bhi fo bhinn aig luchd-Beurla,
 'S nach do dh-fheud e dol as orr'.
 B' e sin connspun na troide
 'Chuir an cogadh an clechdadh.

'Nuair a thogtedh let bratach
 Gheibht' fir ghasd air a mharg let ;
 'Mhoire, 's iomad ben baile
 Dh 'fhag sud tamul 'na banntraich,
 Agus lenabh beg ciche
 'Na dhillechdan anfhann.
 Ach ge duilich do mhuinntir,
 Chan ann ump' 'tha air dermail.

Gur a h-iomadh laoch dorn-ghel
 'Chaidh an ordagh mu d' bhratich,
 Agus oganach sgiamhach
 Bha ga riasladh fo echabh.
 Agus spailp de dh-fher taighe
 Nach dug athadh dha phersa,
 'Toirt a chlaidhibh a duille
 Chert cho guinech ri eltuinn.

'Nuair a thogamid fechdan,
 Gum bu ghasd ar ceann-armailt ;
 Ge b'e thigedh air echdridh,
 Ghabh iat tlachd dhìot air 'Ghalltachd.
 Bha thu 'd' charid do 'n Mharcus
 A bha 'n Sasunn gun cheann air ;
 'S bu tu co-ainm Èchinn
 Leis 'n do ghlacadh an cabhlach.

'Nuair a thug e 'nan cinnsal
 Leg e dinnair an Iarla ;
 Ghlacadh luinges an rìgh leis,
 'S rinn e diobhail air bianabh.
 Air techd dha an deidh sin
 Chuir e eòlach air na dh' iarr e ;
 'S thug e turas a rioghachd
 Gus 'n do strìochd Baile-Cliath dha.

'S fad on dh' imich am fer ud,
 'S cha 'n ann ga gheran a tha sinn ;
 Ach ma dh' fhagadh gun selladh
 Suil mhellach an armuin.
 Och,—gum maith an t-aon Dia dhuinn,—
 Gur h-e 'iargain a chraidh sinn ;
 Gun robb aoidh fir an domhain
 'Na co-sheis a fas riut.

Ge b' i 'thug an cion falich,
 'Cur gu h-elanta litreach,
 Ged b' i nighen Mhic-Cailain,
 Bu diol mairiste dh' is' thu

Gur a maire i 'thug gaol dhuit
 Ma chaochlas i 'nis e,
 Is nach faic i air thalamh
 Do mhac samhilt am misnich.

Mu dheiredh an t-samhradh
 Cha robh menmn no deagh sceul oirn;
 'S beg an t-ionghnadh do ranntachd
 Bhi fo champar as t' eugmhis,
 Agus muinntir do dhuthcha
 Bhi fo churam mu d' dheibhinn;
 Gun robh'n t-aobhar sud aca
 Gu ruige les agus creubhaig.

Tha ionndrichin bhuainne
 'S cha bu shuarach an call e;
 Gum bu mhor an luach-taisgeil,
 Ma tha 'n taisgeladh derbhte,
 A bheiredh daoine uaisle
 As an uachdaran ainmail,
 As ar tigherna smachdail,—
 'S cha bu lapach an ceanntard.

Cait an robh e air thalamh
 Boinne fala a b' aille
 Na oighre sin Dhubhairt,
 Da'm bu chubhidh bhi statail;
 Gur a h- iomad ben bheul-derg
 A bha 'breid air dhroch caradh,
 'Nuair a fhuair iat bechd sceula
 Gun do chreuchdadh 'sa bhlar thu.

Tha do phairc air a dunadh,
 Ionad-luchairt nan Gaidhal.
 Gur a decair sud innsedh,
 Aig ro dhillsechd do phairtidh;
 Tha a chraobh a b' fhearr ubhlan
 Air a rusgadh an drast diu.

Och, a Mhoire, mo dhiubhail,
Chaidh am flur bharr a gharidh !

Ach ma 's duine 'chaidh dhinn e,
Guidhibh Criosd leis na th' agibh ;
Thoiribh aire mar 's coir dhuibh
Do chainnt Iob mu na macabh ;
Agus liubhribh e 'n Aon-fher,
Ma 'se chuibhrech an caistal ;
No ma gherradh a laithan,
'S ann fo raidh-san a thachair.

This poem was composed immediately after the news of the sad result of the battle of Inverkeithing had reached Mull. It is evident from several expressions in it, especially from the last verse, that the author had a faint hope that Sir Hector, though severely wounded and a prisoner, was not dead.

The chief referred to in the tenth verse is Echann Ruadh nan Cath, who was killed at the battle of Harlaw in 1411. The saying by Job about his sons, to which reference is made in the last verse, is this :—"Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The sixth and tenth verses are now published for the first time. In a note in his collection John Maclean says :—"Tha ant-oran so ann an co-chruinneachadh Raonail Dhoinnallich, agus 's e 'thug dhomhsa, 'chur san fher so gun d' fhuair mi da rann deth nach h-eil ann san leobhar sin."

The Marquis referred to in the ninth verse is James, third Marquis and first Duke of Hamilton. His mother Anne Cunningham was a daughter of James, seventh Earl of Glencairn. Sir Lachlan Mor's mother was a daughter of William, sixth Earl of Glencairn. Thus Sir Lachlan Mor and Anne Cunningham were first cousins. Hector Roy was the great-grandson of Sir Lachlan Mor. The Duke of Hamilton was beheaded in London on Friday, March 9th, 1649.

The battle of Inverkeithing was fought July 20th, 1651. Lambert, Cromwell's general, had 4,000 men, and his opponent, Holburn of Menstrie, about 3,500. Holburn's force consisted of 1000 horse under his own immediate command, 1500 Highland infantry under Sir Hector

Maclean of Duart, and about 1000 Lowland infantry under Sir John Brown of Fordel. Of the Highland infantry 800 were followers of Sir Hector, and 700 followers of Sir George Buchanan, chief of his clan. The followers of Sir Hector were nearly all Macleans. They were all killed except forty. We have no admiration for Sir Hector. He simply acted the part of a mad man. It is true that he was brave, but it is just as true that he lacked common sense. By foolishly continuing the unequal fight, he nearly ruined his clan.

A few of the 800 men who followed Sir Hector must have been Macquarries. Donald Macquarrie, twelfth of Ulva, married Christy, daughter of Lachlan Og, first of Torloisk, and had Allan, his successor, Hector of Ormaig, Lachlan of Laggan, and John of Baile-ghartain. Allan was killed at Inverkeithing.

GUR BOCHD NAIDHACHD AR DUTHCHA;

Oran do Shir Echann Mac-Gilleain, a mharbhadh ann an Inbhir-Cheitain.

LE ECHANN BACACH.

Gur bochd naidhechd ar duthcha
'S chan e taighen gan spuinnedh;
Ach Mac-Gilleain, mo churadh, gun eirigh.
Gur bochd etc.

Gu bheil maithen do thire
Ann sa mhachair 'nan sinedh
Fo chasan nam milten ech eitidh.

B' fhiu a ghibht a bha bhuatha,
Cha b' e deiredh na cuaine,
Ach an t-aillegan uasal, ard, euchdach.

Bu tu 'n t-oighre 's an t-armun,
Is a marcich' des, daichal,
Is an t-aillegan alinn, ur, eibhin.

Bu tu scathan na glaine,
 'N airde 'n Iar riut gun tennadh
 An am cruinnechadh gu carraid nan geur-lann.

Bu tu seobhag na h-uaisle,
 'S ceann-senachis gach duanachd,
 'Bheiredh trusgan is duais do luchd-theudan.

Moch sa mhaduin 'sna gluais thu,
 Rinn thu iomral bu chruaidh lem,
 Nach do chuimhnich thu uaislen na Feinne.

Thanic Cromwel ad choinnimh,
 Dh 'at do chridhe le corruich,
 'S leum thu staigh le d' lainn sholuis do'n teug-
 bhail.

Mac-Mhic-Eoghin na h-Airde,
 Agus Tigherna Ghearrloch,
 Rinn iat fuirech 'san nadar 'bu bheus daibh.

Bha Mac-Cailain fo aites
 Nach do thill thu gu d' dhachidh;
 Gun robh uilenn 'sa mhacan ghel, threubhach.

Gun robh taigh is leith Ile,
 Am bann dainginn dhuit scriobhte,
 'S bha na ferinn sin strìochdte gu reidh dhuit.

Bho thir-unga sin Bhretail
 Thun na carrthagh 's cha bheg i,
 Bha na ferinn sin egnidh fo d' staoiledh.

Egnidh is explained in a note as "cinntech no derbhte."
 Tir-unga, literally ounce-land, unga being from the Latin
 word unxia.

IS BEG AOBHAR MO SHUGRIDH.

LE ECHANN BACACH.

Is beg aobhar mo shugridh,
'S chan fheil sunnd orm ri macnus,

'N diu cha tadhail mi 'n Fhadhail,
Ged 's i mheoghail a chlehd mi.

Tha mi sealltain air Dubhairt,
Leam is dubhach a faicin.

Gur a minic a bha mi
'Na taighibh ard' ann sa mhaduin.

'S mi ri sealltain Erraghaidhal
'S barr derg air a h- aitribh

Cait am faic mi ri m' shaoghal
Fer aogisg Shir Lachinn?

'Dol an coinnimh do namhit
Bu neo-ratanach, bras thu.

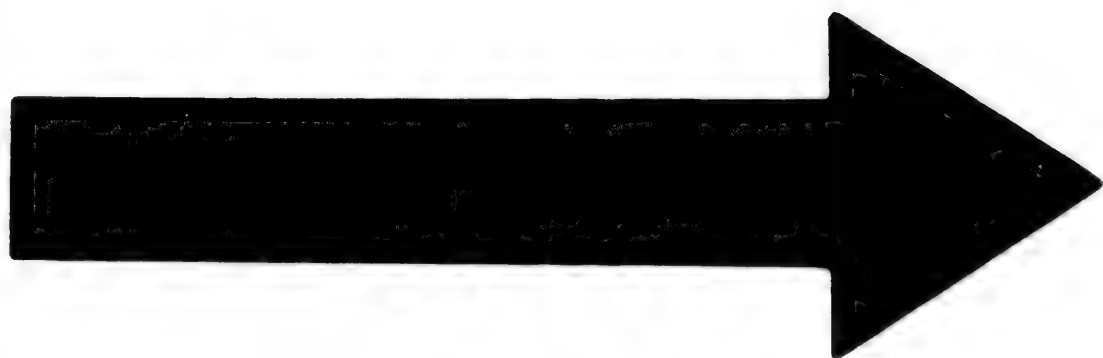
'Togail suas am bragaade
Bu neo-scathach air ech thu.

Ge b' e chithedh do dhaoine,
'Righ, bu ghreodhnach am faicin.

Le 'm muscaidan dubh-ghorm,
'S iat gun suidh orr', gun detach.

De na ghrabhailte shoilleir.
Nach bu doilleir r'a fhaicin.

Thug sibh flathas na h-eirenn
Leibh air eigin le tapachd.



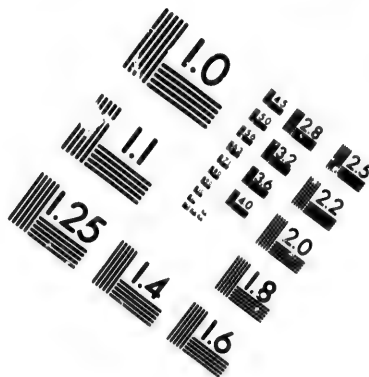
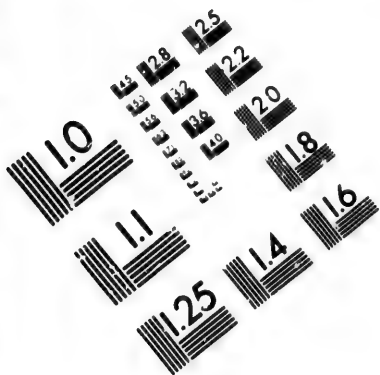
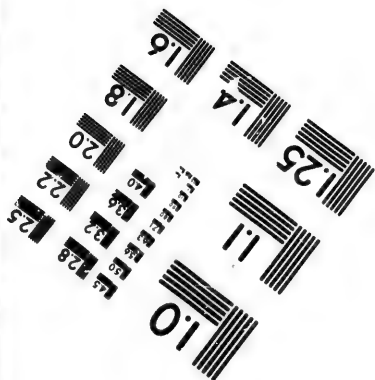
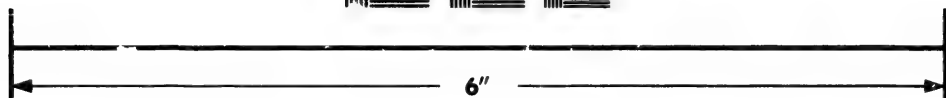
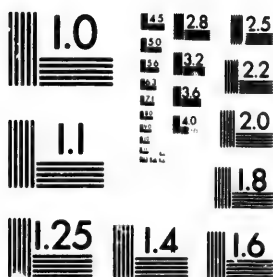


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Ged a dh-fhag mi mo bhraithren
Ann san araich gan cascairt,

Chan e sud 'tha mi 'g airemh,
Ach sar mhac Shir Lachinn,

A bhi 'n laimh aig luchd-Beurla,
Is nach d' fheud e dhol as orr';

Sar chonspun nan coigrech,
'Chuir an cogadh an clechdadh.

— x —

ORAN.

Do Shir Lachinn Mor Mac-Fhionghin.

LE GRIOGAIR OG MAC-GRIOGAIR.

'S cian 's gur fad' 'tha mi 'm thamh,
Gun bhi 'triall air do dhail
A Lachinn bho'n airde tuath.
'S cian 's gur fad, etc.

Nam biodh snechda nan gleann
'Na ruith leis gach allt,
'S gun cailledh gach beann a ghruaim ;

Nan dubhadh an sliabh,
Is gun cromadh a ghrian,
Leam bu mhiannach 'bhi triall air chuairt.

Cha b' i machair nan Gall
A ghlacinn fo m' cheann
Ach braighe nan gleann so shuas.

Thoir mo shoridh thar caol,
Bho nach cluinn iat mo ghlaodh,
Gu buidhin gun fhraoch, gun ghruaim ;

Gu ceann-feadhna mo ruin,
Chaidh an t-ainm ud air chliu
Chert cho fad 's a ta Ruta bhuainn ;

Gu talla 'n fhir fheill
'Am biodh tathich nan ceut,
Cill-Moire ri sceith a chuain.

Dhomhsa b' aithne do bheus,
An am cromadh do 'n ghrein
Gum biodh 'aram nan teud ad chluais.

A ghnuis 'dhiult a bhi bochd,
'S nach d' chuir cul ri fer nochd,
Len thu 'n duthchas 's an stochd 'bu dual.

Cha b' e 'n clechdadh 'bh' aig cach,
A ghlac thusa mar ghnaths,
A bhi smachdail mu'n mhal air tuath.

Fhuair thu seud bho Shiol-Leoid
Nam bratichen sroil,
Nan cupa, nan corn, 's nan cuach.

Ghlac thu 'n euchdag mar mhnaoi,
Cha robh 'n leirsin ud claon,
'S glan do cheile ri d' thaobh 's gur suairc.

Beul a's binn 'thogadh fonn,
Slios mar ela nan tonn,
Caol mhala nach crom le gruaim.

Gur tu 'n t- Ailpaineach glan
De 'n fhuil rioghail bho shen,
Ite fir-eoin nach men ri 'luaidh,

Is nan eiredh ort strith
Gum biodh sud let gu dian,
Clann-Ghriogair nam piob 's nan ruag ;

Agus Granntich bho Spe,
 Na fir cheann-laidir, threun,
 'Dheanadh gnìomh ann san teughbail
 chruaidh.

Sud a bhuidhen nach fann,
 'Thogadh giubhas ri crann
 'Thairnedh iubhar nam meall bho 'n cluais.

Bhiodh an fhiubhidh chaol, reidh,
 Am bian dubh-ghlas an fheidh,
 Ga giulan air eileadh cuaich'.

— x —

SIOL AILPAIN.

The Macgregors, the Grants, the Macaulays of Ardingclaple, the Mackinnons, the Macquarries, and the Macnabs, constitute the Siol Ailpain, or descendants of Alpin.

Alpin, king of Dalriada, had at least two sons, Kenneth, who became King of Scotland in 843, and Donald who succeeded Kenneth in 860. According to tradition he had a third son named Gregor. Gregor it is said had two sons, Donnghal and Guaire. It is also said that Donnghal had a son named Fingon. Gregor was the progenitor of the Macgregors; Guaire the progenitor of the Macquarries, and Fingon the progenitor of the Mackinnons, or Clan-Fingon.

The Alpinian origin of the Macgregors, Grants, Macaulays, Macquarries, Mackinnons, and Macnabs cannot be proved. There is no evidence to support it. It seems not to have been heard of until after 1467. It is impossible to depend upon the correctness of any clan genealogy farther back than A. D. 1000. But whilst it cannot be proved that the Macgregors, Macquarries, Mackinnons and Macnabs, are descended from King Alpin, it is almost certain that they had a common origin. Their own traditions and the MS. of 1467 favor this opinion. The Grants maintain that they are descended from Gregor Mor, second son of one of the chiefs of the Clan-Gregor. The Macaulays of Ardingclaple were undoubtedly a sept of the Clan-Gregor.

The Mackinnons, Clan-Fingon, or Clann-Fhionghin, make their first appearance in authentic history in 1354. They possessed Mishnish in Mull and Strathswordale and

Strathaird in Skye. Their earliest possession seems to have been Griban in Mull. They exchanged this district with one of the Lords of the Isles for Mishnish. According to a MS. family history, their chiefs down to the time of Lachinn Dubh were the following:—Fingon, Donald, Cormac, Lachlan, Lachlan, Kenneth, Donald, Lachlan, Ewen, Alpin, Lachlan, Donald, Ewen, Lachinn Fogarrach, Lachinn na h-Iomlaid, Nial Buidhe, Lachinn Ban, Nial Ban and Ewen. Nial Ban was chief in 1517. Ewen, the last chief named, was succeeded by Lachinn Dubh. Lachinn Dubh was chief from 1570 to 1580. He had at least three sons, Lachinn Og his successor, Ewen, and Neil. Lachinn Og had three sons, Sir Lachlan, his successor; Tearlach Scithenach, ancestor of the Mackinnons of Corrie; and John Og, ancestor of the Mackinnons of Kyle. Sir Lachlan was chief from 1601 to 1634. He was succeeded by his son, John Balbhan, who in 1627 married Catherine, eldest daughter of Lachlan, sixth Maclean of Coll, and had by her at least one son, Lachlan Mor. Lachlan Mor fought at the battle of Worcester in 1651. He was married twice. By his first wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart, he had one son, John Og. By his second wife, who was a niece of Macleod of Dunvegan, he had no male issue. He had a natural son, named Donald, who is mentioned in a document of 1682. John Og died before his father, leaving an only son, John Dubh. John Dubh succeeded his grandfather, Lachlan Mor. He was born in 1680. He fought at Sheriffmuir in 1715, and gave all the assistance in his power to Prince Charles in 1745. He had three sons, John, Charles, and Lachlan. John died without male issue in 1737. Lachlan died without issue. John Dubh died in 1755. He was succeeded by his second son, Charles. Charles sold the estate. He had one son, John, who died unmarried in 1808.

The Mackinnons are at present without any recognized chief. There are two or three claimants to the position; but as yet no one has established a clear claim to it.

CUMHA

*Do dh-Alastair 's do Raonull, mic Dhomhnaill
Ghlais na Cepich, a chaidh a mhort
'sa bhliadhna 1663.*

LE AM PIUTHIR.

Dh' eirich mi moch maduin Dhomhnich,
I ri u, ho ro !
'S chunnic mi 'tighin am chomhail,
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

'S chunnic ni tighin am chomhail,
I ri u, ho ro !
Prasgan fherabh le falbh modhar,
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Prasgan fherabh, le fall h modhar,
I ri u, ho ro !
Cha do fhregair iat mo chomradh,
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho, ro !

Cha do fhregair iat mo chomhradh,
I ri u, ho ro !
Ranig mi Cepach na doruin,
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Ranic mi cepach na doruin,
I ri u, ho ro !
Gu tur ard 's cha b' ann gu m' shclas,
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Gu tur ard 's cha b' ann gu m' sholas,
I ri u, ho ro !
Chunnic mi an taigh gun chomhla,
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Chunnic mi an taigh gun chomhla,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 Gun smuid, gun detich gun cheo dheth,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Gun smuid, gun detich gun cheo dheth,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 'S shuidh mi air an tulich bhoidhich,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

'S leig mi air an tuiredh bhronach,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 Dh' fhosgail mi dorus an t-seombair,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Dh' fhosgail mi dorus an t-seombair,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 Ruigedh i barr-iall mo bhrogan,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Ruigedh i barr-iall mo bhrogan,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 Fuil an cridhechan a dortadh,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Fuil an cridhechan a dortadh
 I ri u, ho ro !
 'S teann nach d'ol mi fhin mo leoir dhi,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro.

'S teann nach d'ol mi-fhin mo leoir dhi,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 Fuil Raonuill am fer a b' oige,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Fuil Raonuill am fer a b' oige,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 'S fuil Alastair an ledain bhoidhich,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Fuil Alastair an ledain bhoidhich,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 Fer flathail 's e lethan domhail,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Fer flathail 'se lethan domhail,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 Beir fios bhuamsa gu Mac-Dhomhnaill
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Beir fios bhuamsa gu Mac-Dhomhnaill,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 Gu Mac-Mhic Alastair Chnoidart,
 Fath mo leann duibh, ho ro !

Gu Mac-Mhic-Alastair Chnoidart,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 'S gu Mac-Mhic-Ailain o 'n mhor chuan,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Gu Mac-Mhic-Ailain o 'n mhor chuan,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 Mar a dh' fhagadh na fir oga,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Mar a dh' fhagadh na fir oga,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 Tha m' erbsa an Rìgh na gloire,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Tha m' erbsa an Rìgh na gloire,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 Gun len sibh gu dian an torachd,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Gun len sibh gu dian an torachd,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 'S cairden dhuibh-fhein, 's braithren dhomhs' iat,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

'S cairden dhuibh fhein, 's braithren dhomhs' iat,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 Diol na muice duibhe doite,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Diol na muice duibhe doite,
 I ri u, ho ro !
 'S na circe fo laimh a chocair',
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

'S na circe fo laimh a chocair',
 I ri u, ho ro !
 Air gach aon a dh' iath mu'n fheolach,
 Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Bha da phiuthir aig na gillen a chaidh a mhort. Bha te dhiu posta aig Fer na Tulich. Bha 'n te eile a' cumail taighe dha braithren. So an te a rinn an cumha. Bha i an Taigh na Tulich an oidhche roimh 'n mhort. Nuair a bha i 'tighin dachidh thachair na mortairen oirre. Cha robh Raonull ach sia-bliadhna-diag 'nuair a chaidh a mhort.

— X —

AN CIARAN MABACH.

Archibald Macdonald, an Ciaran Mabach, was a natural son of Sir James Macdonald, ninth baron of Sleat. He won high praise for the skillful manner in which he conducted the expedition against the Keppoch murderers in 1665. He received some land from his father in North Uist.

GED IS SOCRACH MO LEBÀ;

LEIS A CHIARAN MHABACH.

Ged is socrach mo leba,
 B' annsa cadal air fraoch,
 Ann an lagan beg uaignech,
 'S bad de'n luachir ri m' thaobh,

'S 'n uair a dh'eirinn 'sa mhaduinn,
 'Bhi 'siubhal ghlacagan caol,
 Na bhi 'triall 'chum na h- Abaid,
 'G eistechd glagrich nan saor.

'S oil leam caradh na frithe,
 'S mi bhi 'n Litenan long
 Etar ceann Sailes Shi-phort
 'S rudha Chrionaig nan tonn ;
 Agus Uilinnis riabhach
 'An tric an d' iarr mi damh donn,
 'Bhi fo mheinn aig na bodich
 Dha 'n ceird chosnidh cas-chrom.

Chan fheil agam cu gleusta,
 Chan fheil feum agam dha,
 Is cha suidh mi air bac
 Am monadh astar bho chach ;
 'Chaidh cha leig mi mo ghadhar
 Ann am faghit 'n Tuim-bhain,
 Is cha scaoil mi mo luaidhe
 An Gleann-ruathain gu brath.

B' iat mo ghradh-sa 'ghreigh uallach
 Thogadh suas ris an aird,
 'Dh 'ithedh biolair an fhuarain,
 'S air 'm bu shuarach an cal.
 'S mise fein nach dug fuath dhuibh,
 Ged a b' fhuar am mios Maigh ;
 'Stric a dh 'fhuiling mi cruadal,
 'S moran fuachd air bhur scath.

B'e mo ghradh-sa 'm fer buidhe
 Nach suidhedh mu'n bhord,
 Nach iarradh ri 'chennach
 Pinnt lenna no beoir :
 Uisge-betha math dubailt
 Cha bu diu let ri 'ol ;

B' f'hearr let biolair an f'huarain
'S uisge luaineach an loin

B' i mo ghradh-sa 'bhen uasal
Dha nach d' f'huaras riamh lochd,
Is nach iarradh mar chluasaig
Ach fìor ghualann nan cnoc ;
Is nach fuilingedh an t-sradag
Bhi ga lasadh ri corp ;
Och, a Mhoire, mo chruaidh chas,
'S fada bhuait mi an nochd.

Ben a b' aigentic' ceile
An am eirigh ri druchd ;
Chan f'haighedh tu beud dha,
'S cha bu leir leis ach thu,
Sibh an glacabh a cheile
Am fìor eudan nan stuc ;
'S an am eirigh na greine
Bu ghlan leirsin do shul.

'N uair a thigedh am foghar,
Bu bhinn leam gleodhar do chleibh,
'Dol a ghabhail a chronain
Air a mhointich bhuig, reidh,
'Dol an coinnimh do lennain,
'Bu ghel fèman is ceir,
Gur tu 'n eilid 'bu bhoidhche,
Is bu loghmhoire ceum.

Sailes, salt water. Cas-chrom, a crooked spade used by the old Highlanders. Gadhar, a lurcher dog, a grey hound. Faghit, a chase, a hunt, a hunting party. Between the head of Loch Seaforth and Rudha Chrionaig lies the Park or Forest of Lewis.

The poet having injured his foot severely went to Edinburgh to consult the doctors there. It was whilst under the hands of the doctors that he composed the poem.

IAIN LOM.

John Macdonald, commonly called Iain Lom or Iain Manntach, was a native of Lochaber. He was the son of Donald, son of John, son of Donald, son of Iain Alinn, fourth Macdonald of Keppoch. He was a Roman Catholic and a Jacobite. He shows an intimate acquaintance with the historical portions of the Bible, with Scottish history in general, and with all the political plans and events of his day. He was a man of strong convictions and intense earnestness. He was evidently an honest man. He wielded a vast amount of influence over the Jacobite chiefs of his time. It is supposed by some that he received a good education, but the probability is that he could neither read nor write. It is not certain that he was married; but he had a son who possessed a fair share of his own poetic powers. He was a poet of unquestionable ability. So far as the political school of Gaelic bards is concerned, he stands unequalled.

Iain Lom was born about the year 1620. He was present at the battle of Stron-a-Chlachain, where his father was killed, in 1640. He was a prominent man in 1645, the year in which the battle of Inverlochy was fought. He died in 1709. He is buried at Dun-Aingel in the Braes of Lochaber. A handsome monument was erected over his grave a few years ago.



BLAR INBHIR-LOCHIDH ;

LE IAIN LOM.

LUINNEG.

Faobh ho ro ho, choisin co beg,
 Faobh ho ro ho, choisin co beg,
 Faobh ho ro ho, choisin co beg;
 Seinnibh sin air co so b' aill leibh.

'N cuala sibh an turas ainmail
 'Thug Alastair mac Cholla 'dh-albinn?
 Rinnedh leis pronnaidh is marbhadh,
 'S legadh leis coilech Strath-Bhalgaidh.

An t-eun dona 'chaill a cheutidh
 An Sasunn, an Albinn, 'san Eirinn ;
 Is ite e a curr na sceithe ;
 Cha mhisde leam ged a gheill e.

'N cuala sibh an tiunnadh duinail
 'Thug an camp' a Cille-chuimain.
 'S fada 'chaidh ainm air bhur n-urras ;
 'Thug sibh as bhur naimhden iomain.

Dh' aithnich mi bhur surd air tapadh
 A diredh am mach glun Chuil-echidh.
 'S ged tha mo dhuthich 'na lasair,
 'S eiric air a chuis mar thachair.

Ged a bhiodh oighreachd a Bhraighe
 Gu ceann shechd bliadhna mar tha i,
 Gun chur, gun chliathadh, gun aitech,
 'S math an riadh gu bheil sinn paigte.

Dhirich mi moch maduinn cheorich
 Gu braigh' caistal Inbhir-Lochidh ;
 Chunnic mi 'n t-arm a dol an ordagh,
 'S bha buaidh a bhlair le Clann-Domhnaill.

'Alastair nan geur-lann scaitech
 Thoisich thu 'n de ri cur as daibh ;
 Chuir thu ratreut sech an caistal,
 Agus surd gle mhath ga lentail.

Alastair nan geur-lann guinech
 Nam biodh agad t' armuin uile,
 B' fheudar do na dh' fhalbh diu fuirech,
 S ratreut air prabar an duilisc.

Alastair mhic Cholla ghasda
 Lamh dhes a scoltadh nan caistal ;
 Chuir thu 'n ruaig air Ghallabh glasa
 'S ma dh' ol iat cal chuir thu ast' e.

Thug sibh toital teth mo Lochidh
 A toirt bhuillen mu na sronabh;
 Bu lionmhor claidhibh clais-ghorm comhnard
 Gam bualadh an lamhan Chlann-Domhnaill.

Dh'innsinn sceal eile le firinn
 Cho math 's a ni cleirech a scriobhadh;—
 Chaidh na laoich ud gus an dichioll,
 'S chui iat maoin air luchd am mi-rain.

Is mairg a dhuisgedh bhur n-aniochd
 'N am rusgadh nan greidlein tana;
 Bha ingnen nan Duibhnech ri talamh
 An deidh an luithen a gherradh.

'N la a shaoil iat a dhol leotha
 Bha na laoich gan ruith air reothadh;
 S iomad slaodanach mor odhar
 'Bh' air aodan Achadh-an-todhair.

S iomad fer aid' agus pior-bhuic
 Agus cuilbhair chaoil dhirich,
 'Bha 'n Inbher-Lochidh 'na shinedh,
 'S bha luaidh nam ban a Cinntire ann.

'S iomad corp nochdte gun aodach
 'Bha 'call fal' air lotabh caola,
 Etar 'n t-ait 'an d' rinn iat maomadh
 Is ceann Leitir Blar-a-Chaorin.

'S iomad spog ur air dhroch shailledh
 Thall 's a bhos mu Thom na n-Aire,
 An deidh an reubadh le claidhibh,
 Neul mhairbh air an suil 's iat gun anam.

Chuala sibh mu'n Ghoirtain odhar,
 Tha e 'm bliadhn' aginn 'na thodhar,
 Gun inneir chaorach no ghobhar
 Ach fuil nan Duibhnech air reothadh.

Scrios orm ma's truagh leam bhur gairich
 No anshocair bhur cuid phaisden ;
 Donnalich bhan Erraghaidhal
 'Caoidh nam fer a dh 'fhan 'san araich.

Air do laimhsa Thigherna Lathair,
 Ge mor do bhosd as do chlaidhibh,
 'S iomad fer mor 'chinnedh t' athar
 'Bha 'n Inbir-Lochidh 'na laighe.

'S iomad fer cleoc' agus bioraid,
 Cho math 's a bha beo dhe d' chinnedh,
 Nach dug a bhotuinnen tioram
 A foghlum snamh' air bun Nibhais.

Iain Mhuidartich nan seol soilleir
 A sheoladh a chuain ri la doilleir,
 Ort cha d' fhuaradh bristedh coinnimh ;
 'S ait leam Barra-Brec fo d' chomrich.

Thug thu gu d' dhubhlan a leigedh
 Air Caimbalich chlar nam beul slighech ;
 Gaor is enchinn 'dol 'nan stigel,
 Slachdrich lann 's an ceann 'gam bristedh.

Urras, boldness, audacity. Curr, a corner. Todhar, a field manured by folding cattle upon it. Comrich or comarich, protection, obligation, favour, mercy; fod' chomrich, at thy mercy.

The Marquis of Montrose defeated the Covenanters at Tippermuir on Sunday, September 1st, 1644. He won a second victory over them at Aberdeen, September 12th, 1644. They were commanded at the latter battle by Lord Burleigh, Lord Lewis Gordon, third son of the Marquis of Huntly, being second in command. The line, "Cha mhisde leam ged a gheill e" evidently refers to the defeat of Lord Lewis at Aberdeen. From the 13th of December, 1644, until near the end of January following, Montrose, Alastair Mac Cholla and John Muidartach traversed the county of

Argyll in different directions, burning, wasting, and destroying everything that came within their reach. A little before the end of January, 1645, Montrose collected his men together and marched towards Inverness. When he was at Cille-Chuimain, or Fort Augustus, John Lom came to him in great haste with the information that the Marquis of Argyll had entered Lochaber with an army of 3000 men, that he was burning and laying waste the country, and that his head-quarters were at Inverlochy. It is to Argyll's depredations that the line, "Ged tha mo dhuthich 'n a lasair," refers. Montrose marched back with all possible speed to attack Argyll. He arrived in Glen-Nevis on the evening of February 1st. The battle of Inverlochy began shortly after sunrise on Sunday, February 2nd, 1645. Argyll's army was made up of his own followers and 1,000 Lowlanders. It was commanded by Sir Donald Campbell of Auchinbreck, a very brave man. Argyll prudently withdrew from the scene of action the night before the battle. Montrose won a complete victory. He lost only three men. Of the army brought to the field by Argyll fourteen barons of his own Clan, and 1,500 soldiers were killed. Among the prisoners taken by Montrose was Campbell of Barbreck. The expression, "Gu braigh' Caistal Inbhir-Lochidh," does not mean that Iain Lom ascended to the top of the castle, but that he climbed up to some high spot from which he could see the castle and the battle. The poet was no more of a fighter than Argyll himself. When Alastair Mac Cholla asked him to take part with him in the battle his reply substantially was, "Cathichedh sibhse 's innsidh mise."

IORRAM.

Do Mhac-Gilleain Dhubhairt.

LE IAIN LOM.

Cuid de dh-aobhar mo gherain
 'N ti 'tha 'n laimh ann sa Charric
 Gus an trialladh luchd-elain o 'n fheill.

B'e sin grianan nan Gaidhal
 Agus uaisle fir Alba,
 Mac-Gilleain nan arm gasd', cruaidh, geur.

Ann an toiseach do ranntachd
Thig Mac-Leoid o Chaol-Acuinn
Is siol Thormaid 's neo-scathach 'nan gleus.

Gun dig siolachadh Uisdain
Bho Dhun-Scathich an t-siuil sin,
Dha 'm bi 'n t-iubhar ga rusgadh ri feum.

Thig Clann-Domhnaill Ghlinn-Garadh
Agus uaislen Loch-aircaig,
Dha 'm bi fiuthidhen fada, caol, reidh ;

Air am biodh na cinn ghlasa,
'N deidh an egadh gu drechmhor,
'Dhol an creubhaig le tart' rich nam meur.

Gum bi spailpedh air pioban
Is sluagh ri faichehd gu lionmhor,—
Luchd nam breacan a 's riomhaiche ceum.

'S lionmhor clogad ann 's luirech,
'S sciath chearr air laimh diumhlich,
Is sar ghunna nach diultadh ri feum.

Gum bi 'm fehd so 'dol thairis
Gu duthich Mhic-Cailain,
'S gum bi smudan is dennal 'nan deidh.

'S lionmhor clesiche 's clarsair
'Triall gu cathair nan Gaidhal,
Bhon 's ceann-uidhe dhaibh Aros nan ceut.

Gum bi 'n t-sreth so 'dol sechad
Air na grainegan glasa ;
Fledh an f hion' a's or-lasta 'na deidh.

Bidh luchd-giodail a falbh bhuainn,
Bho nach cuibhe leinn ann iat ;
'S gum bi na biodagan derga 'nan cre ;

A bioradh sliochd Dhiarmid,
 Prasgan salach an iasgich,
 Bho nach bi sinn am bliadhna do 'n reir.

Giodal, *flattering*; luchd-giodail, *flatterers*. Orlasta, *shining like gold*.

Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart was seized at Inverary by the Marquis of Argyll and imprisoned in the castle of Carrick, in 1647.

MORT NA CEPICH.

LE IAIN LOM.

'S terc an diugh mo chuis ghaire,
 'Tigh 'n na raiden so 'n iar;
 'G amharc fonn Ionar-laire
 'N deidh a stracadh le siol.
 Ged tha Chèpach 'na fasach
 Gun aon aird' oirre 's fiach,
 Gum faicedh Dia, 'bhraithren,
 Gur trom a bharc oirnn an t-sion.

'S fad' bhios cuimhn' air an Aoine
 'Dh' fhag a chaoidh sinn fo sprochd,
 Ann an am na Feill-Micheil,
 'S cha bu ni 'chall air flod;
 Ach bhi 'n diugh 'n ar cuis-bhurta
 Mar mhiol-buirn air gach loch;
 'N uair 'theid gach cinnèdh a dh-aon taobh,
 Bidh sinne scaoilt' mu 'n chnoc.

'S ann Di-sathuirne gearr bhuainn
 Bhuail an t-erchall orm goirt,
 'S mi os-cionn nan corp gela
 'Bha 'call fala fo 'n bhrot:

Bha mo lamhan-sa craobh-dherg
 'N deidh bhi taoscadh bhur lot ;
 'S e bhi 'gur cur ann sa chiste
 Turn a's misde mo thoirt.

B' iat mo ghaol na cuirp chul-bhuidh'
 'Sam bu dluth cuir nan scian ;
 'S iat 'nan sinedh air urlar
 'N seomar ur gan cur sios,
 Fo chasan Shiol Dughaill,
 Luchd a spuilledh nan cliar ;
 Dh' f hag ailedh nam biodag
 Mar scaile ruidil bhur bian.

Bhur taigh cadil t' a duinte,
 'S e gun smuid deth, gun cheo,
 Far an d' f huair sibh 'n garbh rusgadh
 'Thaobh 'ur cuil is 'ur beoil.
 Ach nam faighedh sibh uine
 Bho luchd 'ur mi-ruin bhi beo,
 Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,
 Bhiodh aigher, muirn ann, is ceol

'S fuar caidremh taigh-tabhairn,
 'San robh gairich is cosd,
 Far nach cluinner guth clarsich
 Ach gaoir chraitech nam bochd ;
 'N diugh mar thailesg fo dhaoin'
 Tha t' f herann scaoilte 's e nochd ;
 Tilger urchair na disne
 'S chi gach ti am meur goint'.

Oirne thanic an dimbuaidh
 Is an iomagain gheur,
 Mar bha claidhibh ar fine
 Cho minic 'nar deidh ;
 Paca Thurcach gun sireadh
 A bhi pinnedh bhur cleibh,

Bhi 'nur breacain 'gur filledh
'Mesc 'ur cinnidh mhoir f hein.

'Leith'd de mhort cha robh 'n Albinn,
Ged bu bhorbar' a gleus ;
'S cha bu laghail an t-selg e
'Chosnadh selbh rioghachd Dhe.
Ge b' e 'm fath mu 'n robh 'n scionadh
'Chaidh chan innis mi 'n sceul ;
Cha dan' a leithid de mhilledh
Air ceann-cinnidh fo 'n ghrein.

Ghabh sibh roimhe so fath oirnn,
Dh' fheuch bhur cairdes ruinn geur ;
Chaidh sibh 'staigh ann san fhasach
'N uair a thar sibh bhi reidh ;
Chuir sibh cungidh a' chaise
'Staigh an aros nan teud,
'S cuid de 'm buailaichen ba-chruidh
Ann an garadh nam peur.

Cait an robh e fo 'n adhar
'Sheall 'nur bathais gu geur,
Nach dugadh dhuibh athadh,
A luchd 'ur labhirt 's 'ur beus',
Mach bho chlann bhrath 'r 'ur n-athar,
'Mheall an t-aibhistair treun ?
Ach ged rinn iat bhur lot-sa,
'S trom an rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha leann-dubh 'na chas cruaidh orm,
'Tigh 'n an uaignes mo chleibh ;
Leis mar dh 'f has e 'na chuan orm
B' fhearr leam bhuam e mar cheut.
Ciamar dh' fhaodas mi diredh
Gun ite dhiles 'nam sceith ;
'S luchd a dheanamh na sithne
Bhi fedh na tire gun deidh.

'S og a bha sibh de bhliadhnabh,
 Ghlac an ciatadh sibh luath ;
 'S glan a nochd sibh bhur ciall
 Gu cur bhur riaghailten 'suas.
 Ge b'e ghabhadh rium fiabhras
 Bhi 'gur n-iargain 's sibh bhuam,
 Bidh mi 'caoidh mu 'ur riasladh
 Gus an liath air mo ghruaig.

Chuir Dia oirnn mac oighre
 Gu bhi 'na choinnleir roimh chach,
 'Chum gun soillsichedh 'sholus
 Mar phres-toridh fo bhlath.
 'S mi gum fregradh do chaismechd
 Air fraoch-bhratich gun cherb,
 Delbh do bradain, do dhobhrain,
 Do luing', leoghin 's laimh dheirg.

Dh' ordich Dia dhuinn craobh-shiochaint
 'Chumadh dion oirnn le treoir,
 Do 'm bu choir dhuinn bhi striochdadh
 Fhad 's an cian 'bhiomid beo.
 Ma 's sinn fhin a chuir dith oirr'
 Chan fhearr a chrìochd a thig oirnn ;
 Tuitidh tuagh as na flaithes
 Leis an scathar na meoir.

An glan fhiuran so 'bh' aginn
 'N taobh so fhlaithes Mhic Dhe,
 An t-aon fhiuran a b' aillidh'
 'Bh' ann sa phairc an robh speis,
 Thanic sciursadh a bhais air
 'Thug gu lar e 'dh-aon bheum,
 Mar gum buainedh sibh ailain
 Leis an fhaladair gheur.

'S math is toilltinnech sinne
 'Bhi gu minic am pein,

Bhon a ghlac sinn fal spiorad
 Ann an ionad fiamh Dhe.
 Mar luirg bhris' air an linge,
 Ged bu mhillis am beul,
 Bha na daoine dha 'm buinedh
 A bhi umabh mar sceith.

Tha mulad air m' inntin
 A bhi 'g innsedh bhur beus':
 'S ann a ghabh iat am fath oirbh
 N uair chaidh 'ur fagail leibh fein.
 'S bochd an sceul etar bhraithren
 E 'dhol an lathair Mhic Dhe,
 Mar a chrechadh na fùrain
 Leis na h-Iudasich bhreun.

Cha b'e sud 'bha mi 'g ionndrain,
 Ge do phlunndrig iat sibh,
 Ach na h-oganich chul-bhuidh'
 Air an lubadh 'san lion.
 'S e 'chuir stad air mo shugradh
 'S 'dh-fhag mo shuilen gun dion,
 Sibh bhi sint' ann sa chruisle
 'S graisc na duthcha gun f hiamh,

Gun selladh Dia oirnn le 'ghrasan
 Ge b'e la 'thig ar crìoch,
 Bhon is mallicht' an t-al sinn
 'S gur mairg a dh-arich ar trian;
 Is gne Thurcach gun bhaigh sinn
 Ach nach d' aichidh sinn Crìosd;
 Fagidh muir air an traigh sinn
 Mar chulidh-bhaite gun dion.

'Bheil an stoc as an d' fhas sibh,
 'Cur bhar bais an neo-shuim,
 'S uir-luch riabhach na pairce
 'Gabhail saith fo f hal-fuinn?

Ciamar 'dh' fhuilinges tu fein sud,
 Gun t' fhuil a dh' eirigh fo thuinn,
 'S gur tu 'thog iat 'nan oige,
 'Staigh mu d' bherd an Dun-tuilm?

Ach a Mhorair Chloinn-Domhnaill
 'S fad' do chomhnidh 'mesc Ghali;
 Dh' fhag thu sinn' ann am breis' 'ch
 Nach do fhresdail thu 'n t-am;
 Cha mho ghleidh thu na gibhten
 'Chaidh gun fhios duit air chall;
 Tha sinn corrach as t' aogis,
 Mar cholinn scaoilte gun cheann.

'S iomad oganach treubhach
 'Shiubhledh reidh is glaic chrom,
 Etar ceann Drochaid Eirenn
 'S Rudha Shleite nan tonn,
 Leis 'm bu mhiann 'bhi 'diol t' eiric
 Nan robh do chreubhag lan tholl,
 'Sa ghrad dheanadh a eirigh,
 'Dheagh Shir Seumas nan long.

A Mhic Moire 's a Chriosda
 'Dh' fhuiling pian nan coic creuchd,
 Faic mar thoill iat an ditedh
 Gach aon ti 'bha mu 'n eug;
 Ma tha toradh 'san diogh'tas
 'Chur do rioghachd an leud,
 Gaoir na fala tha 'dhith orm
 Gu ruige sith fhathas De.

Strac, to fill to the brim. Flod, floating; air flod, or air phlod, a float. Erchall, loss, generally loss of cattle. Miol, originally mil, a general name for every animal. Miol-chu, a greyhound. Miol-buirn or miol-mhara, a whale. Louse means destroyer. In Gaelic this "crawlin' ferlie" is simply called miol, a beast. Brot or brat, a bed-covering. Toirt, value, respect. Ailedh, mark, impression. Taigh.

tabhairn, a house of entertainment. Nochd, naked, bare, exposed. Sgionadh or sgenadh, knifing. Rosad, mischief, misfortunate. Faladair, speal, a scythe. Uir-luch, a mole. Fal-fuinn, a hoe. Reidh, a plain, a level place. Glaic or glac, a hollow, a short narrow valley.



THE MACDONALDS OF KEPPOCH.

Alastair Carrach, sixth son of John, first Lord of the Isles, was the founder of the family of Keppoch. He was succeeded by his son, Aonghus na Feirte. Aonghus na Feirte had two sons, Donald, his successor, and Alexander, father of Domhnall Glas. Donald, Domhnall Mac Aonghus, was killed in battle in 1497. He was succeeded by his son, Iain Alinn. Iain Alinn was deposed by his clan, and his first cousin, Domhnall Glas, chosen chief in his place. Iain Alinn was the progenitor of the Macdonalds of Murlagan. Iain Lom was descended from him. Domhnall Glas was succeeded by his son, Raonall Mor. Raonall Mor had two sons by his wife, Alastair Bhoth-Fhloinn, and Raonall Og. He had also a son, Iain Dubh, by a daughter of Iachlan Cameron, Lachinn Mor Mac a Bhaird. Iain Dubh was the progenitor of the Macdonalds of Bohuntin. Raonall Mor was executed at Elgin in 1547. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Alastair Bhoth-Fhloinn, who died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother Raonall Og. Raonall Og, sometimes called Raonall Gorach, had three sons, Alastair nan Cles, his successor, Raonall Innse, and Domhnall na Feirte. Alastair nan Cles seized in a treacherous manner three of Iain Dubh's sons, and caused them to be put to death by drowning. He was a greedy man, and wanted to get possession of their lands. He had three sons, Raonall Og, Domhnall Glas, and Alastair Buidhe. He died some time after 1620. Raonall Og succeeded his father. He murdered his uncle, Raonall Innse at Glac-an-Domhnich in Achadh-an-Doire. It is said that he died in London. He was succeeded by his only son, Angus, Aonghus Mac Raonaill Oig. Angus was killed at the fight of Stron-a-Chlachain in 1640. He left a young family. His eldest son, Aonghus Og, was the progenitor of the Macdonalds of Achadhnancoichan. He was succeeded by his uncle, Domhnall Glas. Domhnall Glas married a daughter of Forrester of Kilbaggie in Clackmanan-Shire. He had two sons and two daughters. His sons were Alastair Mor, his successor, and Raonall Og. Alastair Mor was a good man, and was fully resolved to drive all thieves and plunderers out of Keppoch.

Alastair Buidhe, third son of Alastair nan Cles, was an ambitious and unscrupulous man. He acted for a number of years as tutor of Keppoch. He had five sons, Ailain Derg, Gillesbic na Cepich, Alexander, Domhnall Gorm Chlianaig, and Raonall na Dalach. The Siol Dugh-aill were Macdonalds. They came from Moidart to Lochaber about the year 1547. It is said that they had to leave Moidart owing to a murder they had committed. Alastair Ruadh Mac-Dhughail was the principal man among them in Alastair Buidhe's time. He lived at Ionarlair, and had six sons. Alastair Buidhe, anxious to secure the chiefship of the Macdonalds of Keppoch for himself, resolved to get rid, by assassination, of his two nephews, Alastair Mor and Raonall Og. His horrible purpose was carried into effect, in September, 1663, by two of his own sons, Ailain Derg, and Domhnall Gorm Chlianaig, and by Alastair Ruadh Mac Dhughail and his six sons. Of this band Ailain Derg was the worst and Domhnall Gorm Chlianaig probably the best. But they were all villainous murderers. Alastair Buidhe was now chief of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. Alastair Derg, his heir, was killed accidentally about two months after the murder. He left a natural son, who settled in Badenoch. Alastair Buidhe was drowned in the river Spean about the year 1665. He was succeeded by his son, Archibald. Archibald, Gillesbic na Cepich, had four sons and four daughters, Coll, his successor, Raonall Mor Thir-na-Drise, Aonghus Odhar, Alastair Odhar, Mor, Seonaid, Catriona and Sile na Cepich, the poetess. He died in 1682. Coll defeated the Mackintoshes at the battle of Mulroy in 1688. He married Barbara, daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald, tenth of Sleat, by whom he had Alexander, his successor, and Donald. He died about 1723. Alexander had a natural son named Angus, Aonghus Ban Innse. He married Jessie, daughter of Robert Stewart of Appin, and had two sons by her, Raonall Og, and Alexander, am Maidsar Mor. He was killed at Culloden in 1746. His brother, Donald, who fell in the same disastrous battle, left no issue. Raonall Og succeeded his father as chief of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. He was a lieutenant in the 78th regiment, or Fraser's Highlanders. He fought under Wolfe at Quebec in 1759. His brother Alexander, am Maidsar Mor, came to Prince Edward Island, about the year 1803.

CUMHA

*Do Mhac-Mhic-Raonaill na Cepich agus a
bhrathair, a chaidh a mhort 'sa
bhliad'na, 1663.*

LE IAIN LOM.

'S mi am shuidh' air bruaich torrain
Mu 'n cuairt do Choire-na-cleithe ;

Ged nach h- 'eil mo chas crubach,
Tha lot na's mu orm fo m' leine ;

Ged nach h- 'eile mo bhian sracte,
Tha fo m' aisne mo chreuchdan ;

'S chan e curam na h-imrich,
No iomagain na spreidhe ;

No bhi gam chur do Cheann-taile,
'S gun fhios cia 'n t-aite do 'n deid mi ;

Ach bhi 'n nochd gun cheann-cinnidh ;
'S tric 's gur minic leam fein sin ;

Ceann-cinnidh nam Braighech
'Chuireadh scath air luchd-Beurla.

Tha mo choill air a maoladh,
Ni a shaoil leam nach eireadh.

Tha mo chnothan air faoisnedh,
'S cha bu chaoch iat ri 'm feuchinn.

Chan fheil ann diu ach tuailas,
Dh' fhan iat bhuam am barr gheugan.

Cha b'e fuaim do ghreigh lodain
'Gheibht' a sodrich gu feillten ;

No geum do bha tomain
'Dol an coinnimh a ceut laoigh ;

No uisce nan sluasid
Bharr druablas na feithe.

'S e bu mhiann le d' luchd-taighe,
'Bhi gan tathich le beusan ;

Mu dha thaobh Garbh-a-chonnidh,
Far 'm biodh na sonnanich gle mhor.

Le am morgha geur, scaitech,
Frith bhacach, garbh leumnach.

'S beg an t-ionghnadh leam t' uaisle
Thigh'n an uachdar ort 'eudail ;

Is a liuthad sruth uaibhrech
As 'n do bhuainedh thu'n ceut uair.

Ceist nam fer thu bho'n Fhersit
Is bho Chepich nam peuran ;

Bho Loch-treig an fheoir dhosrich,
'S bho Shrath-Oisain nan reidhlen,

'S bho cheann Daile-na-mine
Gu Sron-na-h-iolaire leithe.

Sliochd an Alastair Charrich
'Rachadh allail 'na eidedh ;

Sar mhac an Iarl Ilich
Cennard mhilten is cheutan.

'S ro mhath shloinninn do shinnsredh,
Fuil dhirech Chuinn Cheut-chathich ;

Bho mhac an righ Spaintich
A rinn tamh ann an Eirinn.

Siol Mhilidh nan cathan
A bha grathun 'san Eiphait.

B'e mo chrech is mo ghonadh
Nach d'fhuair thu cothram na Feinne.

Gun tigh'n ort 's tu 'nad chadal
Ann an leba gun eirigh,

'S ann air maduin Di-Domhnaich
'Rinn na meirlich do reubadh ;

Da mhac brathair t' athar,
Gum bu scrathail leam fein sud.

Agus sechd de shiol Dughail
Luchd a spuilledh nan ceutan.

Ach thig Sir Seumas nam bratach,
'S bheir e 'm mach dhuinn bhur n-eiric ;

Agus Aonghus bho Ghairidh,
Leoghan fathramach gleusta ;

'S gun a choimas air thalamh
An am tarrainn nan geur-lann.

Thig na cinn dibh a chonabh,
'S ann leam 'bu toilicht' an sceula.

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IORRAM

Do Shir Seumas mor Mac-Dhomhnaill.

LE IAIN LOM.

Moch 's mi 'g eirigh 'sa mhadin,
'S trom eislinech m' aignedh,
'S nach eigher mi 'n caidremh nam braithren.

Leam is aithgherr a cheilidh
'Rinn mi mar-ris an t-Seumas
Ris 'n do dhelich mi 'n de roimh la' caise.

Dia 'na stiuir air an da'rach
 'Dh' fhalbh air thus an t-siuil mhara
 Sel mun dug e 'cheut bhoinne de thraghadh.

A chrom chranntairnech riabhach,
 Luchdmhor, laidir, saidh-dhionach,
 Leam a b' ait 'bhi 'g ol fion' air a clarabh.

Cha bu mharcich' ech sreine
 A chumadh geall reis riut
 'N uair a thogtedh do bhreid os-cionn saile.

'N uair a chairtedh riut tonnag
 Air chuan iargalt nan dronnag,
 'S iomad gleann leis an cromadh i 'h-earrlinn.

'N uair a shuidhedh fer stiuir ort
 An am fagail do dhuthcha,
 Bu mher-shruthach cuan dubh-ghlas fo d' shail-sa.

Cha b' iat na lus-chrubain mhenbha
 'Bhiodh mu d' chupil ag eiledh,
 'N uair a dh' eiredh mor shoirbhas le barcadh

Ach na fuirbinnen treuna,
 'S math a dh' iomradh 's a dh' eighedh,
 'S bheiredh tulg an tus cleith air ramh braghad.

'N uair a dh' fhalichtedh fo uisc' i,
 'S nach faictedh lan suidh dh' i,
 Bhiodh luchd-a-taighe 'sior-lubadh a h-alaich.

'S iat gun egal, gun eislein,
 A sior fhregairt d' a cheile
 'N uair a thigedh muir beucach, cas, ard orr ?

'Dol timchioll Rudha na Caillich.
 Bu mhath siubhal a darich
 'Gerradh astair gu caithrem Chaoil-acuinn ;

'Cascairt tuinn a chuain fhiadhich,
 Mar bu chuibhe dhuinn iarridh,
 'Mach gu Uibhist bhig, riabhich, nan cradh-gheadh.

Cha bu bhruchag air meirg' i,
 'Fhuair a trechailt le 'h-eirbheirt,
 'Nuair a thigedh oirr' doirbh shion le gabhadh.

Gum b' ard-shranntach air muir i,
 A siubhal ghleann gun bhi currtha,
 'S buill chainbe troimh 'dulagabh arda.

Sar Mhac-Dhomhnaill an Duin oirr',
 'S do mhac oighre 's mór curam,
 'S i do cheil' 'fhuair an cliu 'mesg nan Gaidhel.

Do mhac Uibhistech, Sleitech,
 D' am bu chubhidh bhi steudmhor
 'Mach o'n rugha d'an eightedh Dun-Sgathich.

An t-og misnechail, treubhach,
 'Sliochd nam Milidh a Eirinn,
 A bha gleust' air chul-sceith' ann sna blarabh.

Gur a mor mo chion fein ort,
 Ged nach bi mi ga eighech,
 'Mhic an f'hir leis an eiredh na Braighich.

Ceist nam ban o Loch-treig thu,
 'S o Shrath Oisain na Feinne;—
 Gheibhtedh bruic agus feidh air a h-arinn.

Dh' eiredh buidhenn a Ruaidh let,
 'Lubadh iubhar mu 'n guaillibh,
 'Thig o bruthichen fuar' Charn-na-lairge.

Dream eile dhe d' chinnedh
 Clann-Iain o 'n Innain
 'S iat a rachadh 'san iomairt, neo-scathach.

'S iomad oganach treubhach,
Is glac chrom air chul sceith' air,
'Thig gu d' bratich, a threun laoich nan Gaidhel.

Is a fhregradh dha t' eighech,
Nan cuireadh tu feum orr',
'Nuair a chluinnedh iat fein do chrois-tara.

Ged b'e Mart cur a choir' e,
'S mi nach tilledh o stoc bhuaith,
'S ann a bhidhinn an toisech a bhata.

'N uair 'bhiodh cach deanamh gnìomha
Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dheth diomhain,
'G ol mo ghusaig 's mi 'm shinedh air faradh.

Earrlin, keel, stern-post. Lus-chrubain, weak fellows
like a drooping weed. Alach, a set or bank of oars.
Bruchag, a leaky boat. Eirbheirt, moving, stirring.
Currtha, fatigued. Arinn, a deer forest. Glac, the hollow
of the hand. Guscag, a bumper.

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TUAINAL A CHNATAIN ;

Oran do Shir Eoghan Loch-iall.

IA IAIN LOM.

Cha b' e tuainal a chnatain
A chuir mi 'm dhusgadh 'sa mhaduin,
Ach an tuchan 's 'tha 'marcachd air m' fheithibh.

Fer do cheille bhi 'n Sasunn,
Gun fhios nach b'eigneach a bheirt e
Ma thig eug ort an taice rìgh Seurlas,

A chraobh stailinn chruaidh, chuilinn,
 'Chaidh bhuainn air saile do Lunnainn ;
 'S terc mo ghair' gus an cluinnim deagh sceul ort.

Do thigh'n fallain, slan, bhuaithe,
 Mar ruaig falisc bharr cruadhlich,
 No bho gharadh a ghuaill's nam balg-seididh.

Dh' fhalbh Mac-Cailain, fer- buairidh,
 Le sac gearrain de thuailas,
 'Chur a' gherain an cluasabh Rìgh Seurlas.

Ged a scriobtedh let Muile,
 Bhiodh tu 'g iarraidh gu tuilledh,
 Cha robh 'm bliadhna 's an uiridh cho reidh dhuit.

'S iomad taighedas orail,
 Muirnech, aigherach, ceolmhor,
 A ghres t' athair gu foirinn na deirce ;

Dh 'an robh bethachadh boidhach,
 'Tha 'n diugh ga chaithemh mu d' bhord sa ;
 Cles na fatha 'cur fo a chert eigin.

Cles a bhaigair mhoir laidir
 'Rinn a shaidsech a charadh,
 Leis gach baidreig a thathadh ri cheile.

Ach b'ait leam Duibhnich 'san dranndail,
 'Bhi fo dhruim an Tuir Fhrangich,
 Agus cuibhrech ro theann air am feithibh.

A mhaighden dubh-riabhach smachdail,
 Dh 'fhag i 'n t-Iarla gun mhersuinn,
 Thug i 'm fiabhras a Marcus Err'-ghaidhel.

Caipitin caol Loch-nan-ela,
 Thug le foill as a bhail' e
 Ged a chaochail e talla 'nam eirigh,

'S maireg a dhuigedh a chadal
 'N laoch nach muchadh le bagradh
 'S e borb, ardanach acuinnech, gleusta,

Ghabh thu 'bhraid air do mhuinal,
 Nach gabhadh cach orra 'chunnart,
 'Thoirt do chairden a tonnabh na feithe.

'Eoghin oig Thorr- a- chaistail,
 Rinn thu choir mar mo bhechd-sa,
 Thog thu cro agus geta nach leum iat.

Thog thu bard ann an Dubhairt,
 Strep thu 'm barr croinne giubhis,
 Let bu mhiann a bhi 'n cruithched an dreugain.

Thog thu 'n t-srol-bhratach bhuidhe
 Os-cionn stol nam pic iubhair ;
 Caol chorcach an siubhal gach te dhiubh.

Nam biodh a chuis mar a theirinn,
 Bhiodh tu d' Dhiuc thar nan Eilain,
 Let bu mhiann a bhi d' speiraig 'sna speurabh.

Is ann latha Sron-nimhais,
 Bu droch coaire gill' thu ;
 Chuir thu spogan air bhiorabh, 's dhroch-ghreidh
 thu.

Thug thu fairigedh fairge
 Do luchd nam falluinnen derga ;
 Bha ruith fala agus tarra-dherg mu'n sleisidibh.

Fhuair thu garbh-bhata cuilinn,
 'Cheut la dherbh thu bhi 'd dhuine,
 Mun d' fhas calg ort de dh-fhionnadh no 'dh-
 fheusaig.

Cha bu shugradh do shena-choin
 An cnaimh smuais 'thoirt a d' dhrem-chraos,
 Nuair a thennadh tu tenchair do dheudich.

Cha bu shugradh do sgoilair
 Dol a dhranndan ri d' choilair,
 Nuair a thionndadh tu chorr-fhiacail gheur ris.

Le luchd nam fedanan dubh-ghorm,
 D' am bu fhregarrach fudar,
 'Nuair a spreigedh na h-uird ri spuir gheura ;

'Bheiredh dusgadh le an-iochd
 Air udliche 'n langain,
 Garbh, stucach, mor, engach, an t-sleibhe.

Bhiodh an t-suil, air neo 'n t-enchinn,
 Mu dheiredh drughadh bhur n-enrich :
 Cha bhi mise ga shenchas na's leir dhomh.

Falasg, a moor-burning. Foirinn, aid, help. Fath, a mole. A mhaighden, the maiden, an instrument for beheading. Mersuin, strength. Braid, a collar. Bard, a dyke, or fence, a garrison. Saidsech, a beggar's mantle.

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RAON-RUARI.

LE IAIN LOM.

An ainm an aigh ni mi tus,
 Air a mhenm so 'tha 'm run,
 Chan i so 'n aimsir mu'n duin an ceitein oirnn.

Nach fhaic sibh loinges an righ
 Cur an spionnidh gu tir,
 Chan e'n t-Uillam 'tha mi cho deidhail air.

Ach Righ Seumas 's a shiol
 A dh'ordich Dia gus ar dion ;
 Cha righ iasid d'am fiach dhuinn geillechdinn.

Ach mar dig thu air ball
 'S do leinten criosa gan call,
 Is ceut misde leam thall 'san Eiphait thu.

An comunn ciogailtech, tlath,
 'Shuidh an ionad nan stait
 Mar cho-mheta chuir Satan seula riu.

Paca sliogach nan celg
 D'am bu dlighech a mheirg,
 Dhubh am fithech le salchar eucoir sibh.

Cha b'e 'm brathadair coir
 'Bha cur gabhail fo'n f hoid,
 Ach fer an taigh' nach bu choir 'bu pheucan daibh.

Ann sa bheithe bheg og
 'Bha fo bhaile Mhic-Dheors',
 Gur a h-iomad fer sroil 'bha reubte ann.

'S iomad biorraid is gruag
 'Bha gan speltadh mu'n cnuac,
 Bha fuil dhathte'na stuaidh air feur am muigh.

Fhuair sibh dennal 'sa choill
 Bho chruaidh lannabh Shiol-Chuing,
 'Chuir 'nur dennabh thar tuim trom-chreuchdach
 sibh.

An Raon-Ruari nam bad
 'S lionmhor uaigh is corp rag,
 Mile sluasid is caib' gan leidigedh.

A shar Chleibhirs nan ech,
 Bu cheann-feadhn' thu air fechd,
 Mo chrech leir an tus glechd mar dh'eirich dhuit.

Bu lasair theine dhaibh t' fherg,
 Gus an d'eirich mi-shelbh ;
 Bhuaill am peileir fo errbal It' eaidh thu.

Bu mhor cosgradh do lamh
 Fo aon chlogide ban,
 'S do chorp nochdidh, gel, dan, gun eidedh air.

Cha robh escarid suas
 Etar Arcamh is Tuaid,
 Mur bhi 'n tacaaid a bhuail san eudun thu.

'Nuair bhruchd t' uaislen am mach,
 Cha scaoth bhuachaillen mhart,
 Ach luchd-bualadh nan cnap gu speiredail ;

Air a bhruthach a stad
 Os-cionn dubhar nam bad,
 Luchd cur 'nan siubhal gu grad nan eucorach.

Clann-Domhnaill an aigh,
 Luchd a chonnsach' gach blair ;
 Cha do ghabh iat riamh scath roimh reubaltich.

Is lionmhor spalpaire dian
 'Bha fo d' bhratich 'dol sìos,
 Cha b' ascard ach lion do reisamaid.

Is iomad fiuran des og
 Gun lan duirn-air de dh-fheoill,
 'Gherradh claignen is smois, is feithannan.

Mo ghaol an Domhnall Gorm og
 Bho'n tur Shleitech 's bho'n Ord ;
 Fhuair thu deuchain 's bu mhor an sceula sin.

Mo ghaol an Tainistair ur,
 B' og am planntas mo run,
 'S cha b'e 'n campair air chul na sceithe e.

Mo ghradh an t-Alastair Dubh,
 Bho Ard-Gharidh nan sruth,
 'Chuir 'nan siubhal gu tiugh an reubaltich.

'S bha 'bhrathair eil' ann, Iain Og,
 'S dh' aomich peilair troimh 'fheoil,
 'S caol a therinn e beo bho 'n speileirechd.

Tha an cogadh so serbh,
 Air a thogail gu garg ;
 Ge ceann nathrach bidh earrball peucaic air.

'Se Prionns' Uillam 's a shluagh
 'Dh' fhag an duthich so truagh,
 'Nuair a chuir iatthar cuan righ Seumas bhuainn.

Guidhem scrios orra 's plaigh,
 'S gort is mioscuin is bas
 Air an sliochd mar bh 'air al na h-Eiphaite ;

Gach aon latha dol sios,
 Caignedh claidhibh tromh 'm bian,
 'S coin a caithemh an diol air sleibhtichibh.

Thig am Frangach a stech
 Le treun champa 'chuid ech,
 'S bidh do bhangaid 's do bhrec-staoig greidhte
 dhuit.

Theid thu 'Hanobher air ais,
 Thig an cot dhiot an cais',
 'S i sean choir a choin ghlais a b 'fheumaile.

Brathadair, a match, kindling. Peucan a beacon.
 Leideigedh, leading, convoying. Coscradh, slaughtering.
 Speiredail, energetic. Campair, a camp-master. Speileirechd,
 sliding, skating. Sliogach, sly. Ciogailtech, unsteady,
 ticklish.

GILLESBIC NA CEPICH.

Archibald Macdonald, Gillesbic na Cepich, was the second son of Alastair Buidhe of Keppoch. He was educated at Forres. He was a poet of fair ability. He succeeded his father about 1665. In September, 1675, he joined Glengarry and Lochiel in a voyage to Mull to assist the Macleans against the earl of Argyll. He married Mary, daughter of Macmartin of Letterfinlay, by whom he had four sons and four daughters, Coll his successor, Raonall Mor Thir-na-Drise, Aonghus Odhar, Alastair Odhar, Mor, Jennet, Catherine and Cecilia. He died in 1682. Iain Lom composed an elegy about him, in which he speaks very highly of him.

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MOLADH NA PIOBA.

LE GILLESBIC NA CEPICH.

'S maire do dhimol ceol is caismeachd,
Brosnadh sloigh gu gaisgechd threun ;
Mor phìob leis an duisger gach misnech,
A torman moid is misde beum.

Mo ghaol clarsach, ro ghaol pìob ;
Mithlachd leam an tì do chain ;
Olc an duais d'a ceol droch comain
'M bonnabh chluas aig ollamh ri dan.

Cha bhi mi diomoladh an dain ;
Ach 's ann bu mhath an dan 'san 't-sith ;
Air an namhit cha dechidh 'n dan
Riamh cho dana 's a chaidh i.

Nam faicedh tu fir air leirg
Fo mheirghe 'm bì derg is ban,
B'fhearr leam speltadh dh' i re uair
Na na bheil gu tuaim de dhain.

Bu bhinn leam torman a dos,
'S i cruinnechadh airm fo sciort.
'N dan nan digedh fo 'brat
Gu cert b'fhearr leth' e 'bhi 'n Irt.

A bhen bhinn-fhaclach nach breun stuirt,
 Chiuin, chiuin-fhaclach, 's nior bhreug sin;
 A labhras gu seimh air gach modh,
 'S a breid air slinnainibh fir.

Brosnadh, brosnachadh, encouragement, a spurring on.
 Lerg, a plain, a little eminence. Meirghe, a banner.

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NIGHEN MHIC-GILLECHALUIM RAARSAIDH.

Alexander, fourth Macleod of Raasay, had two sons, Alexander his successor, and John. Alexander, fifth of Raasay, succeeded his father in 1643. He had three sons and two daughters. He was succeeded by John Garbh his eldest son, in 1648. John Garbh was distinguished for his handsome person, and extraordinary strength, and was exceedingly popular. He married Janet, daughter of Sir Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan. He was drowned on the north coast of Skye during a severe storm. He was only twenty-one years of age at the time of his death. He left no issue. In 1688 his sisters, Janet and Julia, were served heirs to their father. In 1692 they made over the estate to their cousin Alexander, son of John, second son of Alexander, fourth of Raasay. Janet was married to Duncan Macrae of Inverinate, Donnachadh nam Pios. Julia died unmarried. Which of the two sisters composed John Garbh's elegy we do not know. We are inclined, however, to think that it was Julia.

CUMHA.

Do dh-Iain Garbh Mac Ghille-chaluim.

LE A PHIUTHIR.

'S mi 'nam shuidh' air an fhaoilinn,
 Gun fhaoilte, gun f'uran,
 Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,
 O Dhi-h-aoinne mo dhunach.

Hi-il o, ho bha ho,
 Hi-il o, ho bha ho,
 Hi il o, ho bha ho,
 Hi-il o, ro ho bha eile.

Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,
 O Dhi-h-aoine mo dhunach ;

On a chailledh am bata,
 Air 'n do bhathadh an curidh.

Gille-Calum a b' oige,
 'S Iain mor, mo sceul duilich !

'Si do ghuala 'bha laidir,
 Ged a sharich a mhuir thu.

Chan fheil aon ann an Albinn
 Nach doir ainm air do spionnadh.

'S ann an clachan na traghad
 Tha mo ghradh-sa bhon uridh ;

Gun siod air do chluasaic,
 Fo lic uaine na tuinne.

'S tu gun bhoinn air do leine ;
 Chan fheil feum air a cumadh.

Chan iarr thu gu 'fuaghal
 Ben-usal no cruinnac.

Tha do chlaidhibh 'na dhunadh
 Fo dhruchdadh nan uinnac.

Co is urrin g'a fhuascladh,
 'S nach gluais thu e tuilledh.

Do chuid chon air an iallabh,
'S cha triall iat do 'n mhunadh ;

Do fhrith nam beann arda,
No gu ard bheinn a chuilinn.

'S mi 'nam shuidh' air an fhoilinn
Gun fhaoilte, gun fhanan.

Faolenn, an exposed place beside the shore covered with small white stones ; a sea-gull.

There is a tradition among the people of Raasay that John Garbh was a natural son. According to the tales of superstition, the storm which occasioned his death was raised by a witch. His step-mother was anxious to get rid of John Garbh and make room for her own son ; so she hired the witch to set the winds and waves in motion. The witch raised the storm by boiling water in a pot over the fire. She had a small dish of some kind in the pot. When she saw that this dish upset, she knew that Iain Garbh and his men were drowned. All at once she repented and exclaimed, Tha mo chrech deante.

DONNACHADH MAC-AN-DUBHSHUILICH.

The Dubhshuilich, or men of the dark eyes, were Stewarts. They came to Lochaber from Appin about the year 1560. They were the hereditary standard-bearers of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. Duncan Stewart, the author of the following historical poem, was one of them. He was like his clansman, John Roy Stewart, a warrior as well as a poet. He fought at the battle of Mulroy.

LATHA NA MAOILE-RUAIDHE.

*Le Donnachadh Mac-an-Dubhshuilich, fer-bratich
Cholla na Cepich.*

FONN,—“Gur h-e Latha Raon-Ruari.”

Ho fairegan o ho,
Ho ro no co lethas,
Gur h-e Colla 'n ceann-feadhna
'Ghleachd mu 'n tom a bh' aig athair.
'S iomad spailp de dhuin'-uasal
'Bha mu 'n cuairt dhuit an la ud
'B' fhearr na clogaide cruadhach
'Bhi mu d' ghuailibh 's mu t' amhich.

Chaidh na Tuathich gu poisail
Ann an ordagh a chatha ;
Ach bha Colla ro sheolta,
Dh' fhan e stolta gu latha.
'S iomad cumha le storas
'Gheibhedh Toisech na Maighe ;
Ach le uabhar is gloir-mhiann,
Chaidh e 'chordadh le 'chlaidh'ibh.

Sud an cordadh gun ghliocas
'Rinn thu 'n nis ann ad an-toil ;
Fhuair Colla fo chis thu
Chert cho min ris an lamhinn.
'S iomad cradh-leba 's litir
'Chaidh 'dh-Inbhirnis le do chairdibh.
'S bochd nach d' fhuair thu diseursadh
'Bhliadhn' a phaighedh am mal dhuit.

'S iomad muscaid 's pic iubhair
A bha 'n cuidechd a mhirath ;
'S iat a tilgedh cho fada
Ri cairtal a mhile.

Cha do shanntich sibh teichedh,
A luchd nam fedanan cinntech,
Ach 'bhi sathadh 'nam broillech,
Sud an cothrom a mhill iat.

Bha thus', a Cholla, ro thapidh,
'Mhic Ghillesbic na morchuis ;
Leig thu uc' na coin scaitech,
'S cha robh cadal air doigh dhaibh.
Ged a b' inghnech na ait cait,
Cha robh 'chridh' aca scrobadh ;
'N uair a scaoil thu do lion riu
Thug thu 'mhiagail a 'n sronabh.

Cha b' e scobadh an t-sengain,
No mar gum benadh dhuit dergann,
A bha 'm buillen nan gaisgech
'Chlehd na glas lainn mar armachd.
'S ann a leigtedh an smer ris
Far am benadh cruaidh dherg dha,
Is bhiodh enchinn nam mullach
'Tigh'n mu mhuineil gan salachadh.

Dh' innsinn cuid de bhur beusan,
Bha sibh treun ann san torachd ;
Is bha 'bhuil air Clann-Chatain
Gum b'e fasan Chloinn-Domhnaill
A bhi cruaidh air chul claidhibh
'N uair a chaithedh sibh lod orr,
'S etar fhearabh is ghillen
'Bhi le scinnibh 'nan scornain.

'Nuair a ranic thu 'n larach
An robh abhaist do shenar
Bha Clann-Chatain 'sa ghairich
'G iarridh fabhair da 'n anam.
An sin gheibhedh tu t' ailghas
'Chur am paiper an cengal ;

'S ged tha Chepach 'na fasach
Tha i paighte le cennabh.

Ged a ghlaodh iat ruibh'n anaghlas
Mu anmoch an fhescair,
Chuir sibh scapadh a mhenbh-chruidh
An luchd mamadh a pheice,
Gan ruith 'fedh nam bruachan
Is gan cuartachadh dhachidh,
Is gam paighedh 'nam fiachan,—
Ach dh-ionndrinn iat Lachinn.

Bha Mac-Coinnich ceann airm leo,
'S bu mhor earbsa a mhathas,
Le a shaighdairibh faoghlumte
Fo 'n aodichibh dathar.
'Nuair 'bha 'dhag air a seursadh
Sheall e gearr ann san amharc;
Sin n' uair 'phaighedh an t-eudach
'Bha mu earrball na mnatha.

Gur h-e Aonghus bho 'n Tulich,
An sar churidh nach diobradh,
'Bha air aodan an duin ud,
Is bu chunnart e cinntech.
An am cruadail no gaisce,
Chan ann tais a bhiodh t' inntinn;
'Nuair a chaidh thu ga bhualadh
Gun d' fhuair thu fo 'chis e.

Bha Mac-Coinnich 'na laighe,
'S rinn e 'chlaidhebh a shinedh;
Bha buaidh aig an Tulach
Mar a bhuinedh dha shinnsredh.
Cha robh 'n Lochidh no 'n Spiathain
Fer a dh' iarradh gu strith riut;
A laoch ghleusta gun ghiorag,
'S tu nach tilledh fo mhichliu.

'S tu nach tilledh fo thamailt,
 Bha thu dana 'san iomairt ;
 'S tu a choisinn buaidh-larach,
 'S nach d' rinn parladh a shiredh,
 Ach ceum air adhart le cruadal,
 Mar bu dual dhuit o d' chinnedh ;
 Chair thu maoim air na Tuathich,
 'S ann let f huair iat am milledh.

Thoir mo shoridh le duthrachd
 'Dh-fhios na triuir 'tha 'sa Bhraighe ;
 Gu Colla, an lamh threubhach,
 Ef hein 's a dha bhrathair ;
 Na fir chalm' 'fhuair an toisech
 Ann an toital nan claidhen ;
 Gun robh agabh mar sceith dhuibh
 Ainglen De anns gach aite.

Nam bu mhis' a b' fher seolidh
 Air na seoid ud an drasta,
 Bhiodh fer air gach uilinn
 'Chor 's nach legt' an aon bhlar iat.
 Cha robh egal no giorag
 Air sar ghillen na tabhachd ;
 'S ann a bha iat 'sa chumasc
 Mar sceith chunnairt roimh 'n cairden.

'S e, a Cholla mo dhuthrachd,
 'S tha mo dhuil ri e 'thachairt,
 Thu bhi 't uachdaran duthcha
 Etar Dunan 's a Chepach,
 Etar Ruthain is Spiathain
 'S Cill-mo-niobhaig a chladich,
 Ann am paighnechas scriobhte,
 'S lamh an righ ris a chairt ud.

Cuim' nach cuirinn-sa cuairt
 Air Gleann-ruaidh 'san robh 'm baital,

Etar monadh Dhrulm-uachdair,
 Cnoc-a-chuailie 's an Tegail,
 Gun aon mhir a bhi bhuaith dheth
 Ach cnuac Choir-an-esa,—
 Ferann duthchis Mhic-Mhartuin,
 'S bu neonadara 'bhegadh.

Lion, flax, a linen cloth, but in the poem a flag. Gloir-
 mhiann, ambition. Painechas, security, insurance.

Lachlan Mackintosh, chief of the Clan-Chattan, had a legal claim to the lands of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. Coll of Keppoch refused to acknowledge this claim, and would not pay the rents demanded of him. Mackintosh resolved to enforce his claim with the sword. In 1688, and about the month of August, he entered Lochaber with a strong force, consisting of his own immediate followers, and a company of government troops under the command of captain Kenneth Mackenzie of Suddie. He had at least a thousand men with him. On arriving at Keppoch House he found it deserted. In the course of a day or two he learned that Coll was posted on the heights of Mulroy, having with him his own followers, the Macmartins of Letterfinlay, and a body of the Macdonells of Glengarry, in all about four hundred men. At daybreak, on the morning after receiving this intelligence, he marched against his opponent. As his force was so numerous he felt confident of obtaining an easy victory, even though the Macdonalds and the Macmartins had the advantage of being on higher ground. The result, however, was that he was defeated and taken prisoner. About forty of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, commanded by Aonghus Mac Alastair Ruaidh, were on their way to assist their kinsmen. They were too late for the battle, but took an active part in the pursuit. As captain Mackenzie, a brave but rash man, was rushing with his pike against Angus Macdonald of Tulloch, the latter hurled his empty pistol against his head with such force that his skull was fractured. Mackenzie died whilst being carried by his soldiers to Inverness. The battle of Mulroy lasted a little over an hour. It was happily the last clan fight that took place in Scotland.

RAONALL NA SCEITHE.

Ranald Macdonald, Raonall na Sceithe, was a son of Allan Macdonald of Achatriochadan in Glencoe. He distinguished himself as a soldier under Montrose and Dundee. He was killed in the horrible massacre of Glencoe, February 13th, 1692. He was at the time of his death an old man. He left two sons, Donald and Alexander.—*Campbells' Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans*, page 226.

LATHA RAON-RUARI.

LE RAONALL NA SCEITHE.

'Se do la, a Raon-Ruari
A dh' fhag luainech mo dhuscadh,
Mu na thuit de Chlann- Domhnaill,
'S cha bu leon o'n taobh cuil daibh,
'Toirt am mach an ra-treuta
'Choisin ceutadh le diubhail ;
'S ged bu thearnadh gu leir dhaibh
Bha bas Chleibhers r 'a chunntadh.

Leoghan fulangach, rioghail,
Nach d' rinn f hirin a mhuthadh ;
Cha robh failinn a'd' chruadal
'N aite cruaidh-chas no curim ;
Cha dug or ort no egal
Gun sesamh le duthrachd,
'S ged a thuit thu le onair
B' ann de dhonas na cuis' e.

Seobhag firinnech suairc thu,
'S bu shar bhuachaill' air treud thu,
Gu'n cumail o ghabhadh
'S a thoirt ait dhaibh is reidhleinn.
'S tu nach cuireadh ri ball' iat
'Thoirt an dainginn air eigin ;
Dh' innis latha Dhun- Chaillinn
Nach robh 'n t-anam a' d' chreubhaig.

'N am 'bhi taruinn nan Gaidhel
 Gu h-ard air a bhruthach,
 'Dhol an coinnimh an namhit,
 Bu neo-scathach a bhuidhen.
 'Mheud 's a bha aig Mac-Aidh
 B' iat luchd a chail is a bhrudhaist ;
 'N uair a nochd sibh 'ur claidhen,
 Sud am prabar 'nan siubhal.

Bha gach inntin lan shoerichte
 Air cosnadh 's air cruadal,
 A dol air bhr n-adhart
 Ann an aghidh an fhuathais.
 Cha do shanntich sibh tilledh,
 Bho nach slinnain bu dual dhuibh :—
 Bha an cluiche sin cailltech,
 'S iat ag radh gum bu bhuaidh e

Gum bu lionmhor ad shracte
 'Bha mu ghilacabh Raon-Ruari,
 Agus Gaidhel gun bhrean
 'Ruith fir casaige ruaidhe.
 'S iat nach dugadh droch bhuille
 'Dh' f hagadh nech 'na dhiol truaighe,
 Ach 'toirt nan ceann dhiu gu sciobalt',
 No gan scath gu 'n cnaimh-tuaighe.

Gur h-e 'mheudich mo champar
 'Liuthad banntrach 'tha 'm dhuthich,
 Agus oganach treubhach
 Nach do dh-eighedh am pusadh,
 'Thuit le luaidhe 'san am ud
 'Bualadh lann, 's cha bu shugradh,
 'Toirt am mach an adbhannsa,
 'S cha do shanntich iat cubadh.

A Dhorainnaill nan Domhnall,
 'S og a fhuair thu do dheuchin,

'S iomad ben a bha bronach
 Etar Trotairnis 's Sleite,
 Mu chinnedh mor t' athar
 'Bhi nan laighe gun eirigh,
 Luchd a bhualadh nam buillean
 'Bhi air fuirech 'san teughbail.

'B ann diu Raonall is Seumas
 Nach d' rinn eirigh o'n chumasc ;
 B'e mo chrech iat le cheile,
 Fir na feile 's an f hurain.
 Dhaibh 'bu dual a bhi treun
 O'n athair fhein thar gach duine ;
 Sceul bu dona 'na dheidh sud,
 Ri leighes leigh cha d' rinn fuirech.

A thighern' oig Ghlinne-Garadh
 Laigh smal air do shugradh ;
 'S mor do chall ri righ Seumas
 Ged a dh-eighedh e 'd dhiuc thu ;
 Bha Domhnall Gorm gaolach
 Is f huil chraobhach a bruchdadh.
 'S eigin fhulang na thanic
 Dh' fhalbh do bhrathair na ur-fhas.

Bu duin' urranta, seolta,
 Bu chraobh chomhraig roimh cheut e,
 De dh-fher mor 'bu mhath cumadh
 'Bh aig gach duine mar speuclair :
 Gur h-e ro mheud do nadair,
 Braise 's ardan le cheile,
 Dh' fhag gun athadh dha d' phers' thu,
 Oig-fhir ghasda na feile.

Cha robh fuascladh 'san tim ud
 Dhuit aig dillsibh no cairdibh ;
 Ged bha bron air gach duine
 Ni gun chumadh, gun airemh.

'S ann roimh d' fhraoch a bha 'n curam,
 Ged bha diubhail is call ann ;
 Fhuair thu 'n t-eralas cliutech,
 Ort do dhubladh na rancan.

'S truagh nach robh let 'san uair sin
 Na bha bhuaite dhe do chairdibh,
 Air an tarruinn mu'n comhair,
 Fir Ghlinn-Comhunn 's a Bhraighe.
 'N tus an latha ghil sholuis
 Chit' am follais gach failinn ;
 'S na bheil beo de shliochd Cholla
 'Dhioladh pronnadh ar cairden.

Caiptin mesail Chloinn-Raonuill,
 Ge nach h-'eil ach 'na lenabh,
 'S glan a gheibht' an aois oig' e
 Aig fir dhuthchis a sheanar.
 Sud na Domhnallich threubhach
 Do nach d' eirich riamh bremas ;
 Bhon ghin Somhairl' air tus iat
 Cha d' fhuaras daibh scainnel.

Thuit mac Dhomhnaill mhic Dhomhnaill,
 'S bu mhor 'n ionndrain a thir e ;
 Flescach uasal, caomh, cenail,
 Is b' fhior fherail 'na thim e.
 'S mi 'tha 'g iargain nan daoine
 'Thuit 'san aobhar 'dol sios duinn ;
 Bha triuir iar-ogh' Mhic-Raonuill
 Air an taobh 's gum b' e 'n dibhail.

Mo chrech mhor nan tri truaighen,
 Caradh uaislen Chinntire ;
 'Thighern oig sin na Lerginn,
 Is gur serbh a bhi 'g innsedh,
 Mu do Thaoitair math ciallach,—
 Is cuis iargain a chaoidh e,

Gun do thuit e 'san doruin,
'S bu duin 'og 'san dol sios e.

Gun do mhac bhi 'na t' aite,
'S gun ad brathair ach lenabh,
'S gun aon duine 'bhi 'n lathair
De na thanic o 'd shenair.
Sud an taigh a bha uasal,
Do nach 'd fhuaradh riamh merachd,
'Sa bha fughantach, rioghail,
Air dol 'sios mar an raineach.

A Shir Eoghinn o 'n Chorpich
'S e do dhochun nach iarrinn ;
'Si chneidh fein thar gach duine ;
'Bhios sinn uile ag iargain,
'Mheud 's a bhuilich an righ ort
Cha bu ni e gun fhiachan,
Is ged fhaighedh tu barr air,
'S daor a phaigh thu e 'm bliadhna.

Chaill thu ragha do dhaoine
Ann an aobhar a bhrathar.
Bho t' oige gu d' shine
Chum thu 'n iomairt gun f hailinn.
'S iomad sonn de dhuin' uasal,
'San robh cruadal is tabhachd,
A chaidh sios let de d' chinnedh
Bho 'n la ghinedh gu ait thu.

O 'n la 'ghlac thu 'n ceut chlaidhibh,
Gun aon athadh do d' namhit,
Bu mhath do chuis thionnscail
'N aghidh Chromwel is Lambeirt.
Nan sesadh Alb' uile
Mar rinn thusa gun f hailinn,
'S derbh gun cailledh righ Uillam,
'S cha bhuidh'nedh Mac-Aidh air.

Ach fhir Airde-Seile,
 'S mor do dheiras le 'm fecabh ;
 Chaill thu brathair math ciatach
 Is diol Iarla de mhacabh.
 Sibh fein 's fir a Bhraighe
 Bha 'g ur sarach 'ri caistal,
 Sibh a dhibhail comanndair,
 'S gun ur naimhden r'am faicin.

Tha Taoitair na h-Apunn
 Fo airsna an comhnuidh ;
 Tha leann-dubh air a drughadh
 Fo dhunadh a chota,
 'S e ag iargain mu 'bhraithribh,
 'S b' iat na h-aillagain bhoidhach,
 Ged thug lughad an athidh
 Orra 'n la ud 'bhi gorach.

Chaill thu Tanaistair ferainn,
 'S gum b'e 'n t-Alastair suaice e ;
 'S mor a bhearn thu a d' dhuthich,
 'S iat ga t' ionndraichinn bhuatha.
 Cha b' aithne dhomh cuis
 A bheiredh chiu do dhuin' uasal,
 Nach robh fuaighte riut daingen,
 Aig a bhail' agus uaithe.

Bha thu urranta, dana,
 Bha thu aillidh, des, treubhach ;
 Bha thu cinnedail, cairdail,
 Bha thu garbh ri am feuma.
 Nan d' fhuirich an luaidhe
 Gun do bhualadh 'san leum ud,
 'S mairg fer do mhi-ruine
 Air am bruchdadh lann t' fheirge.

Cha b' ann leis na claidhen,
 'Fhuair ar n-armuin an leonadh,

Aig Dunchaillinn a chasridh,
 No le gaisc' an luchd-comhstrith :
 'S mairg a chunnig na saoidhen,
 Ann an iorghuil na doruinn,
 Gan sior leigedh le luaidhe,
 'S gun tilg buachaillen bho i.

'S truagh nach sinne 'bh' air talamh
 Gun aon bhalla, gun bhruachan,
 Sinn fhin 's luchd ar mi-ruin',
 Bhiomaid cinnt de ar cruadal.
 Chit' an sin co 'bu chliutich,
 Ann an imairt nan cruaidh lann,
 Fior bhodich na machrach
 Na fir ghaisgail nam fuar bheann.

Cait a bheil de dh-fhuil dhiles
 Ann san rioghachd an cert uair,
 An taobh so 'Chlann-Domhnaill,
 Da 'm bu nos a bhi tapidh,
 Ach Clann-Chamshroin o Lochidh,
 Clann-Ghilleoin is Clann-Nechdain,
 Fir Atholl 's Clann-Fhiunnaidh,
 'S Mac-Iain-Stiubhart na h-Apunn'.

The battle of Killiecrankie was fought on Saturday, July 27th, 1689. On Wednesday, August 21st, the Highlanders attacked Dunkeld, but were repulsed with the loss of 300 men. Their opponents being well protected by stone walls lost only a few. The repulse at Dunkeld was a sore disappointment to them. As Cannon, their new commander, was responsible for the attack, and for the loss sustained in consequence of it, they lost all confidence in him.

MAC IAIN LUIM.

John Lom's son fought under Dundee at the battle of Killiecrankie in 1689. It is said that he was a captain. He was killed in a duel, by Domhnall Donn, Mac Fhir Bhoth-fhiuntain about the year 1690. The duel was fought at High Bridge, eight miles from Fort William.

LATHA RAON-RUARI.

LE MAC IAIN LUIM.

An Raon-Ruari so 'bh' ann
 B' lionmhor ceann is columnn gu lar ;
 Moran Ghaidheil is Ghall
 Bh' air chall 's an uilenn ri blar.
 'N uair thanic a Chlann
 'Nan deann an deiredh an la,
 Cha b' e tilledh gun chall
 A shanntich gillen mo ghraidh.

Bha an t-Alastair Ciar
 Gu dian le bhratichen fhein ;
 Ann an am dol a sios
 Cha b' mhiann leis fuirech nan deidh.
 Cha bu chlaidebh no sciath
 Bu dion do 'n churidh 'bha treun ;
 Co a chumadh ris strith,
 'S an Righ mar spionnadh d'a sceith ?

Is bha Domhnall nan Dun
 Gu dluth air uilinn a bhlair ;
 Bha chuid ghillen ri 'chul,
 'S cha sechnadh iat cuis le dail.
 Bha nìr ghasda mo ruin
 'G 'ur lenailt gu dluth mu'r sail,
 Is mar bhuinedh da'n cliu,
 Ri cascairt le luths nan lamh.

Bha na Lethanich ann,
 An dream 'bha iùilechdach riamh ;
 Leam is duilich an call,
 'S gum b' ainmeil 's gach am an gnìomh.
 Ach ged tha iat gun cheann
 Bidh e ann 'n uair 's toilech le Dia,
 Is thig Muile 'na dheann
 An nall o luchd nam beul fìar'.

A Chlann-Raonuill o'n chuan
 Ged fhuair sibh bristèdh gu leoir,
 Gun ath-eirich sibh 'suas
 Le 'r sluagh gun laigse, gun leon.
 Ged a tha sibh fo ghruain,
 'S bhur naimhden ri uaill gach lo,
 'N uair thig Ailain bho 'chuairt
 Bidh 'fherann gu buan fo 'scod.

Gu bheil fer an Gleann-ruaidh
 Nach d' fhuair air 'fherann de choir,
 Ach ro chalmachd a shluaigh
 'Theid suas le fed chinn a mheoir,
 Thanic fehd o 'n taobh tuath
 'Chur gerasdain fhuair mu 'r sroin,
 Ach s' e 'fhuair iat mar dhuais
 'N cur dhachidh gu luath fo leoin.

Thug thu latha 'sa Mhaoil,
 A Cholla, 's tu aotrom, og,
 Le do bhratichen fraoich
 A thairnedh na laoich 'nan lorg.
 Tha mi 'guidhe nach aom
 An t-aog le 'ghath ann ad choir,
 Gus am faigh thu de dh-aois
 A Chepach 'bhi saor fo d' scod.

At the battle of Killiecrankie, Dundee's men were ranged in one line, and in the following order from right to left: the Macleans, Colonel Cannon's Irish regiment, the Macdonalds of Moylart, the Macdonells of Glengarry, the cavalry, the Camerons, a battalion under Sir Alexander Maclean, and the Macdonalds of Skye. The Grants of Glenmoriston were with the Macdonells of Glengarry. Dundee had about 2,500 men, and Mackay about 4000. The battle began about seven o'clock in the evening, or half an hour before sunset. The Highlanders, whilst moving down the hill, received three successive volleys from Mackay's line. When they got to close quarters, and drew their broad swords, the battle lasted only a few minutes. They gained as complete a victory as could be won. Still it was a very dear victory to them; about eight hundred of them were slain. Besides, they lost their commander, the only man who could keep them together and lead them to another victory. Of Mackay's men two thousand were either killed or taken prisoners. Well might the poet say, Bu lionmhor ceann is column gu lar.

— x —

ALASTAIR BHO'TH-FHIUNNTAIN.

John Dubh, natural son of Raonall Mor na Cepich, was the first Macdonald of Bohuntin. His descendants are known as Shliocd-an-taighe, and also as Shliochd-nabannfhighiche. He married a daughter of Donald Glas Mackintosh, with issue five sons, Alexander, his successor, Donald, John, Ranald and Angus. He had also a natural son, Gillicalum Mor. Donald, John, and Ranald were put to death by the unprincipled Alastair nan Cles of Keppoch. Alexander, second of Bohuntin, married a daughter of Macdonald of Glencoe, by whom he had one son, Aonghus Mor. Aonghus Mor, third of Bohuntin, married a daughter of Cameron of Strone, and had three sons, John, his successor, Aonghus a Bhocain, and Alastair na Rianich. John, fourth of Bohuntin, married a daughter of Cameron of Glenmalie, by whom he had Alexander, his successor, Domhnall Donn, and Domhnall Gruamach, all men of good poetic talents. Alexander, fifth of Bohuntin, had five sons, Angus, Alexander, Ranald, Iain Og, his successor, and Domhnall Glas. Angus, Alexander, and Ranald died of pleurisy within a few days of one another, about the year 1720. Angus and Alexander were married. John Og, sixth of Bohuntin and Domhnall Glas, his brother, were transported to North Carolina for taking part in the unfor-

fortunate rebellion of 1745. They were both married and left issue. Probably some of their descendants are still in the United States.

Alexander of Bohuntin was the author of several short poems. But they have nearly all perished.

— x —

CUMHA NAM MAC.

LE ALASTAIR BHOTH-FHIUNNTAIN.

Bhon lughaigedh 'thug Dia dhomh,
'S mo mhath a bhi ga iarraidh,
Gum faic gach duine liath mi ;
'S ann tha mi trom, trom.

Cha dirich mi ri fuar bheinn
An fhirich 'sam bi 'n ruadh bhoc ;
Tha m' anail goirid luath dhomh ;
'S ann 'tha mi trom, trom.

Gum faca each an uair sin
A mharbhtedh brec air Ruaidh leam ;
An diugh cha doir mi luaidh dhaibh ;
'S ann tha mi trom, trom.

Na fiurain 'san robh 'n uaisle,
'S a b' abhaist bhi mu m' ghuailen,
Bhon chairich mi 'san uaigh iat,
'S ann thu mi trom, trom.

Na gaisgich 'san robh chailechd
'S a chleachd mi fhaicinn lamh ruim,
Bu taice sibh d' ur cairden ;—
'S ann tha mi trom, trom.

Ach Aonghuis thug mi gaol dhuit
Thar uile chlann nan daoine,
'S bhon tha mi nis as t' aonais,
'S ann tha mi trom, trom.

Do ghnuis bha fiallidh, faoilidh ;
 'S tric t' iomhigh 'tigh'n 'nam smaointinn,
 Is dh' f hag sud neul an aoig orm ;
 'S ann tha mi trom, trom.

'Alastair 's tu m' abhachd ;
 B 'e sud an gaisgech stathail
 Bhon chuir mi ann sna clair thu,
 'S ann tha mi trom, trom.

Rao'll am fer a 'b oige,
 B'e sud am flescach stolta ;
 Bho 'n chairich mi fo 'n fhoid thu,
 'S ann tha mi trom, trom.

Scuridh mi 's mi craitech,
 Ach tha mi 'n dochas laidir,
 Gum faic mi sibh am Paras,
 Ged tha mi trom, trom.

Mo dhuil gu bheil sibh sabhailt
 Troimh fhulangas bhur Slanighair ;
 Cha dean ni eile stath dhuinn
 'N uair 'bhios sinn trom, trom.

Lughaigedh, luighigedh, or lughasachadh, allowance,
 permission, decree.

— x —

CUMHA EILE D'A MHIC.

LE ALASTAIR BHOOTH-FHIUNNTAIN.

Sechdain dalach bho Fheill Patric,
 Sceula craitech, dh 'f halbh na braithren,
 'Thug scuab-larach air na cairden
 'Bhios gu brath 'n ar cuimhne.
 Bhios gu brath, etc.

Dh' fhalbh na h-armuin 'dheanadh stath dhuinn,
 'Bu mhor tabhachd ri uchd gabhidh ;
 Och, mo chradh-lot 's goirt a tha mi,
 Dh 'fhag sid m' airnean bruite.

Cha sceul solais dhuit e, 'Dhomhnaill,
 'Th 'ann an Cnoidart, chaill thu comhlain
 'Shesadh comhl'-riut ann an ordagh
 Nam biodh foirnert cuis ort.

Fiuirain ghasta na gruaidh dhathte,
 Nan deut snasta 's nan cul clechdte,
 'Bha gun gheltachd, 's buides faicinn
 Ann am fechd na duthcha.

'S goirt an sceula 'fhuair 'ur ceile
 'N tus a cheitein 'n uair bu bheus dhuibh
 'Bhi 'n 'ur n-eidedh, 's gu moch eirigh,
 'S dol a dh' eistechd durdain.

'N am tigh'n dachaidh dhuibh le 'r tacar
 B' ann de 'r clechdadh muirn is macnus,
 'S comhradh tlachdmhor gun spad-fhacal ;
 Sud mar chlehd sibh 'n uine.

Cha b' ann de 'r beusan cles nan eiscen
 'Bhi 'toirt beum' do chach a cheile ;
 Ach modh is reusan 's egal De oirbh
 Anns gach ceum de 'r giulan.

— x —

DOMHNALL DONN MAC FHIR BHOTH FHIUNNTAIN.

Domhnall Donn was the second son of John Macdonald, fourth of Bohuntin. His mother was a daughter of Cameron of Glenmalie. He was, like several of his contemporaries, a crechadair or raider. He was in love with a daughter of the chief of the Grants. Grant, who at the time to which we refer, was living at his seat in Glenurquhart, was

unwilling to give him his daughter. The girl, however, made up her mind to run away with him. Donald hid himself in a cave near Reidhlac Ghoirridh on the north side of Lochness, where he intended to remain until the young lady should be able to join him. Unfortunately his hiding-place became known. The Grants succeeded in decoying him, by means of a pretended message from the object of his affections, to a house in the neighborhood of her father's residence. In this house he was prevailed upon by his treacherous host to drink to excess, and also to sleep in the barn. Whenever he fell asleep his sword and target were quietly removed. Shortly afterwards the Grants came forward to apprehend him. He had his gun with him, but it missed fire. He was seized and thrown into prison. He naturally expected that his clan would interfere in his behalf. He was not however on friendly terms with his chieftain, Coll of Keppoch, or with John Lom, whose only son he had killed in a duel. Consequently there was no effort put forth to rescue him. After lying in prison for some time, he was led forth and executed. He had a son by a girl in Sutherlandshire, "An nighen donn a bha'n Cataobh." He had a daughter by another girl. His daughter paid him a visit whilst in prison. It is to her that he addresses the poem, "Is truagh, a righ mo nighen donn." His sister, Kate, was present at his execution. Tradition tells us that as his head was being separated from his body by the axe, his tongue uttered the words, A Cheit, tog an ceann. Domhnall Donn was a handsome man, a brave warrior, and a good poet. It is said that he was also an excellent harper. He was put to death about the year 1691.

— x —

CHA TAOBH MI NA S'RATHAN.

*Le Domhnall Donn, mac Fhir Bhoth
Fhiunntain.*

Cha toabn mi na srathan,
Cha bhi m' gan tathich
Fhad's a chumas fir Atholl am mod.
Cha taobh mi, etc.

Mi aig sail beinn Muc-Duibhe,
'S neo-shocrach mo shuidhe,
'S mi coimhead strath dubh uisce 'n coin.

Chi mi thall ud fo m' shuilen
Beinn Bhethain, beinn Bhurnain,
'S beinn Artair mu 'n duinedh an ceo.

Chi mi duthich nan Rothach,
'S fada bhuam i mu m' chomhair ;
'S tric a thug mi na lothan air falbh.

Agus machair nan Dubh Ghall,
Dh' fhag mi thall air mo chulaobh ;
'S tric a mharcich mi curs-ech cruinn gorm.

'S maireg a mhuidhedh a mheirl' orrn,
Fhad 's a dh' fhuirinn bho m chairden,
Airson loth thoirt o ard bheinn a cheo.

'S ro mhath b' aithne dhomh Farar,
Far an rachinn ann thairis,
Uisce'n Loin agus Garaidh dhubh mhor.

Strathghlais a chruidh chenn-fhionn,
Far an robh mi car tamuil.
'S ro mhath b' eol dhomh Gleann-canach an
fheoir.

'Dol air Moiresdan thairis
Fo Chenna-chnochd a bharrich,
'S tric a fhliuch mi ann gerra chasan 's brog.

Chi mi thall ud na h- aighen,
Iat a tighin 'nan gredhan,
'S damh mor a chinn lethinn 'nan coir.

Greigh astarach uaibhrech,
Nan gasganan guanach,
Buidhen aigennach uallach nan croc.

Tha Beinn Uathais bhuam tamul,
Bellach-mor etar bhennabh ;
'S tric a thug mi as daimh is crodh og.

'Nuair a dheaninn am malairt,
 Rachinn scriob do 'n taigh lenna,
 'S cha bhiodh cunntas air cennach nan corn.

Bhiodh na stopanan dubailt
 Air Domhnall gan cunntas,
 Gus an d' rinn iat mo spuilledh 's mi falbh.

Tha mo bhreacan air siledh
 Gus na dhruigh air da f hilledh,
 Uisce ruith as na's mire na 'n lon.

Mo dheoch mhadn' air a fuairid,
 Uisce 's biolair an f huarain,
 'S biodh an eilid air uairibh ga choir.

'Righ, bu mhath mo bhen ruin i,
 Ged a chithedh a suil mi,
 'S i nach cuireadh orm cuis 'san taigh mhoid.

Ach, 'ille, bi gluasad,
 Fios gu Isebal bhuamsa
 Gu bheil mi le fuachd air mo leon.

Mar do rinn ise muthadh,
 Mar rinn moran 'na duthich,
 'Se mo bharail nach diult i dhomh stop.

After the Earl of Argyll escaped to Holland, from the sentence pronounced against him in 1681, the Marquis of Athol was appointed Lord-Lieutenant over the county of Argyll, and held his court at Inverary. The Marquis and his followers seem to have kept within bounds until Argyll was caught and beheaded in 1685. Afterward they plundered the Campbells and their followers of every thing that they could lay hold of. The poem was evidently composed whilst the Marquis of Athol was Lord-Lieutenant of Argyleshire. *Archibald Brown's Memorials of Argyleshire, page 448.*

ORAN.

LE DOMHNALL DONN BHOTh-FHIUNNTAIN.

Beir an t-soridh so bhuam
 Do Ghleann-Ruaidh le fer eigin ;
 Gu buidhin mo ghaoil,
 'S iat nach saoilinn 'mhelladh orm ;

*Hugoran o u e ho,
 I ri ri hiag o,
 Hugan o lail o,
 No ho i ri ri ho ro.*

Gu buidhinn mo ghaoil,
 'S iat nach saoilinn 'mhelladh orm ;
 'S truagh nach robh coic ceut
 Air aon sreud 'sa bhaile so.

'S truagh nach robh coic ceut
 Air aon sreud 'sa bhaile so.
 Gum biodh saighderan an righ
 'S da-thrian a gal dhiu ann.

Gum biodh saighderan an righ
 'S da-thrian a gal dhiu ann.
 Chailledh an salan a phris,
 'S cha bhiodh miadh air anartan.

Chailledh an salan a phris,
 'S cha bhiodh miadh air anartan,
 Ach a Ruari Mhic-Leoid,
 An Righ 'thoirt a bhennachd ort.

Ach a Ruari Mhic-Leoid
 An Righ 'thoirt a bhennachd ort ;
 Leam is duilich an sceul
 'Thug an de do 'n bhaile 's thu.

Leam is duilich an sceul
 'Thug an de do 'n bhaile s' thu ;
 Do bhrathair des ur
 Air do chul gun charachadh.

Do bhrathair des ur
 Air do chul gun charachadh,
 An ciste chumhinn nam bord,
 'S an t-ord ga tennachadh.

Ai. ciste chumhinn nam bord,
 'S an t-ord ga tennachadh ;
 'S daor a chennich thu 'chaisc,
 Lot is chraidh an t-errach thu.

'S daor a chennich thu 'chaisc,
 Lot is chraidh an t-errach thu.
 Chaill thu selgair a gheoidh,
 An roin 's na h-ela ris.

Chaill thu selgair a gheoidh,
 An roin 's na h-ela ris,
 'S a choilich duibh air a gheig,—
 Gur tu-f hein a mhelladh e.

'S a choilich duibh air a gheig,
 Gur tu-f hein a mhelladh e ;
 Agus lach a chinn ghurm,
 Cha bhiod t' urchair merachdach.

— x —

MILE MALLACHD DO'N OL,

LE DOMHNALL DONN, MAC FHIR BHOTH-FHIUNNTAIN,

Mile mallachd do 'n ol,
 'S mairg a dheanadh dheth poit,
 'S e mo mhelladh gu mor a f huair mi.
 Mile mallachd, etc.

Mile marbhphaisc do 'n dram
 'Chuir an daorach a' m' cheann,
 'N uair a ghlac iat 'san airde tuath mi.

Mun d' fhuair mi 'bhi 'm mach,
 'S a bhi 'm armabh gu cert,
 Bha rag mheirleach nan cerc mu'n cuairt dhomh.

Bha tri-fichet 's a triuir
 Ga mo ruith feadh nan lub,
 Gus 'n do bhuin iat mo luth 's mo luaths bhuam.

Bha Seumas Dubh ann air thus,
 'Righ, bu laidir a dhuirn;
 'S chuir mi Uillam gu 'ghlun 'san fhuaran.

'Righ, gur mise 'bha nar,
 'N uair a ghlac iat mi slan,
 Is nach dug mi fer ban no ruadh dhiu.

Bidh mo mhallachd gu brath
 Aig a ghunna mar arm,
 An deidh a mhellidh 's na tair' a fhuair mi.

Ged a gheibhinn dhomh fein
 Lan buaile de spreidh,
 B' annsa claidhebh le sceith 'san uair ud.

Iain Duibh, tog am mach,
 Thoir na dh' fhaodas tu let,
 Agus cuimhnich a bheirt 'bu dual dhuit.

Na seall air do ni
 Faic t' fhuil a dol diot,
 Is na bi na do chileig shuarich.

Nam biodh tusa fo ghlais
 Agus mise 'bhi as,
 Naile chuminn mo chas gle luaineach.

Bhiodh an t-osan gle ghearr,
Is am feile gle ard,
'S balgan pellach os cionn a chruachain.

Nam biodh fios mi bhi 'n sas
Gun duil ri fuascladh gu brath,
'S lionmhor 'ghabhadh mo phairt san uair so.

'S iomad maighden dhes, ur,
A chluinntedh farum a guin,
A chuireadh na cruin gam f huasgladh.

Gu bheil te dhiu 'n Strath-spe,
'S nam biodh fios aice fein,
Naile, chuireadh i ceut gu luath ann.

— x —

LACHINN MAC-MHIC-IAIN.

Lachlan Maclean, known as Lachinn mac-Mhic-Iain,
was of the family of Coll. He was probably a grandson of
John Garbh, seventh of Coll.

CUMHA.

*Do Lachinn Mac-Gilleain, Triath Cholla, a
bhathadh 'sa bhliadhna, 1687.*

LE LACHINN MAC-MHIC-IAIN.

Marbhphaise air an t-saoghal chruaidh,
'S laidir buan an carich' e ;
Chan fheil mionaid ann san uair
Nach bi 'ghluasad merachdach ;
Aig f hebhas 's a bhios a sceimh
Bheir luchd-bleid an aire dha ;
'S gun d' aithnich mis' orm fein
Gum bu bhreug a ghellichen.

'N ni sin shaoiles tu bhi 'd laimh,
 'S e gun dail, gun mherachd ann,
 Ma 's ni glaiste san taigh stoir,
 Ge b'e or no ellach e,
 No duine mascullach og
 'San cuir thu dochas barantais,
 Sud e sechad mar am feur,
 'S ochain ! threig mo bharail mi.

Tha fer 'sa chaibal so shuas
 'D' f hag mo shnuadh-sa malartach.
 A righ, bu drechmhor do ghruaidh
 'N am bhi 'bualadh chrannanan
 Bu ghlan do rughadh 's do ghris
 Ri ol fion' an tallachan ;
 Gheibhinn do chaidremh 's do run,
 'S gun d'fhalbh mo shunnd bho'n dhailledh thu.

Cha bhi mi tighechd air do bheus,
 Bho nach gnìomhan ballich iat ;
 Cha robh thu taisceil air seud,
 'S thug luchd-teud an aire dhuit.
 Bha thu macanta ri mnaoi,
 'S ri aos-dana carthannach ;
 'S ged bu chruadalach do lamh,
 'Righ, bu tlath ri lenabh thu.

Bu mhath laimhsiched tu pic,
 Cennard piob' is bratich thu ;
 Bha thu 'd mharbhadair air feidh,
 'S b' fher dha 'n geilledh bradan thu :
 Bha thu 'd mharcich' ann sa chuir
 Air ech cruithech, aigennach,
 'S bha thu 'd sciobair onfhaidh fhuaire,
 Bu tric 'sa chuan Shas'nach thu.

Ni mi do shloinnedh gu foil,
 Cha bhi stro no barrachd ann ;

Thanic thu bho Lachinn Mor,
 Mac-Gilleoin a b' allaile ;
 'S do shloinneddh direch r'a lorg
 Gu Sir Eoin Mac Ailein so ;
 'S an am comhairle no gleois
 Gun thu bhi beo gum fairich iat.

Thanic thu air sliochd Iain Mhoir,
 'S bho Mheubh oig 'bu bhanaile ;
 An t- Iarla sin a bh' air an Rut'
 Bha e dluth 'na charid dhuit.
 Car thu Dhomhnall Gorm bho 'n tur,
 'Choscadh cruin gu scairepach,
 'S do dh- Iain Muidertach nan ceut,
 A thug ceile clannail dhuit.

'S car thu Dhughall og nan steud,
 A dhiult beum luchd-elanta,
 'Rinn do phairt ri Morair Mar
 'Thaobh na mna bha 'n cengal ris,
 Seonaid mathair Lachinn Mhoir,
 'S nigh'n Mhic-Leoid na Herradh ud ;
 Bhon thanic thus' as an cre
 Chuir sin an cleith Mhic-Cailain thu.

Mac-Leoid 'sa chinnedh gu leir
 Tha gu geur gad gheran-sa ;
 Chaill iat itich as an sceith
 Bho 'n la threig an anail thu.
 Bho 'n Chaistal Tioram 'san Aird
 Thoisich am pairt barantail,
 'S bha 'n cairdes sin druim air dhruim
 'Tigh 'n air linn gun charachadh.

Nan tuitedd tus' ann am blar,
 No'n comhraig ghairbh ri fer-eigin,
 Le Mac- coinnich is Mac-Neill
 Dheantedh eirigh bherraidech ;

Mac-Mhic-Alastair bho 'n Troim
 Dheanadh torachd elamh ort ;
 'S bhiodh Mac-an-Toisich 's a rann
 'Bualadh lann gu farumach.

A Thi 'chruthich e bho thus
 'Sa thug dhuinn an selladh s' dheth,
 Dean sinn umhal dha d' thoil f hein
 Anns gach gleus 'am bean Thu ruinn,
 Bhon thig am bas air gach feoil,
 'S theid an f hoid 'chur thairis orr'
 'S an spiorad a dh-ionnsaidh Dhe
 Bhon 's E-fein a chennaich e.

Ellach, cattle of any kind, a burden. Malartach, variable, changeable. Gris, a reddish look.

Lachlan, eighth Maclean of Coll, was a brave soldier, and a kind man. He served several years under General Mackay in Holland. He was married to Marion, daughter of John Macdonald, captain of the Clanranald. He was drowned in the water of Lochy in Lochaber, in August, 1687.

Hector, fourth Maclean of Coll, married Meve, daughter of Alexander Macdonald of Islay and the Glens, and sister of Somhairle Buidhe, father of the first Earl of Antrim. She was descended from Iain Mor Tanaisteer, son of the first Lord of the Isles. Hector's son, Hector Roy, married Marion, daughter of Hector Og of Duart, and granddaughter of the Earl of Argyll. Hector Roy's son, Lachlan, married Florence, daughter of Norman Macleod of Harris, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Argyll. Lachlan's son, John Garbh, married Florence, daughter of Sir Dugall Campbell of Achanambrec by his wife, Mary Erskine, daughter of the Earl of Mar. John Garbh's son, Hector Roy, married Marion, daughter of Hector of Torloisk, son of Lachinn Og, of Torloisk, son of the celebrated Lachinn Mor Dhubhairt, son of Hector Og of Duart, by his wife, Seonaid nighen Mhic-Cailain. Hector Roy died before his father. Lachlan, the subject of the lament, was his son.

DI-MOLADH NA PIOBA.

LE LACHINN MAC-MHIC-IAIN.

'Ghillesbic, ni 'm molim ri m' bheo
 Fer aithris do ghnìomh',
 'Chionn de na chual thu de cheol
 Gun dug thu 'n t- uram do 'n phìob.
 Mur cuala luchd-teud scainnel do bheoil,
 'S tu 'bu dona gu'n dìol ;
 Gum b' fhearr thu 'dhith arain is mharag is fheol',
 A bhallich nach b' fhiach.

'S iomad iar! ann an Albin an nochd
 N'a leba, tha fios,
 An deidh a bhru 'lìonadh le cabhrich a poit,
 'Se 'tionndadh gu tric,
 Nan digedh i teann orra anmoch no moch,
 A ghlagaid gun mhes,
 A bheiredh mar dhuais do 'n fher 'bhiodh 'na cois.
 Na coin a chur ris.

Ge b' e glagaire 'thoisich an toisech ri ceol
 A thoirt as a bian.
 'S derbh gun robh brúadar is breisich ro mhor
 'Na chlaigenn re cian ;
 Cha dig ceol ioraltach driothlunach luath
 A tollabh a miar ;
 'S ann a bhios i ri stadail 's ri glagail gun fhonn,
 Mar ghagail nan giadh.

A cliu air glagarsaich mhoir
 Is fad on a chual,
 Ga tarrainn am mach a t' achlais gun doigh,
 A mhaiderlach thruagh.
 Cuiridh i smaointinnen taisched is geltachd gu
 leoir
 An aignedh ga chruas ;

Gum b' fhearr i mar chlach-bhalg 'chur nach ech
bharr an fheoir
Na bhrosnachadh sluaigh.

Gur h-e 's beus d'i na breugan le 'nert,
'S breun i 'na t' uchd ;
Ged bhiodh tu ga seidedh gus am b' eigin dhuit
stad
Cha sheinn i dhuit puirt ;
Bu cho math 'bhi cur salain is t' anail a stech
An goile na muic',
'S mi nach h-iarradh gu brath a dhol faisg
Air earradh a cuirp.

'S fad on a fhuair sinn taisbenadh sul
Gum bu gheltach a gnaths ;
Ri am dol 'nam braise gu tapadh do shluagh,
'S ann a dheanadh i tamh.
Aig Sliabh-an-t-Siorra beg dona so shuas,
An cuala sibh e?
Thug i leum air muin gille bhig ruaidh,
Gu teichedh o 'n bhlar.

An t-urram de na chunnic mo shuil,
Gu cur fras cail,
Do Chonnduili 'bha 'm Muile ann an cuil,
'S gu aire 'thoirt da.
Aig Mac-Leoid a bha'n duine Mac-Cruimein a
chiuil,
Bha ainm air 's gach ait ;
Ach Patric is Iain mac Uilleim na muisc,
Da sclimech nan cart !

When the firing began at the battle of Sheriffmuir the
boy that carried Conduli's pipe got frightened and ran away.
He took the pipe with him.

CATRIONA NIC-GILLEAIN.

Catherine Maclean lived in Coll. She was known as Catriona nighen Eoghinn mhic Lachinn. It is probable that she belonged to the Coll branch of the Macleans. Her poems show much tenderness of feeling.

CUMHA.

*Do Lachinn Mac-Gilleain, Triath Chola, a
chaidh a bhathadh an abhinn Lochaidh
sa bhliadhna 1687.*

LE CATRIONA NIC-GILLEAIN.

'S ann Di-sathairne 'chualas
Sceul an fhuathais nach gann ;
Gun robh mnathan gam buairedh
'S fir gan gualadh gu teann ;
Bu bheg an t-ionghnadh dhaibh fein sud,
B' uran eudail a bh 'ann ;
Lamh a ghlacadh na milten
An am ruscadh nan lann.

'S moch a chuala mi 'n t-eighech,
'S cha b e *teirim* mu 'n mhal ;
Ach m' aites is m' eibhnes
A thigh'nn 'na eidedh gu bagh.
Tha mi cinntech a m' sceula,
Gun robh do cheile ga cradh,
'Dol a dh-amharc na gibhte
'Bh' ann an ciste nan clar.

Ach a Lachinn mhic Echinn,
Nam bratach 's nam piob,
Gur a trom leam do shachd-sa,
Is nach h-acain thu scios
Thanic iuchair a ghaisich
Fo ghlasabh do 'n tir ;

Crann gun tiomadh, gun tais 'thu,
'S tu gun caiscedh gach scios.

Gu bheil maithen do dhuthcha
Fo throm churam an drast,
Mu 'n uachdaran chliutech,
Marcich ur nan steud ard ;
Chaidh thu tamull do dh-Eirinn,
Do 'n Eiphait 's do 'n Spainn ;
'S nuair a chaidh thu do Lunnain,
Fhuair thu 'n t-urram thar chach.

Cait an robh ann an Albin
Bechd-menmna mo ruin ?
Laoch gasta, des, delbhach,
'S tric a dherbh thu do chliu.
Corp bu ghile na maghar
Bha fo 'n aghidh gun smur ;
'S e dh-fhag mise fo letrom
Am ball-seirce 'bha 'd ghnuis.

Cait an robh e r' a innsedh
'N taobh so 'chrich Innse-Gall,
Aon oighre 'bu phriseile ?
Gur dith leinn do chall.
Bu tu 'n cennachadair fìor ghlic
De 'n fhionn-fhuil gun mheng
Leis an leant' an t-ol farsuinn
Ann am bailten nan Gall.

Bu tu 'n cennachadair sar mhath,
'S tric a phaigh thu na buinn,
'S bu tu sciobair a bhata
'S tric a sharich na croinn.
Bu let ragha gach ardrich
'Chur a h-earrlinn air tuinn,
Ged a rinnedh do bhathadh
Leis an radh air a bhurn.

Tha an t-oighre s' 'th' air Dubhairt
 Fo phudhar gu leoir ;
 Tha Clann-Domhnaill fo athall
 Agus maithen Mhic-Leoid.
 Bu let cairdes Mhic-Cailain
 Bho charric nan seol.
 Gur a h-iomad fuil phrisail
 A bha diredh mu d' shroin.

Gur h-e mis' tha gun aigher,
 Tha do thaighen gun aird,
 Bhon a fhroisedh an t-abhall,
 Is a chrathadh a bharr,
 'Chraobh a b' uire de 'n fhion-fhuil,
 'Bha 'cumail dion' oirnn is blaiths.
 Gur a bron leis gach tighern
 Thu bhi tighinn gu bagh.

'Dheagh Mhic-Iain o 'n Chorpich
 Gur a fad 'tha thu bhuainn.
 Do dhream shesadh mo larach
 Ann an aite gle chruaidh.
 'S ann diu Iain is Domhnall,
 'Tha 'n diugh bronach, bochd, truagh ;
 'Righ nan dul is nan aingel
 Cum am persannan 'suas.

Mac-Iain o 'n chorpach, or Mac-Iain-Abrich is a term frequently applied to the laird of Coll. Lachlan was succeeded by his only son, John. The next heir was Donald, Lachlan's brother. Hence the earnest wish expressed for the preservation of John and Donald.

GED A DH'FHAG THU RI
PORT MI.

*Dh'fhag Domhnall Mac-Gilleain, Tigherna Chola,
a bhana-bhard ri port an ann Tirithedh.
'Nuair a ranic e fein an null chuir e a
bhata agus a ghillen ga h-iarraidh-se
Mun do thill am bata bha 'n t-
oran so aice air a dheanamh.*

LE CATRIONA NIC-GILLEAIN.

Ged a dh' f hag thu ri port mi,
Chan fheil mi dheth socrach no slan ;
'S chan e curam an aisig so
A chum mi gun chadal, gun tamh ;
Ach nach grunnich mo chasan,
Is nach d' f hoghluim mi 'n toisech an snamh,
Gus an ruiginn an talla
Far an tric am biodh caithrem nam bard.

A Thighern Oig, tha mo run ort,
Criosd gad choimhed bho thuirling nan stuadh ;
Ged a dh' f hag thu ri port mi,
Chan fheil mi dha d' chorp ann am fuath.
Bha mo chridhe ga thaladh
'Nuair a chunnich mi 'm bata 'dol 'suas,
Fo a h-uidhim gu socrach,
Is mi guidhe dhuit fortain is buaidh.

Gu bheil lanain na feile
'Nan laighe le cheil' ann san tur ;
Gun d' f huair sibh gu 'r n-iarrtas,
Cuid de dh-aigher 's de mhiannabh 'ur sul.
Gur h-e chobhartach aghmhor
Air a bhliadhna so thanic 'nar luib,
Mac-Gilleain 's a cheile
A bhi caithemh na feusda 'n muirn.

Ged a b' fhad' as an t-eilain
 Chan fhaca mi gainn' air 'ur cul ;
 Gum faight ann at fhardich
 Fion dathte na 'Spainn' air na buird,
 Aran cruinnechd gel, soghar,
 Ga charadh an ordagh gu dlùth ;—
 Sar bhiadhannan gasta
 Mar gun tarladh tu 'n taice ri buth.

Is a Thighern oig Chola,
 'S tu m' eudail, is m' anam, 's mo run ;
 Cuim' nach bi mi gad mholadh,
 'S gum bu mhiann let mu d' choinnimh luchd-
 ciuil ?

Bu tu 'n curidh sar ghasta,
 Air mo laimh-sa gun scapadh tu cruin.
 B' i do cheile 'n seud ainmeil
 Is a bhen dha 'm bu toirbheirtech cliu.

'S beg an t-ionghnadh mor cheutachd
 Bhi air ogha Shir Seumas o 'n tur ;
 I bhi furbhailtech, fialaidh,
 'Sin a b' fhasan d' i riamh is bu du.
 Fhuair i urram nan Leodach,
 Ann am misnich, am morchuis, 's an cliu,
 Chaidh an naidhechd sin fad' ort
 Aig gach aon a ghabh bechd air do ghnuis.

Nighen Ruari nam bratach,
 Gur a maisech r'a faicinn 'mesc mhna.
 'Bhen dha'n robh i mar asait
 Aice fhein a bha 'n tachlasan aigh.
 Gur h-i baintigherna Chola
 Ris am faca mi 'n sonas a fas ;
 'S fhuair i mairiste prisail
 Leis am buannichtedh sith agus baigh.

A Dhomhnaill Mhic Echinn
 Gun guidhinn-sa letsa deagh bhuaidh,

A mhic dalta mo shenar,
 A fhuair urram, 's tu 'd' lenabh, air sluagh.
 Latha buadhach sin Lochidh,
 'S e a b' urrainn an torachd a ruag;
 Le a luaidhe 's le lannabh
 Gum biodh airemh air chennabh gu uaigh.

Tha mi guidh' air an Ard-Rìgh
 Gun cumadh e 'n t-alach so 'suas,
 Do mhac oighre 'bhi 't aite,
 Mar bu chubhidh, 'na aillegan sluaigh,
 'Bhi 'na shuidh' ann at ionad
 Rì toirt suidhechidh inich d' a thuath,
 Gu socrach 'na theoghlach,
 Is e 'fresdal nam feomach 's nan truagh.

Is tric aobhar mo mhulaid,
 Is chan fheil mi dheth ullamh an drast,
 Bhon a dhelich ruinn Lachinn
 'Bheiredh dhomhsa feum ferinn gun mhal,
 An sar churidh 'bha 'n Lochidh
 'Chaidh le aigher nam bord air an t-snamh,
 Is da Lachinn 'san Innis,
 Is air leam nach robh 'n imairt-san cearr.

Deanibh fuirech beg fhathast
 Agus bithedh ur faigidinn ciuin,
 'S gun ag gheibh sibh deagh latha,
 Ge nach biodh dhibh air fhaighinn ach triuir.
 O gun deanadh sibh eirigh
 Mar chaoin aital na grein' air an driuchd;
 'S 'nuair a bhruchdas bhur snodhach,
 Gun grad chuir sibh sluagh coimhech an cuil.

ORAN.

*Do dh-Echann Mac-Gilleain, Tigherna Chola,
agus na Caimbalich a suidhechadh fearoinn
Mhic-Ghilleain Dhubhairt.*

LE CATRIONA NIC-GILLEAIN.

An sceul 'thanic do 'n duthich
'S e a dhurich dhomh mulad,
Gun robh uachdarain ura
'Cumail cuirt ann am Muile,
'S iat ri ropinn 's ri eighech
Co a's gleusta 'ni buidhinn,
'S na fir dhlighech air fogradh,
'S iat gun choir, gun ched fuirech.

Chan e duthchas bhur n-athar
'Tha sibh a labhirt 'san am air,
No oighrehd bhur senar
'Tha sibh a cengal mu Chaingis,
Ach staid dheagh Mhic-Gilleain
A tha grathun air chall bhuainn ;—
'S sinne chren air bhi rioghail
'N nis bhon strìochd sinn gar n-antoil.

Chan e cumha fer Ile
'Tha mi-fhin a sior acainn ;
No chuir smal air mo shugradh
No chuir mo shuilen gu frasachd ;
Ach an naidhehd so 'fhuair mi
'Nam dhuit gluasad air mharcachd,
Nach do dh-iarr iat 'nan cuirt thu,—
'S cha b' e 'n cubire 'bh' aca.

Cha bu scrubire clair thu
'N tus paighidh no imairt,
Ach fer misnechail suairce,
A bha uasal ri shiredh.

Is fer ceannscalach, dan, thu,
 'Is tu laidir an spionnadh ;
 'Dol an coinnimh do namhit
 Cha bu tlath thu ri d' thilledh.

Taing do Dhia mar a tha thu,
 Nach do tharl thu 'nam fresdal,
 Gu bheil Col' agus Cuimhnis
 Fo do chuimse gu begnich,
 Is Rum riabhach na sithne
 Ri a diredh 'bu chregach ;
 'S gur a tric air a h-ard chnoic,
 'Dh' fhag thu 'n lan-damh fo letrom.

Is gum b' airidh air tuilledh
 An duin' 'tha mi 'g raitinn,
 Da bheil morchuis is misnech,
 Moran gliocis is ardain.
 Gu bheil seirc a'd' ghnuis aobhidh,
 'S moran gaoil air do chairden ;
 'S b' fhearr dhaibh falbh na bhi fuirech,
 Sel mu 'm buidhinn am' bas thu.

A dheagh Thigherna Chola,
 Fhuair thu onair 's bu dual dhuit,
 'S tu a shliochd nam fer gasta,
 Nach bu tais an am cruadail.
 Cha dug or ort no egal
 Gun thu shesamh ri d' dhualchas ;
 Gloir do Chriosd mar a thachair
 Nach h-fheil smachd aig luchd-fuath' ort.

Gur tu 'n t-uachdaran cliutech,
 Cha b' fher spuinnidh air tuath thu ;
 Tha thu faighidnech, iochdmhor,
 'S tha thu mesail aig uaislen.
 'S tu ceann-uidhe nan deoridh
 'Thoirt an loin air bheg duais dhaibh ;
 'S ann an comunn nan aingel
 Bidh aig t-anam-sa suaimhnes.

'S i mo cheist do ghnuis shiobhalt
 A 's glan fiamhachd is faicinn ;
 Gruaidh dherg mar na caoran,
 Suil air aogasc na dercaig ;
 Deut air chuma na disne,
 'S beul o'n cinntiche facal ;
 'N uair a bhiodh tu 's taigh-bhinne,
 'S tu gu'n innsedh an certas.

Gur a mor a chuis uallich
 'Th' air mo luaidh-sa mar churam ;
 'S ann d'i clann Mhic-Gilleain,
 'Chaill an aigher 'san sugradh ;
 Clann an t-saoidh sin, Fer Bhrolais
 'Tha fo 'n fhoid gun ched tiunnadh ;
 Is clann Mhurchidh na Maighe,
 Cuis gun aigher sud dhuinne.

'S iomad aon 'tha fo aimhel
 'S Mac-Gilleann as aite ;
 'S ann diu oighre na Cuile,
 'S iat bhi 'n tus de shliochd bhraithren.—
 Chaidh an saoghal air chuibhlibh,
 Bonn os-cionn a nis tha e ;
 Ach, a Rìgh 'th' ann sa chathair,
 Cuir caoin dhrech ann ad ghradh air.

'N drech 'bu mhiann leam air fhaicinn
 Sel mu'n glacadh am bas mi,
 Mo mhuinntir a thilledh
 As gach ionad 'sna thamh iat,
 Na h-oganich ghasta
 Chul-chlehdach, dhes, dhaichail,
 'S iat a thabhirt ruaig mhanidh
 Far an ainid le cach e.

Manadh, chance, luck. Ainid, vexing, galling.

ORAN.

*Do Chatriona Nic-Gilleaain, nighen Fhìr Bhrolais,
a bha posta aig Lachinn Mac Thighearna
Chola, air dh' i a bhi 'na laighe 'san
Innis am Muile.*

LE CATRIONA NIC-GILLEAIN.

Tha mi 'falbh an cois tuinne,
'S tha mo shuil air na grunnabh
'Dh-fheuch an faicer leam culidh fo sheol,
Tha mi falbh, etc.

'Bheir dhomh sceul air mo lenabh,
Ben chiuin nan rosc malla,
Suil dhubh-ghorm 's glan selladh gun scleo.

Beul min-derg an fhosidh
Fo 'n inntin 'tha socrach;
Cha bu duthchas dhuit brosgal no bosd.

Gruaidh mar ros air a tharruinn
Tha fo chaoile na mala;
Deut dluth a 's math gerradh gun scod.

Thu bhi 'd laighe 'san Innis,
Ged is duthchasach t' ionad,
'Chuir mo shuilen a shiledh nan deoir.

Nighen Dhomhnaill mhic Lachinn,
A tha mise 'n diu 'g acainn,
'S ogha Dhomhnaill mhic Echinn nan srol.

Nighen athair mo ruin-sa
Craobh dhion' d'a luchd-muinntir,
'S e nach leigedh an cuis dheth gun toir.

Chuala mis' iat ag raitinn,
'Nuair a bha thu sna blarabh,
Gum b' fher misnechail, dan, thu le foirm.

Ged bha comharra a'd' shiubhal
 Rinn thu beud na bu liutha,
 'S dh' fhag thu luchd nan ad dubha fo leon.

Dhuinne dh-eirich an dimbuidh,
 Gun do dh-fhalbh ar ceann-cinnidh,
 Gun do thaoitair 'bhi t' ionad 'nad lorg.

Tha do mhuinntir fo imcheist,
 'S do mhac f hathast og lenabail,
 Bho dhubh shechdain na Caingis so 'dh'-fhalbh.

The wife of Lachlan, son and heir of Maclean of Coll, was a daughter of Donald Maclean, third of Brolas. Donald received two severe wounds on the head in the battle of Sheriffmuir. It is to his wounds that the expression, "ged bha 'n comharr' a' d' shiubhal," refers. His grandfather, Domhnall Mac Eachinn Oig, was a son of Hector Og of Duart, and a grandson of Sir Lachlan Mor. He died in 1725.

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BARD MHIC-IC-IAIN.

Bard Mhic-Ic-Iain, the family bard of Macdonald of Glencoe, possessed poetic ability of a high order. His poem on the massacre of Glencoe is very beautiful. He was a Macdonald and a native of Glencoe. After the massacre he went to live in the island of Muck. He is consequently generally spoken of as Am Bard Mucanach.

MORT GHLINNE-COMHANN.

LE BARD MHIC-IC-IAIN.

Lomh Dhe leinn, a shaoghail!
 Tha thu carach mar chaochladh nan sion;
 An ni nach guidhemid 'fhaotinn
 Mar na sruthabh ag aomadh an nios;

'S i 'chneidh fein thar gach aobhar
 'Bhios gach duine a caoinedh 's e tinn ;
 Breith mic shamhan air saoidhen,
 Tigh'n a ghlec ruinn a thaobh cul ar cinn.

A Rìgh fhertich na greine,
 A tha 'n cathir na feile, dean sith
 Rì clann an fhir a bha ceutach,
 Nach bu choltach rì feileadh fir chrìon.
 'N uair a thogtedh let bratach,
 Crann caol is fraoch datht' agus pìob,
 Bhiodh mnai gaoil, le fuaim bhas,
 A caoidh laoiach nan arm scaitech 'san strìth.

Gun robh aignedh duin' uasil
 Aig a' bhail' agus uaith' ann ad choir ;
 Cha bu gheire gun tuigse
 'Bha 'sa bheul 'bu neo-thuisliche glòir.
 Ceann na ceill' is na cuidechd
 Ged rinn eucorich cuspair dhe 't f heoil ;
 Cha b' e m breugaire 'mhurtadh
 Le luchd sheidedh nam pluicen air stol.

Ach fer mor 'bu mhath cumadh ;
 Bu neo-scathach an curidh gun ghiamh ;
 Cha robh barr aig mac duin' ort
 Ann an aillechd 's an uirigledh cinn.
 Ann sa bhlar bu mhath t' fhuirech
 'Cosnadh laraich is urraim do'n rìgh.
 Mo scriob chraitech am fulachd
 'Bha 's taigh chlaridh 'm biodh furan nam pios.

Cha robh do chridhe mar dhreugan,
 'Tarruinn slighe na h-eucoir' a'd' churs',
 'S tu le d' chlàidhemh ag eirigh
 As leith t' athar 's rìgh Seumas a chruin.
 Taid an Albinn 's an Eirinn
 Luchd a thagirt 'sa reitech do chuis',

'S bidh la eile ann mu 'deibhinn,
'S na fir chòirech 'gan eighech gu cuirt.

Thrus do chinnadh ri 'cheile
'Dheanamh coinnimh an de ann san Dun ;
Ach cha d'aithris thu sceul daibh,
'Fhir a b' urrainn a reitech gach cuis ;
Ite dhaingen an sceith thu,
Is am baranta treun air an cul,—
Fath mo mhulaid 's mo leiridh,
Tha bhi druidte fo dheilibh 'san uir.

Cha robh gnothach aig leigh ruibh,
'Tigh'n a leighes nan creuchd 'san robh 'n cradh ;
'Cali na fala fo 'n leintibh
Bha na fir 'bu mhor feil' ri luchd-dhan.
Nam b' e cothrom na Feinne
A bhiodh etar sibh fein 's Clanna-Gall,
Bhiodh eoin mhollach an t-sleibhe
'Gairsinn salach air chreubhagan chaich.

Cha b'e cruadal an cridhe
'Thug dhaibh buannachd air buidhinn mo ruin,
'Tilgedh luaidhe 'na cithibh,
'S sibh, mo thruaighe, gun fhios air a chuis.
Etar uaislen is mhithen
Gun robh 'n uair ud a ruith oirnn o thus ;
On si 'n uaigh ar ceann-uidhe,
Bidh na sluaisden a' fritheladh dhuinn !

Cha b' i sud an fhuil shalach
'Bha ga dortadh le falachd 'sa ghleann,
'S iomad umpidh mar ghearran
'Bha 'cur fudair 'na dheannabh mu 'r ceann.
A Rìgh dhulich nan aingel,
Gabhsa curam d' ar n-amam, 's sibh thall ;
Chaidh ar cunntas an tained
Le garbh dhusgadh na malirt a bh' ann.

On la thoisich an imairt
 Chaill Clann-Domhnaill ceann-fine no dha ;
 'S cha bu chorr-chennan giorig,
 'Cumail comhnard an slinnein roimh chach.
 'N gleacair og ar ceann-cinnidh
 'Chuir a dhochas an smiorabh a chnamh ;
 Gheibhedh cocaire biora
 Rogha spoltich o spionnadh a lamh.

Cha bu scathairen gealtach
 'Bhiodh a moidhedh an gaisce gach la,
 'Tha san Eilain 'nan cadal
 Is nach duisc gus am faicer am brath.
 Luchd a dhiredh nan eit-bheann
 Le 'n cuilbheiribh gleusta 'nan laimh ;
 'S lionmhor fer nach d' rinn eirigh
 'Bha 'na ghiomanach treun aig an earr.

Luchd a thraghadh nam buidel,
 'Bheiredh earrach air ruban de'n fhion ;
 'N uair a tharladh sibh cuidechd
 Bu neo-bhruideil mu 'n chupan ud sibh.
 'G iomairt thailesc is chluichen
 Air a chlar bu neo-thuisleach bhur gnìomh ;
 'S cha bu cheaird an tes truid sibh,
 An am paighedh na cuidechd 's gan diol.

Gu bheil mise fo mhulad
 A bhi 'g amharc air gunna air steill.
 Bu shar ghiomanich ullamh,
 Leis an cinnedh an fhuil ann sa bheinn,
 Ann am frith nan damh mullich,
 Na fir fhiachail dha 'm buinnedh an fheil'.
 Ged bu tric sibh gan rusgadh,
 Cha do dh-iarr sibh riamh cunntas a 'm beinn.

A ta mise lan airtneil
 Ri am a bhi faicinn bhur beann,

Is cha lugha mo churam
 Ri bhi cuimhnech' bhur duthchannan thall.
 Mur a bhi dhomh mar thachir
 Is ann leamsa gum b'ait a dhol ann.
 Och ! 's ann thanic a chrech oirnn
 Mar gun tuiteth a chlach leis a ghleann.

'S iomad aon 'tha 'toirt scainneil
 Do'n tighern og 'th'air an fherann so thall,
 Etar ceann Locha-Rainech,
 Rugha Shleite 's bun Gharaidh nam beann.
 Bha thu 'm feichibh gle dhaingenn
 Far an eisdtedh ri d' thenga an cainnt,
 Mar earball peucaig ga tarruinn,
 'S mar ghath reubach na nathrach gu call.

Leum an stiuir bharr a claiginn
 Le muir-suigh, 's gun sinn athchainntech dho ;
 Dh' fhalbh na croinn 's na buill-bheirte
 'S leig sinn uallach na slait' air an scod.
 'S bohd an dusgadh sa mhaduinn
 So a fhuair sinn gu grad a thechd oirnn ;
 Ma gheibh sinn uine ri 'fhaicinn,
 Bheir sinn fucadh mu sech air a chloth.

Samh, a savage. Mic shamhan, sons of savages. Ful-
 achd, a feud, a secret grudge. Spoltach, a joint of meat.

William, Prince of Orange, a man of ability and determination, landed in England, November 5th, 1688. The death of Dundee at Killiecrankie, July 27th, 1689, crushed the hopes of the followers of King James in Scotland. On the 30th of January, 1690, a number of Highland chiefs met John Campbell, Earl of Breadalbane, at Achallaster in Glenurchy. Breadalbane, who had received about £12,000 from the government, tried to buy their allegiance. Owing however, to his anxiety to keep the greater part of the money for himself, the negotiations came to nothing. Some very sharp words passed between himself and Macdonald of Glencoe. In August, 1691 the Government issued a

proclamation, offering a full pardon to all who had taken part in the rising under Dundee, on condition that they would take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary on or before the 31st of December. All the chiefs submitted within the prescribed term, except Macdonald of Glencoe. This chief foolishly delayed taking the oath, as long as possible. On the 31st of December he went to Fort William, expecting that Col. Hill would accept his oath. This Hill could not do, as he was not a magistrate. Macdonald then went to Inverary, where he took the prescribed oath January 6th, 1692, before Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinglas, Sheriff of Argyll, a sensible and humane man. Sir Colin sent a full statement of all the facts to the Privy Council. This statement, however, was never submitted to the Council; it was suppressed through the influence of John Dalrymple, Master of Stair, Secretary of State for Scotland. On the 16th of January, King William sent the following order to Sir Thomas Livingstone, Commander-in-chief for Scotland:—"As for Mac Ian of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for the vindication of public justice to extirpate that sect of thieves." It is altogether probable that William knew what he was signing. At the same time it is certain that he looked upon Macdonald of Glencoe as the head of a band of robbers, and as a stubborn rebel who refused to take the oath of allegiance. Of course the fact that Macdonald did take the oath, although too late, had been carefully concealed from him. On the day on which he transmitted the king's order to Livingstone, the Master of Stair wrote to Col. Hill urging him to root out the people of Glencoe, and assuring him "that the earls of Argyll and Breadalbane had promised that they should have no retreat within their bounds." Livingstone transmitted his orders to Col. Hill; whilst Hill sent them to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton. Hamilton instructed Major Duncanson to destroy the people of Glencoe. Major Duncanson sent Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon with a detachment of 120 men of Argyll's regiment, to carry out the king's instructions. The soldiers under him were mostly Campbells, and had a personal spite against the Macdonalds. Glenlyon and his men entered Glencoe on the 1st of February. They told the Macdonalds that they had come as friends, and intended to remain only a few weeks. They were received with open arms, and treated with great kindness.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton fixed upon five o'clock on the morning of February 13th, 1692, as the hour at which to begin the work of slaughtering the people of Glencoe. Mayor Duncanson marched with 400 men, to block up the passes from the glen, but was prevented by a heavy snow storm from arriving as soon as he expected. On the evening

of the 12th, Glenlyon, treacherous as Judas, supped with Macdonald's two sons, and played cards with them for some time. At the appointed hour he began his sanguinary and horrible work. Thirty-eight persons, including two women and a boy, were slain. When Duncanson arrived at eleven o'clock, he found only one Macdonald alive in the glen, an old man of about eighty years of age. Enraged that so many had made their escape, this brutal officer seized the old man and killed him. After setting fire to the houses and barns, the government cut-throats returned to Fort William, taking with them all the herds and flocks of the glen.

The inhabitants of Glencoe numbered about 350 souls. Of these thirty-nine, including the chief and his wife, were murdered. Of those who escaped, quite a number must have perished in the snow. There were in the glen about 900 cows, 200 horses, and sheep and goats in proportion. John Macdonald, the murdered chief, was a man of majestic appearance, and was distinguished for his energy, courage, and sagacity. He was present under Dundee at the battle of Killiecrankie. His two sons, John and Alexander, escaped the massacre.

There can be no doubt that the Earl of Breadalbane was one of the chief instigators of the massacre of Glencoe. It is also certain that the Earl of Argyle knew that it was going to take place. But of all those concerned in it the guiltiest was the Master of Stair. Only for him it would never have been committed.

— X —

THA IONGHNADH AIR AN DREALLINN.

LE MAR IAIN PEUTAN.

Tha ionghnadh air an Dreallinn
 Mu'n t-seol so 'th air tachirt dhaibh ;
 Chan ionnan mar a tha i
 'S mar b' abhist d'a clechdinnibh ;
 Gun mheodhail, gun mhanran ;
 Gun ghaire, gun lachanich ;
 'S gun an aran lathail
 Ach daibhir a tachirt riu.

I gun stoirm, gun stata,
 Ach am failinn ga thaislenadh ;

Gun bhuaalten, gun tainten
 Mar bh'aig an dream a b' aitem dhàibh;
 Gun ghredhinn air ailain,
 Gun saibhires echridh ac';
 Ach tighin bho'n inbhe 's airde
 Gu bhì nios an cas nam baigeiren.

Cosmhuil ri nech araid
 A gheibhedh bas an drepalachd,
 A bhiodh ainbhfhiach air fas air
 Is cach a tighin ga thagirt air;
 Ropinn air gach fairdin
 De'n dh'fhag e gun mhechannas,
 A h-uile fer 'cur saridh ann
 A dh'fheuch co 'b' airde *'phasadh e;*

No mar luing air fal-chor
 Fo anradh nan cladichen,
 'S cosmhalas muir baite oirre
 'H-uile la ga thaisbenadh;
 Cun chulidh gu 'sabhaladh,
 Gun chabul, gun achdrichen;
 Ach mar gun tilgt' air traigh i
 Na h-abhar gaire is fochaide.

Chaidh teirce air an ianlaith,
 Ri 'n iarridh chan fhaicer iat;
 Bhon ghabh am fireun fogradh
 Rinn sin na h-eoin a mhetachadh.
 Nach faic thu na socainn,
 Ge boidheach an elta sin,
 Gun d' theich iat 'fedh nan sliabh bhuainn,
 'S eoin fhiadhain na h-apannan.

Tha 'n drasta Clanna-Milidh
 Fo mhimhes an caitchentas;
 Gun chruadal an sinnsir
 'S an tim so ga thaisbenadh;

Na leoghinn a bha uaireigin
 Buadhach 's na machrichibh,
 Tha 'nis air fas cho maol
 'S gun doir na caorich an *caitse* dhiu.

Nan tilledh a chuibhle
 Bharr iomrall a secharain,
 'S gun gluaisedh i' reir nadair,
 Mar tha daoine 'g radh 'thachair e,
 'S iomad nech an drasta
 'Tha 'fulang taire is tailceise,
 A bhiodh ri am na comh-stri
 Mar bhocain dha 'n escairden.

Tha Ti ann sna neabhan
 Ga bheil baigh ris na lag-lamhich,
 A stiuires iat 'na ghradh
 Is nach fag fo luchd-sechrain iat.
 An ni nitar gu h-uaignech
 Air gach duathar gun taisbein E.
 Is gheibh gach nech a dhuais
 'Reir a ghluasid 's a chlechdinnen.

Is anabarrach ri 'raitin,
 Ged bu Phaganich 'nan aidmheil iat,
 Am fer 'tha 'g inns' mu shlaint' dhaibh,
 'S gan toirt bho chas an secharain,
 Gun chiont' aige, gun abhar,
 Ach air radh nam *factaran*,
 'N deidh seirbheis na Sabaid,
 'Bhi gun fhios cid 'n t-aite 'n caidil e.

Tha 'mhisnech-sa ro laidir
 Tha Maighistir nertmhor aig',
 Nach fulaing 'na nadar
 'Bhi deanamh tair' no tailceis air;
 'N uair 'chi E an t-am araidh
 Gus an t-abhar so chertachadh

'S a thig E'dh'iarridh paighidh
Chan fheil ann lamh a bhacas E.

Nan tuigemid gu sar ghlic,
'N ceann-fath 'th'aig air ar n-achmhasan,
'S ann aginn f hin 'tha abhar
A h-uile gnaiths 'tha 'tachirt dhuinn.
'Nuair 'chuala Rìgh nan neabhan
An gat a bh' aig ar pecannan,
Thug E an t-slat 'nan laimh-san
'Thoir paighidh dhuinn 'n ar n-es' umhlachd.

A bhuidhen 'tha cho buadhach
'S a bhi 'n uachdar 'sa chert uair so,
Dh' imiredh luchd an ceille
An coinnses fein a chertachadh.
Ni seirbheisech des suairce
Urlar bualidh maisachail,
Ach 's e 's deiredh do 'n t-slaith scuabidh
Gun deanar luath 's an lasair dh' i.

Tain, cattle. Aitem, people. Gredhuinn, a convivial party, a group of persons. Mechannas, lenity, indulgence. Saradh, an arrestment for debt. Socan, a fieldfare. Elta, a convoy, flock, herd. Clanna Milidh, the children or descendants of Milesius, including both the Scottish and Irish Gael. Tailces, contempt, scorn. Duathar, dubhar, shade. Gat, an evil propensity in one's nature. Caitse, the English word catch. Fal-chor, a drift.

It is evident that the above poem was composed sometime during the reign of William III, or between 1688 and 1702. Dr. Maclean describes the subject of it as "the revolution of 1688, and the silencing of the Episcopalian ministers in Mull." Of the author, the Rev. John Beaton, we know nothing. The Rev. John Beaton was the last family historian of the Macleans of Duart. The Rev. John Beaton was settled in the parish of Kilninian in Mull in 1689, and deposed in 1700. It is possible that the author of the poem, the family historian of the Macleans, and the minister of Kilninian are one and the same person.

AN CLARSAIR DALL.

The name Morrison, Mac-Gillemoire, means son of the servant of Mary. It was spelt Morison, which is the most correct form, until about the year 1800. The original home of the Morrisons was the northern part of Lewis. Their chiefs were hereditary judges of that island, and resided at Habost. John, the last chief who was judge, the last Brithimh Leodhasach, had five sons, Malcolm, Allan, Donald, Kenneth and Angus. Allan had two sons, Murdoch and Angus. Murdoch was tacksman of Gress in 1653. He had three sons, John, tacksman of Bragar, Allan, and Murdoch.

John of Bragar was in very comfortable circumstances. He possessed administrative ability of a high order. He was full of wit, and had some poetic talent. He called on a certain occasion on the Earl of Seaforth. He was assailed at the door by a savage dog. He struck the dog on the nose with his staff and sent him away howling. A servant came out and began abusing him for his treatment of the dog. He gave the impertinent servant a rap with his staff across the jaws. Seaforth, hearing the noise came to the door, and asked what was the cause of the wrangling and noise. Mr. Morison's reply was :—

"Balach is balgaire tigherna,
Dithis nach coir leigeil leo ;
Buail am balach air a charbad,
'S buail am balgaire 'san t-sroin."

John of Bragar had four sons : Roderick, An Clarsair Dall, Angus, a clergyman and poet, John, and Murdoch. John was a clergyman. He was licensed to preach in 1698, and settled in Glenelg in 1699. He died minister of Urray in 1747. Murdoch was a blacksmith, and was a man of uncommon strength.

Roderick Morison, an Clarsair Dall, was born about the year 1656. He was sent to Inverness to be educated. Whilst there he lost his eyesight from an attack of small-pox. As he was incapacitated for the church his father gave him the highest education as a musician that could be given. He spent some time in Ireland learning to play on the harp. Shortly after his return from that country, John Brec Macleod met him in Edinburgh, and engaged him as his harper. He gave him the farm of Totamor in Glenelg, free of rent, as a means of living. After the death of the good-hearted John Brec in 1693, Roderick, his son and successor, a man utterly unlike his father, ejected the harper from Totamor. Ruari Dall returned to the isle of Lewis, where he died at a good old age. He was an excellent harper, and a good poet.

ORAN MOR MHIC-LEOID.

LEIS A CHLARSÀIR DALL.

Am Bard. Chaidh mo mhulad am miad,
 'S dh' fhagadh treothid am chliabh gu goirt
 Le bhi 'd dheoghidh gu dian,
 Mi air m' aghart 's mo thriall gu port.
 'S e chuir mis air do thoir
 A bhi 'mes gun robh coir a'am ort ;
 A mhic athar mo ghraidh,
 Bu tu m' aigher, is m' agh, is m' olc.

Chaidh a chuibhle mu 'n cuairt,
 Gun do thionndaidh gu fuachd am blaths ;
 Naile, chunnic mi uair
 An Dun flathail nan cuach a thraigh,
 'S bhiodh ann tathich nan duan,
 'S iomad mathas gun chruas, gun chas ;—
 Dh' fhalbh an latha sin bhuainn,
 'S tha na taighen gu fuaraidh, fas.

Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaim,
 Dh' fhag e 'm bail' 'am biodh suaime a cheoil ;
 Ionad tathich nan cliar
 Tha gun aigher, gun mhiagh, gun doigh,
 Tha gun mhire, gun mhuirn,
 Tha gun imrachadh dluth nan corn,
 Gun chuirm pailtis ri daimh,
 Is gun mhacnus, gun mhanran beoil.

Dh' fhalbh Mac-tall' as an Dun
 An am scarachduinn duinn ri 'r triath ;
 'S ann a thachair e rium
 'Se air sechran feadh stuc is shliabh.
 Labhair esan air thus ;—

Mac-Talla. Math mo bharrail gur tu, ma 's fìor,
 'Chunnic mise fo mhuirn
 Roimh an uiridh an Dun nan cliar.

Am Bard. A Mhic-talla nan tur,
 'S e mo bharail gur tus' a bha
 Ann an teoghlach an f hion'
 'S tu 'g ath-aithris air gnìomh mo lamh.
Mac-Talla. 'S math mo bharail gur mi,
 Is cha 'b fharasd' dhomh bhi 'nam thamh
 'G eistechd brosluim gach ceoil
 Ann am fochaif Mhic-Leoid an aigh.

'S mi Mac-talla 'bha uair
 'G eistechd fathruim nan duan gu tiugh,
 Far 'm bu mhuirnech am beus-
 An am dubhradh do'n ghrein 'san t-sruth.
 Far am b' fhoirmail na seoid,
 'S iat gu h-oranach ceolmhar, cluth ;
 Ged nach faicteadh mo ghnuis,
 Chluinntedh aca 'san Dun mo ghuth.

An am eirigh gu moch
 Ann san teoghlach gun sproc, gun ghruaim,
 Chluinntedh piob nam min dhos,
 Is a ceile 'na cois o'n t-suain.
 'N uair a ghabhadh i 'lan,
 'S i gun cuireadh os'n aird na f huair,
 Le meoir f hilanta bhinn,
 'S iat gu ruith-leumnach, dionach, luath.

Bhiodh a rianadair fein
 Cur an ire gur h-e 'bhiodh ann ;
 'S e ag eirigh nam mesc
 Is an eighe gu tric 'na cheann.
 Ged a b' ard leinn a fuaim
 Cha tuairgnedh e sinn gu teann ;
 Chuirteadh tagradh am chluais
 Le h-aidmheil gu luath 's gu mall.

'N uair a chuir' i 'na tamh,
 A chum furtachd 'na fardich fein,

Dhomhsa b' fharasda 'radh
 Gum bu chuireidech gair nan teud,
 Le dian imairt dha lamh
 'Cur am binnis do chach an ceill,
 'S gum bu shiubhlach am chluais
 Modhar luthar le luasgan mheur.

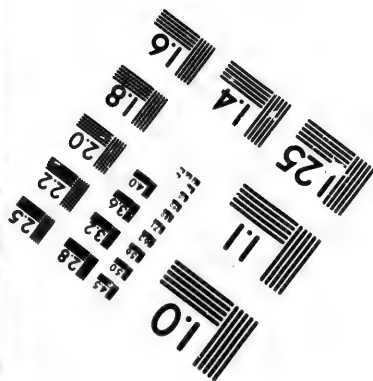
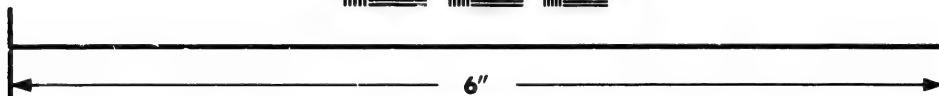
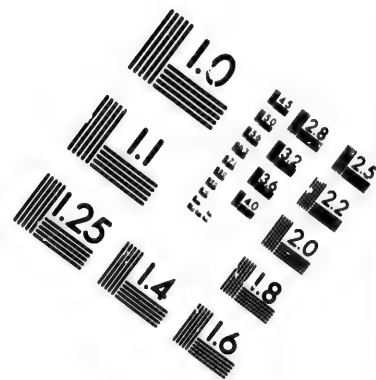
Ann san fheascar an deidh
 Am tesa na grein' trath-noin
 Bhiodh fir-chnepan ri clair
 'S mnai a fregairt a ghnath 'cur leo.
 Da chomhairlech neo-chearr
 Bhiodh a labhirt 's gum b' ard an gloir,
 Is bu thithech an guin
 Air na daoine gun fhuil, gun fheoil.

Gheibhtedh flescich 'bu ghrinn
 Ann san talla gun sraing, gun fhuath,
 Is mnai fhionna 'n fhuilt reidh
 A cur binnis an ceill le fuaim,
 Le dluth cheileiribh beoil
 A bhiodh elanta, ordail, suaice ;
 'S bhiodh fer-bogha 'nan coir
 'Chuireadh meoghail a mheoir am chluais.

Am Bard. A Mhic-talla so 'bha
 Ann sa bhaile 'n do thar mi m' iul,
 'S ann an nis duinn a's leir
 Gu bheil mise 's tu-fein air chul,
 'Reir do chomis air sceul,
 On's fir-chomuinn mi-fein is tu,
 'Bheil do mhuinnteras buan
 Aig an triath ud dha'n dual an Dun ?

Mac-Talla. Bho linn nan linnten bha mi
 'S mi mar aon duinne 'tamh 'sa chuir ;
 'S theiredh iomad Mac-Leoid
 Nach robh uiresbhidh eolis duinn ;





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Ach chan fhaca mi riamh,
 Gun taoitair no triath an Dun,
 'Se 'na fhasach gun fheum,
 Gus na laithen so fein bho thus.

Am Bard. Bhon a thanic ort aois
 Tha ri 'radh gur a baoth do gloir;
 Ch'nn e fasach a th' ann,
 Ged a tha e san am gun lod;
 Is air taoitair 's beg 'fheum,
 Is og thigherna fhein 'na lorg,
 'S e ri fhaotuinn gun fheall
 'Cur ri baoithe an ceann luchd-chleoc.

An nis tillim gu d' chainnt
 Bhon a b' fhiosrach mi anns gach sion.
 Gur tric a chunnacas gill' og
 'Bhiodh gan uiresbhidh stoir no ni,
 'S bhiodh am bechd aige fhein,
 Bhon a chennichedh e feudail saor,
 'Dh-aindeoin caithemhachd dha
 Nach bu chunnart da lamh nam moar.

'S ionnan sin 's mar a tha
 Cuid de dh-uachdarain ard' an diugh;
 Bhon nach leir dhaibh an call
 Meud an deidh air cuirt Ghall cha scuir
 Gus an deid iat do 'n Fhraing,
 'S gur a solleir ri am a bhuil;
 Bidh droch ghalar gan cnamh,
 S theid an storas a 'n laimh 'na shruth.

Faic am fer ud gu ba
 Air ech cruithach a's gairmhor srann,
 Diollid lastail fo 'mhas,
 'S mor gun b' fheairrd e srian oir 'na laimh,
 Fichet gini chan fhiach
 Gun deid sud a chur sìos an geall;

Cha dig peighinn dha f hein
'S bonn cha ghleidher an deidh a chall.

Theid luach mairt no na's mo
An da stocain de 'n t-seors' a's fearr ;
Sud na gartain a suas
'S paidhir thasdan de luach 'nam barr ;
Ducail diuca no 'n corr
Theid a chur an da bhroig bhonn ard,
'S clachan criostail 's math snuadh
Ann am bucaill mu'n cuairt le straic.

Is coic coicen de 'n or
Gun deid sud airson cord do 'n aid ;
'S urad eil' oirre f hein ;—
'S math gun tegamh a feum gu spaid.
'S a ghrabhat a's glan li
Theid punnd Sasunnach innt' gun stad ;
Ach 's beg sud as a mhal,
Theid a chunntadh air clar gu grad.

Thig e 'm mach as a bhuth
Leis an fhasan a's uir' 'san Fhraing,
'S an t-aodach gasta bha 'n de
Mu a phersa le speis nach gann,
Theid a thilgedh an cuil,
Fasan don' air 's cha 'n fhiu e plang ;
Air mal baile no dha
Glacar peann 's cuirean lamh ri boinn.

Cha bhi pheids' ann am mes
Mur bi eidedh am fasan chaich ;
Ged bhiodh e gini an t-slat
Gheibher sud air son mart no dha.
Casag riomhach gun scod
Theid a chennach do dh-og an aigh ;
'S briogais bheibheit bhuig mhin
'Bhios a ruighechd a sios gu 'shail.

'N uair a thig e air scriob
 A dh' amharc a thire fein,
 'N deidh na milten 'chur suas
 Gum bi gaoir aig an t-sluagh mu 'n spreidh,
 Ach ged thogar na mairt,
 'S ged a niter an reic aig feill,
 Bidh na fiachan ag at,
 'S theid am faighnechd de 'mhac 'na dheidh

Theid Uillam Martuinn am mach
 'S e gu sraideil air ech a triall,
 Is cha lughid a bhechd
 Na na h-armuinn a chlechd sud riamh.
 Chan fheil cuimh a' air a' chrann,
 Cas chaibe 'na laimh cha b' fhiach,
 'S e chert cho spaideil ri diuc,
 Ged bha 'athair ri burach riamh.

Thoir-sa techdairechd bhuam
 Le detam gu Ruari og,
 Agus innis dha fein
 Cuid de 'chunnart ged 's e Mac-Leoid ;
 Biodh e 'g amharc 'na dheidh
 Air an Iain 'b' fhearr beus 's gach doigh ;
 Ged bu shaibhir a chliu
 Riamh chan fhagadh e 'n Dun gun cheol.

A Mhic-talla so bha
 Ann sa bhaile 'n robh gradh nan cliar,
 An triath tighernal teann,
 Is an cridhe guu fheall na chliabh,
 Ghabh e tlachd de 'thir fhein,
 'S cha do chlechd e Duneidenn riamh ;
 Dh' fhag e 'm bonnach gun bhearn,
 'S b' fhearr gun aithrisedh cach a chiall.

Treothit a stitch in one's side. Brosluim, excitement. Cluth or cloth, noble, brave, generous. Modhar, the sound of a bag pipe, or any other musical instrument.

Probably Uillam Martuinn represents the factor that grows rich whilst his master is squandering his money away from home. The poem was composed about 1694.

— × —

AONGHUS DUBH MAC-GILLE-MHOIRE.

The Rev. Angus Morison, son of John Morison of Bragar in Lewis, was born in 1660. He was a brother of Roderick Morison, an Clarsair Dall. We copy the following account of him from Scott's *Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticanæ*, Part V., page 293 :—"Angus Morison, A. M., a native of Lewis, entered as a student at King's College, Aberdeen, in 1679, and graduated at the university of Edinburgh, March 28th, 1683; he was admitted minister of Contin in the Presbytery of Dingwall previous to 1689, and deposed June 12th, 1716, for taking part in the late rebellion. He is last mentioned, August 22nd, 1739, as officiating minister within a mile or so of his former charge. He was a person of great wit and benevolence, joined to piety and simplicity, who suffered severely for the maintenance of his Jacobite principles, being reduced to extreme poverty. He died at Castle Leod. A daughter, Mrs. Saint Clair, was generous enough to bequeath a legacy of £80, for the support of the poor, to the parish of Fodderty, where her father took shelter."

Mr. Morison, Maighstir Aonghus as the Highlanders would say, was commonly spoken of as Aonghus Dubh. He was a man of unquestionable ability. As a poet he was at least equal to his brother, An Clarsair Dall. He died in 1740.

It is somewhat strange to find a man deposed from the ministry for taking an active part in the rebellion of 1715,—a very ridiculous rebellion we admit. Mr. Morison had unquestionably as much right to be in favor of the Stewarts as others had to be in favor of the Georges. The truth is that neither the Stewarts, descended from Mary Queen of Scots, nor the Georges were worth fighting for. There was not a man among them all fit to rule over a nation. Indeed the world could get along very well without any hereditary rulers.

—

GED A THA MO CHOIRC AN CUNNART.

LEIS AN URRAMACH AONGHUS MAC GILLEMHOIRR.

Thachair air foghar araidh gun robh an coirce
aig Mr Aonghus cho abich 's gun do ghabhe e gal
nan digedh stoirm gum froisedh e. Uime sin
chaidh e-fein air maduinn Di-sathairne a
thional a luchd-eistechd gus a bhuain. Ghairm e
aig taigh brebadair, duine cruaidh, feineil do 'm b'
ainm Daibhidh, 's dh' fheorich e dheth an rachadh
e ga chuidechadh. Thubhirt am bodach, agus
farum aig air a bheirt, nach rachadh. 'N uair a
chuala Mr Aonghus so, shes e ri taobh, na beirte,
phaisc e a dha laimh ri 'chelle, agus sheinn e na
rannan a lenas :—

Ged a tha mo choirce 'n cunnart
'Bhi air a fhroisedh gu builech,
Tha Daibhidh ag radh e dh' fhulang,
Nash dig e dhe 'n bheirt an diugh dhomh.

Daibhidh greosgach, crom, ciar,
'S gile 'n rocas na bhian ;
Bha mi eolach air riamh
Fer bu ghreoiliche fiamh.

A Dhaibhidh an deid thu 'bhuain,
'S sheibh thu paidhedh Di-luain ?
"Cha deid," arsa Daibhidh.
'Nuair thogadh tu ridhe h-aotach,
'S a lionadh tu balg na gaoithe,
Cha bhiodh crann gun ropan caol ris,
'Toirt abhsaidh o thaobh gu taobh dh' i,
Gur h-e 'm buamasdair blar,
'Bheiredh ruaig air an spal,
Fer bu luaininche lamh
Timchioll chuach am biodh snath.

A Dhaibhidh an deid thu bhuain,
 'S gheibh thu paighedh di-luain?
 "Cha deid," arsa Daibhidh 's e toirt cnag air
 an spal.

Thuir Mr Aonghus—

Cha do chuimhnich mi do bhoinaid,
 Air 'n do charaich thu 'm breid soilleir,
 Air a' chul a tha neo-loinneil,
 'Dh' fhas 'na ghadmuin gartach, goirid.
 O! brogan ard mo ghaol!
 Da chois stabhach 's iat caol,
 'B e sud meirlech nam faobh,
 Ceann nan cnamh a dh' fhas faoin.
 A Dhaibhidh 'n deid thu bhuain,
 'S gheibh thu paighedh di-luain?
 Bha Daibhidh a caochladh datha an nis, ach
 ghlaodh e "Cha deid"—

Chan iarradh tu solus gu d' shuipeir,
 Ach sathadh crom mar a mhuc innt!
 Bu leathan do lorg ann sa *bhutar*:
 Bhiodh *forc* nan cuic miar ga phutadh.
 O! fhir nach iarradh an scian,
 Gu dh' ol siobhalt 'san im,
 Gum b' e 'n ordag do mhiann,
 'Cur greim geocach gu d' bhial.
 A Dhaibhidh 'n deid thu bhuain,
 'S gheibh thu paighedh di-luain?

M' feadh a bha 'n rann so ga sheinn, scuir
 Daibhidh dhe na bheirt, 's thoisich e air scriobadh
 a chinn, gidhedh dh' eigh e cho cruaidh 's a
 b'urruin e— "Cha deid"—
 An fheusag a b' fhaide gun bherradh,
 Chan fhagadh an siabun glan i,
 Chan fheil duine beo air thalamh,
 A dh' fhaodadh sesamh ri t' anail

Leis an tochd bha de 'n bheisd,
 Fuil is feoil agus creis,
 'Fhir bu chailtich' air spreidh,
 'Tuitem sìos air a chleith.
 A Dhaibhidh an teid thu bhuain,
 'S gheibh thu paighedh di-luain?

Cha robh e'n comas do Dhaibhidh cumail air fein
 na b' fhaide 's leum a dhe 'n bheirt, 's ghlaodh e,
 "Theid! theid! 's mi theid", a bhen cait a bheil
 mo chorrán. 'S truagh nach mi chaidh ann air
 a cheut fhocal; ach tha mi 'n dochas nach cluinn
 duine'm fessd smid dhe sud, a Mhaighstir Aonghuis."

Ranic Daibhidh an raon comhla ri cach, 's cha
 robh aon an sin a's mo chuir e-fein uige na e;
 oir bha e'n nis ro dheidheil gun dugadh e barrachd
 orr' uile, chum 's nam bu chomasach e, gum
 fuadichedh e air falbh gach droch bharail a bha
 Maighstir Aonghus ag eiridnechadh 'na aghidh
 'thaobh a resgachd 'sa mhaduinn.' Nuair a chrìoch-
 naichedh a bhuain, gle anmoch, chaidh na bh'
 aice gu taigh a mhinistir gu biadh, 's air dhaibh
 biadh is deoch am pailtes a ghabhail ghlac Daib-
 hidh misnech, 's thuirt e, "'Nis a Mhaighstir
 Aonghuis on dh' oibrich mi cho math an diugh, cha
 chreid mi nach fhiach mi oran molidh a dheanamh
 dhomh." "'S fhiach, 's fhiach, arsa Mhaighstir
 Aonghus, 's tu 's fhiach, agus so agad e."—

Di-domhnich 's tu 'siubhal leargan,
 'Nuair a bha cach ann san t-serman,
 Chaidh muc is torc riut a sheanachas;
 Creididh clann gur sceula dearbht' e.
 A leoghain euchdich mo ghaoil,
 'Chuir na beisden ud aog,
 Leis a' *bheigeileid* chaoil,
 Cluinner sceul ort 's gach taobh!
 A Dhaibhidh o n chaidh thu bhuain,
 Gheibh thu dan agus duais.

A 'bhliadhna' chaidh an crodh an bheinn ort,
 'S a chaill na gobhair na minn ort,
 Lionadh tu 'phoit chum a chuibhrig,
 De chal is de dh' uisce 'n uillte
 Chaite 'n fheisd air an lar,
 Cha bhiodh speis ac de chlar,
 H-uile fer aig nach biodh spain
 Bheiredh e slig' as an traigh.
 A Dhaibhidh on chaidh thu bhuain,
 Gheibh thu dan agus duais.

Chan fhac mi riamh do cho-ionnan,
 Gu biadh a chur air bialthaobh duine,
 Cha b'e cuag de bhonnach tioram,
 Ach truinsar crom is sconn im' air,
 An eigh an sin air a chais'
 An te bu tighe 's a b' fhearr ;
 Cha b'e scian dubh an droch fhaobhir,
 'Bheiredh caob aiste gun bhlaths.
 A Dhaibhidh on chaidh thu bhuain,
 Gheibh thu dan agus duais.

Cha robh ceaird 'san d' fhuair thu t' fhoghlum,
 'San tugadh duin' eile corr ort ;
 Bu mhath thu gu sniomh na cloimhe,
 Ga h-armadh le im 's le eolan,
 'S bu mhin bog oigheil do lamh,
 'N am a sinedh do chach,
 Am boinne falluis le do mhala,
 'S an lec-thellich fo do shail ;
 A Dhaibhidh on chaidh thu bhuain,
 Gheibh thu dan agus duais.

Cha b' urrainn do Dhaibhidh cumail air fein na
 b' fhaide, 's leig e 'n eigh — "Stad, stad, a Mhai-
 ghstir Aonghuis, chan fheil mi 'n duil nach co
 math an di-moladh fein ris a sin ; is thar e
 dhachidh,

MR AONGHUS AIR LEBIDH A BH AIS.

N uair a bha Mr Aonghus Mac-Gillemhóire air lebidh a bhais, bha a bhen aige fhein agus fer de na h-eildeiren ri 'thaobh. Bha a bhen a sior thuramanich 's ag osnich, 's ag radh gun stad, "Ochadan mar tha mi 'n diugh." Mu dheireadh thuirt Mr Aonghus agus e ann 'san lebidh :—

Ochadan mar tha thu 'n diugh,
'S Aonghus Dubh a dol gu bas ;
Cha dean e posadh no baistedh,
Is chan fhaigh thu dad bho chach.

Labhair an t-eildeir an sin agus thubhirt e, A Mhaighstir Aonghuis, a Mhaighstir Aonghuis, nach h-'eil an tim dhuibhse scur de 'leithid sin, agus e ro choltach gu bheil sibh gu delachadh ris an t-saoghal an uine gle ghearr. Fhregair am fer a bha 'san leb air ball e :—

Delichidh sinn ris an t-saoghal,
'S delichidh an saoghal ruinn ;
'S ged bheir thu 'n t-aodach dhe na ghar-
man,
Lenidh armadh ris an t-slinn.

— x —

LACHINN MAC THEARLICH OIG.

Lachinn Dubh was chief of the Clan Fingan, or Mackinnons, from 1570 to 1580. He had two sons, Lachinn Og and Ewen. Lachinn Og had four sons, Sir Lachlan, Tearlach Scithenach, John Og, and Neil. He died about 1600. Sir Lachlan had a son, John Balbhan, who had a son, Lachinn Mór. He died in 1634.

Tearlach Scithenach had a son named Lachlan. He was known as Lachinn Ruadh, and lived at Gambell. We meet with him as tutor or guardian of Lachinn Mor in 1634. He had two sons, Lachinn Og of Gambell, and Tearlach Og of Kenuachdrach. Lachinn Og married a daughter of Mackenzie of Applecross, by whom he had Lachlan, first Mackinnon of Coire-Chatachain.

Donald Glas Macleod, first of Drynoch, was a distinguished warrior in his day. He was killed in a skirmish at Carinish. John, his son and successor, married Catherine Campbell, by whom he had one son and five daughters. John died in 1688. One of his daughters was married to Alexander Macleod, 4th of Raasay; one to Ranald, 10th of Glengarry, by whom she had Alastair Dubh; one to William Macleod, 2nd of Hamer; one to Roderick Macdonald of Camuscross; and one to Charles Og Mackinnon of Kenuachdrach.

Lachlan Mackinnon, the poet, was a son of Charles Og Mackinnon of Kenuachdrach, Isle of Skye, and Mary, daughter of John Macleod of Drynoch. He was born in the year 1665. He began to compose verses when quite young. At the age of eight he possessed a vigor of mind, and a vivacity of imagination rarely to be met with in boys of double his age. He received the rudiments of his education, under a tutor in his father's family. At the age of sixteen he was sent to the Academy or high school of Nairn. He was a diligent student, and made rapid progress. He was by far the best Latin and Greek scholar at the Academy. Whilst in Nairn he composed several short poems in English, which possessed a good deal of merit.

When in his twenty-third year the poet married Flora, daughter of Campbell of Stroud in Harris. He rented from his chief the farm of Breakish, with the grazing island of Pabbay, at £24 sterling annually. His wife died in the prime of life, leaving several young children. He now felt so unhappy that he left Skye and went to live in Kintail. After an absence of four years he returned to Skye, and received his former farm at Breakish. About twelve years after the death of his wife he paid a visit to Inverness. Whilst there he was persuaded by some of his old acquaintances to marry a widow of the name of Mackintosh. This marriage was a source of grief and misery to him. His wife was proud, peevish and cross, and very unkind to his children.

Lachinn Mac Thearlich Oig was tall, handsome, and fascinating in his manner. He was an excellent performer on the violin, and also on the harp. He was one of the best deer-stalkers of his day. He was not a Jacobite. Contrary to the wishes of his chief he went to Inverness in 1717 to sign a congratulatory address to George I. on his

accession to the British throne. He died universally regretted in 1734, at the age of sixty-nine. His funeral was the largest ever seen in the Isle of Skye. Macdonell of Glengarry, Macdonald of Sleat, Macleod of Dunvegan, Mackinnon of Strath, Mackenzie of Applecross, together with their principal tacksmen were present. Seven pipers preceded the bier, playing the usual melancholy laments. The poet was buried in the old churchyard of Gillchrist.

CUMHA MHIC-LEOID THALASCAIR.

LE LACHINN MAC THEARLICH OIG.

Tha mulad mor, tha mi-ghen orm,
 'S neo bhinn na tha mi 'claistinn,
 Mu 'n sceul 'tha daoine 'g innse dhomh,
 'S a thug orm claidh mu m' shlainte.
 Tha mulad mor gun tegamh orm
 Mu 'n ti a chlaoidh 's a ledair mi ;
 Gur lionmhor nech da 'n letrom e,
 Dunbhegain bhi 'na fhasach.

Cha deid mi 'm bliadhn' air cheilidh ann,
 'S neo-eibhinn leam a ta e,
 Gun tuitair ann, gun tigherna
 Ris 'n dean mo chridhe gaire.
 Cha d' fhuair mi ach na onrachd e,
 Fuar, falamh, fas 'na sheomrichen,
 An t-ait 'sna chleachd a mhorchuis 'bhi,
 Far 'n tric an d' ol mi slainte.

Gur diombach ann san uair so mi
 De 'n chuairt a thug am bas oirnn ;
 Gun dug e 'm fiuran suairce bhuainn
 Cho uasal 's 'bha sa chearn so.
 'Dheagh mhic sin Ruari Tha'ascair,
 Mu d' bhas bha daoine galanach ;
 Do cheile bha 'n deidh scaridh dheth,
 'S bha 'n t-Alastair dheth craitech.

Nam b' esbhìdh stoir no feudalach
 A b' aobhar dha do thursa,
 Gum bu lughad a bhìodh m' acain
 Ri t' fhaicinn lan de churam.
 B'e fath mo bhroin 's bu dlìghech e,
 'S e dh' aognich iomad crìdhe fir,
 Etar Aoinard agus Snithosard,
 Do nighen 'bhi fo churam.

Bha iomad tir a thuilledh sud
 'San robh iat dubhach, tursach ;
 Bha daoìn' am bron gu caitlicech
 Mu 'n mhac sin 'dh' fhag an crunair ;
 Bha sean Mhac-Mhic Alastair ann,
 Bha 'n caiptin 'bh' air siol Ailain ann,
 Do chairden uile maille riu,
 'S an Garach dubh o 'n Ghiubhsich.

Bha d' nabìdh math Sir Domhnall ann,
 'S an cìnnedh mor, siol Uisdain ;
 Gun d' dherbhadh gun robh mulad ann
 Nuair chuir iat ann san uir thu.
 Clann Fhìonghinn sceul bu duilich leo,
 'S Clann-Choinnich 'mheud 's a chunnic mi ;
 Do bhas bu chall gun bhuinnig
 Do gach duine riamh 'chuir iul ort.

Nam b' ann le foirnert naimhden e
 Air mo laimh gun dugtedh dhiu e ;
 Mun leigt' am mach an nascidh iat
 Bhìodh cuibhren mhath dhiu ciurte.
 Ged nach bìodh ach na thubhirt mi,
 Nan tarladh dhaibh bhi uidhemail,
 Ged dh-eiredh barr 's na h-uarrad riu
 Bhìodh pudhar air luchd mi-ruin.

Ged nach saighder treubhach mi,
 No nech da 'm beus bhi fergach,

Nan tarlainn ann san araich ud,
 Ge gna leam 'bhi leith cherbach,
 Ni tha, 's nach h-eil mi cruadalach,
 Nan tarlainn ann san fhuathas ud,
 Gun sesinn ri do ghualinn
 Ann san tuasaid ge bu sherbh i.

Mo chrech, mo bron, 's mo dhir-bhail !
 'S truagh an duthich as an d' fhalbh thu,
 'S a lugh'd 's a dh' fhag thu 'd' leithid inat'
 Ri 'fhaighinn ann an nadar.
 Gum b' ionndrinn do dhaoin' uaisle thu,
 Do d' chairden is do thuath chethairn',
 Do bhantraichen 'n am cruadail orr',
 'S do thruaghanan gun aird orr'.

Gum b' ionndrinn do luchd-theudan thu
 Do dh-fheumnich is do bhardabh,
 Gum b' ionndrinn do na h-uile dhaoin' thu
 Bhuinedh a bhi 'm pairt riut
 Gum b' ionndrinn mhor do Ruari thu,
 Ged 's aoighidh math aig uaislen e ;
 Call carid an am cruadail thu
 Do dh-uaislen Erraghaidhel.

Gun robh thu ciuin is macanta,
 Gun sraing, gun chais, gun chrine,
 Gun tnu, gun fheall, gun seacharan,
 'S tu scapach, pailt, is crionnta.
 Bha t' aignedh iochdmhor, moralach,
 Gun bhreig, gun cheilg, gun bhosd sam bith ;
 'S ann bu choltach thu ri Osam
 Da 'm bu nos a bhi 'n *Saint Pritan*.

Bu tiotal cert duin' uasail sin
 Gun robh thu suairc ad ghiulan,
 Gu sunntach, suilbhir, failtechail,
 'S do chridhe blath gun lub ann.

O d' chairdibh bha e dlighech dhuit
 Bhi baighail ris na h-inghenan
 An am dhaibh bhi gan suidhechadh ;
 'Fhir chridhe b' fhiach thu t' ionadrinn.

Bidh mi scur 's mo bhennachd dhuit,
 'S neo-thoilichte de 'n bhas mi,
 A luaithed is a scar e thu
 Bho t' fhearann is bho d' chairden.
 Ge bu chruaidh 's bu duilich e,
 Bu bheirt a b' eigin fhulang e,
 'S air 'mheud 's gan can a h-uile nech
 Bu duine anns gach cas thu.

Sir Roderick Macleod, 1st of Talisker, married Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Lachlan Mackinnon of Strath, by whom he had John, his successor, Magnus, and Isabel. John, 2nd of Talisker, married Janet, only child of Alexander Macleod of Grishornish, by whom he had Donald, and two daughters. He is the subject of the lament. The first two verses refer to the loss sustained by the death of John Erec of Dunvegan in 1693, and the accession of his son Roderick, to the chiefship. The poem was composed sometime between 1693 and 1699, the year in which Roderick of Dunvegan died.

— x —

AONGHUS ODHAR.

Angus Macdonald, commonly called Aonghus Odhar, was a son of Gillesbic na Cepich. He was fully equal to his father as a poet. He seems indeed to have been superior to him.

THUGAS CEIST DO MHNAOI GHASTA ;

LE AONGHUS ODHAR.

Thugas ceist do mhnaoi ghasta
 A's glan lechd is a cul mar an t-oi ;
 Cul cam-lubach, barr-bhachlach,
 Gruaidh dherg dhathte, s' deut snaighte mar nos ;

Suil chorrach mar chriostal,
 'S binnes theud ann am briotal a beoil ;
 Aghidh shoilleir an co-strith
 Co a's allidh' an neoinein no 'n ros.

Tha do mhuinal mar chanach,
 Chit' ag iathadh ann glaine de 'n fhion ;
 Tha t' uchd mar an ela,
 Tuir mhin ghela 's am barannan 'sios ;
 Tha do shlios mar thuinn mara,
 'Nuair a dh-eiredh mor ghailen nan sion ;
 Ged is dan e ri 'labhirt,
 B'e, air 'n aille, bhi mar-riut mo mhiann.

Chan fheil ort cron cumidh
 Ri t' amharc bho d' mhullach gu d' bhonn ;
 Dh 'fhas thu 'd scaile roimh 'n chruinne
 A reir nadair 'chum urram thoirt oirn.
 A gheug aithneil, chiuin, thaitnech,
 Ghrinn, ghasta, 's binn bhlasta guth beoil,
 Air scath 'ghaoil 'tha 'nam phersa
 Na smaointich cur as dhomh na's mo.

Cait am facas dhuit coimes,
 A gheug sholuis a's grinne na ghrian ;
 Cha robh Diana ri faicinn
 Ann an coltas ri d' phersa mar thrìan ;
 A thaobh geinmnechd chan fheudtedh
 A coimas ri geig nan glan chiabh ;
 Air 'm fhacal 's tu 's ceutich'
 A chunnacas le m' leirsinn-sa riamh.

Tha do choltas ri venus,
 Philomela cha choimes ri m' run ;
 Fabhradh ghasht' mu do leirsinn,
 'S a cho-aithris ri feirrein fo'n druchd.
 'S nearachd fer a bheir geill dhuit,
 Aig feobhas do bheusabh 's do chliu ;

Thug thu dhachidh le d' theomachd
Gach aon chlechdadh a b' eol dhaibh 'sa chuir.

Sliasid ghlan a's math cumadh,
Des chalba 's troigh chuimir am broig;
Thugas gaol dhuit bho 'n uiridh
'Dh' fhag mi 'm scaile mar dhuine gun treoir,
Ni a bheil i 'shiol Adhamh
Te a chumas aon raidhe mi beo,
Gun an ti 's 'tha mi 'g airemh
Fhresdal orm 's a thoirt slaint dhomh le 'gloir.

Ach ma ni thu mo dhiobairt,
A dhes ribhinn le 'n d' rinnedh mo chron,
An deidh dhomh dhuit strìochdadh
Fo chis is mi sinte 'nam ghoin,
Bheirinn mionnan a Bhiobil,
Ge bu leam le coir scribedh 'n tir shoir,
Chum 's gun glaisedh tu 'n sith rium
Gun deaninn a h-iobradh dha d' thoil.

Ma's a beg let mar phecadh
Meud dubh-bhroin mo phersa an tus,
'S farasd' mise a thaladh let
'S mo chreubhac a charadh 'san uir.
Ach 's olc an ciall do mhnaoi ghasa
D' am feudar dol dachidh an null,
Nach h-'eil fer a bheir gradh dhi
Nach ludhig i 'm bas da ga chionn.

Air bruaich reidh mo lepa
Chunnacas spailp de mhnaoi ghasa 'na suidh',
Nach tuig doruinn mo phersa
Ged a dh-fhaninn le pramh ann am laigh',
'S a cuid shaighden geur, scaitech,
Gu dian a dol trasta 'nam chridh';
Dhomhs' cha bheg e mar phecadh
Ma niter mo chascairt le mnaoi.

Dh' f hag thu mise fo mhulad,
 'S tric mo shuilen a' cruinnechadh dheoir ;
 Lagich solus mo leirsin,
 Chlaoidh mo phersa le eigentas mor.
 B' annsa spailp de mhnaoi mhin-deirg
 A chumadh le 'briodal mi beo ;
 'Bheiredh cail agus luths dhomh,
 Ged a bhithedh mo shuilen fo scleo.

Cait an d' amhirc i 'n scathan,
 Boinne fala 'thug barr ort fo 'n speur,
 A thaobh gilid is aillechd
 Chitedh t' f hailas mar dhealradh de'n ghrein.
 'Cheist a thugas os 'n aird dhuit
 Bidh i 'm aire gach la gus an eug ;
 Is ma leiges tu bas mi,
 'S maire fer eile 'bheir gradh dhuit a' m' dheidh.

— x —

SILE NA CEPICH.

Juliet Macdonald, Sile na Cepich was a daughter of Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch, Gillesbic na Cepich. She was married to a Fraser. Her husband fought at the battles of Killiecrankie and Sheriffmuir. She composed several hymns in her old age. The date of her death is uncertain. We know that she was living in 1724, the year in which Alastair Dubh of Glengarry died. We know also that she survived Lachinn Mac Thearlaich Oig, the poet, who is said to have died in 1734. Her husband died several years before her.

— x —

ORAN DO DH-FHECHD MHORAIR MAR 'SA BHLIADHNA 1715.

LE SILE NIGHEN MHIC-'IC-RAONILL.

Tha mulad, tha gruaim orm, tha bron,
 On dh' imich mo chairden air falbh ;
 On chaidh iat air astar,

Gun chinnt' mu 'n techd dhachidh,
Tha m' inntinn fo airt na gu leoir.

Mo ghuidhe gun cluinner sceul binn
Mu'n bhuidhinn a dh' imich o'n tìr,
Gun crun sibh an Sasunn
'N rìgh dlighech le 'r gaisce,
'S gum piller leibh dhachidh gun dith.

Beir soridh gu Domhnall o'n Dun,
Gu Seumas 's gu Uillam 'nan triuir;
'Nuair a chruinniches uaislen
Do chinnidh mu 'n chruairt duit
Ghlac an t-urram a t'huair thu le cliu.

Beir soridh gu Alastair liath,
A d' chruadal gun erbinn deagh ghniomh;
Nuair a theid thu gu buillen,
'S do naimhden a dh' fhuirech,
Gu cinntech bidh fuil air am bian.

Beir soridh gu Ailain o'n chuan,
'Bha greis ann san Fhraing bhuainn air chuairt;
'S e ro mheud do ghaisce
'Chum gun oighre do phersa,
Craobh chasairt air fechd nan arm cruaidh.

Beir soridh an deoghaidh nan laoch
A dh' imich bho Chepich mo ghaoil;
Gu cennard a Bhraighe
'S 'chuid eile de m' chairden,
Buaidh shithe 's buaidh larich leibh 'chaoidh.

Tha urachadh buidhinn tigh'nn ornn,
Mac-Coinnich, Mac-Shimi, 's Mac-Leoid,
Mac-Fhionghinn Strath-Chuailte,
'S an Siosalach suairce,—
'S e mo bharail gum buail le stoic.

Gig-gig thuirt an coilech 's e 'n sas,
 Tha mo scoileiren ullamh gu blar,
 Am fuidse nach coisinn
 Cuiribh 'cheann ann sa phoca,
 'S chan fhiu dhuinn bhi 'g osnich mu 'bhas.

Crath do chirein, do choileir, 's do chluas,
 Cuir scairt ort ri fehd an taoibh tuath,
 Cuir spuir ort 's bi gleusta
 Gu d' naimhden a reubadh,
 'S cuir mac-Cailain fo gheill mar bu dual.

'Thigherna Shruthain o Ghiubhsich nan beann,
 Thug thu tamull a feithemh 'san Fhraing ;
 So an t-am dhuit bhi scairtail,
 Tog do phìob is do bratach,
 'S cuir na Caimbalich dhachidh 'nan deann.

'Rìgh, 's buidhech mi 'Mhorair sin Mhar,
 Leis a dh-eiredh a bhuidhenn gun fheall ;
 'S iomad Foirbeisech gasta
 'Tha 'g iathadh mu 'bhratich,
 'S b' fhiach do Sheumas an glacadh air laimh.

Tha mo ghruaim ris a bhuidhinn ud thall,
 A luaithed 's a mhuth iat an t-sreing ;
 Tha mi cinntech a' m' aignedh
 Gum bu mhiann leo 'bhi aginn
 Mur bhi Chuigse bhi aca mar cheann.

A Dhonnachidh ma dh' imich thu 'null,
 Tha do chiabhan air glasadh fo chliu ;
 Gun cluinnim 's gum faicim
 Do thilledh-sa dhachidh,
 'S do chinneth cha stad air do chul.

'Nuair ruiges sibh cuide-ri cach,
 Ciamar Chumas a Chuigse ruibh blar ?

Cia 'n t-ait 'bheil fir aca,
An Albinn no 'n Sasunn,
Nach gerradh sibh as mar an cal ?

'Nuair a ruiges sibh Lunninn nan cleoc,
'S a bheir sibh an fhaistinnechd beo,
Bidh sibh 'tomhas an t-sioda,
Le 'r boghachan riomhach,
Air an drochaid is milten fo 'r scod.

Domhnall o'n Dun : Domhnall a chogidh, eleventh of Sleat. Seumas and Uillam were his brothers. Alastair liath : Alastair Dubh of Glengarry. Ailain o'n chuan : Allan Macdonald of Moydart. Fhuair an curidh calma so leon ann am blar, a dh' aobharich nach biodh sliochd aige. Chaidh a mharbhadh an Sliabh-an-t-siorra. An Coilech : the Duke of Gordon, the Cock of the North. A bhuidhenn ud thall : the Frasers. Lord Lovat, though a Jacobite at heart, supported the government party in 1715. Donnachadh : Duncan Macpherson of Cluny.

— x —

IAIN MAC AILAIN.

John Maclean, commonly called Iain Mac Ailain, and sometimes Iain Mac Ailain Mhic Iain Mhic Eoghin, belonged to the Ardgour branch of the Macleans. Ewen, 6th Maclean of Ardgour, Eoghan na h-Itaige, married a daughter of Stewart of Appin, and had two sons by her, Allan, his successor, and John. He was living in 1587. John, his second son, had a son named Allan. This Allan was the poet's father. Iain Mac Ailain was thus a great-grandson of Eoghan na h-Itaige.

Iain Mac Ailain lived in Mull. His place of residence seems to have been near Aros. He was a full-grown man in 1689, the year in which the battle of Killiecrankie was fought. We may assume then that he was born at least as early as 1665. He was married, and lived to be an old man. Dr. Johnson, who visited the Western Islands in 1773, speaks of him as a famous Mull bard, who had died only a few years before that date. He also says that he could neither read or write. We are inclined to think that

the poet must have died before the stirring events of 1745. At any rate there is no reference in any of his poems to those events. Besides, he would be at least eighty years of age in 1745. The latest event to which he refers in his poems occurred in 1738. All that we can confidently assert then regarding the time of his death is that it took place some time after 1738.

Iain Mac Ailain was evidently an intelligent, good-natured, and well-informed man. He was intimately acquainted with the history of his own clan, and possessed a good knowledge of the history of the Highland clans in general. He was an ardent Jacobite, and was thoroughly familiar with the political events of his own day. He was well versed in the Bible. He seems to have been a man of genuine piety. He was a true poet, a man who described in poetic language men and things just as he saw them. He is fairly entitled to a high rank among the bards of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

ORAN GAOIL.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

Bha dithisd nighen a labhirt mu 'n Bhard.
Bha te dhiu ga dhi-moladh 's ag radh nach robh
ard-fhoghlum aige. Bha 'n te eile ga mholadh,
's ag radh gun robh ni a b' fhearr aige, moran de
thuigse nadair.

LUINNEG.

*Faill il o ro, faill il o,
Faill il o ro, faill il o,
Faill il o ro, hul il o ro,
Faill il o ro, fail il o.*

Is ged nach d' fhaodadh mo thogail suas,
Ach tegasc nadair 'thoirt dhomh le buaidh;
An te 'tha 'gratinn gu bheil mi traillail
Chan fheil mi 'g aighedh nach faigh i m' fhuath.

Is mor an caochladh a rinn a cridh'
Mur h-e 's gun d' thoill mise bhuaip' an gnìomh:

An cailin daonta d' an robh mo shaor-ghradh
Gum faic an saoghal mar toil leam i.

Och, och, a dhaoine nach creid sibh bhuan,
'S mi 'toirt mar fhaosit dhuibh anns gach uair,
Nach mo mo ghaol air a chailin shaor so
Na gaol an fhaol-choin air fuil an uain.

Ged theiredh cach gum bu toil leam thu,
Is fada tha sud o bhi 'nam run :
Tha mi cho sechantach air thus' fhaicinn
'S a tha 'm bradan air linge bhuirn.

'N uair a bhios cach ann an cadal seimh
Gur tric le m' aignedh 'bhi rium ag radh
Nach mo mo thlachd air a dhol na fascadh
Na th' aig an lach air a dhol air snamh.

A chailin mhodhar a's moitail delbh,
Ged tha do ghruaidh mar an corcur derg,
Tha mi cho suarach mu d' ghaol 's cho fuathach
'S tha cat na luatha air luch a shelg.

A chailin bhaintidh a labhradh ciuin
Ge fada cam-bhuidhe reidh do chul,
Chan fheil mo gheall-sa air t' uaignes cainnte
Ach mar tha n dall air a leirsinn shul.

Ma their mi 'n fhirinn am brigh mo sceoil,
'Thaobh t' eol is t' uaisle 's do shuairces beoil,
Chan fheil mi 'n trom-chion, a ghruagach dhonn
ort,
Ach mar tha 'n drongair air bhi ag ol.

'S ann 'bha mo chairden am barail diom
Gum b' e do ghradh-sa mo namhit chlaoidh :
Do phog le faile cha dean i stath dhomb
Ach mar ni 'n t-slainge do 'n duine thinn.

MOLADH.

Do Ghillesbic na Cepich's do 'n Phìob.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

'Ghillesbic, mo bhennachd ri m' bheo,
 Do dh-fher aithris do ghniomh',
 'Bhrìgh os cionn na chual' thu de cheol
 Gun dug thu 'n t-urram do 'n phìob.
 Cha chuala luchd-teud scainnal do bheoil,
 'S tu bu ro mhath gu 'n diol,
 Ach b' fhearr let culidh a bhrosnichedh toir
 Na sochair gach sìth'.

'S iomad iarl ann an Albinn an nochd,
 'S derbhte leam sud,
 Ri am togail armailt air chois,
 'Na oirches, tha fios,
 A chionn a cluinntinn anmoch is moch,
 Bean chaidrech am mes,
 'Bheiredh mar dhuais do dhararich a dos
 Airgiod gun fhios.

Is derbh gun robh stuidèir gu trom,
 Is susbainte ghiar,
 'San fhear a rinn pìob nan dos lom
 Gus fhortan do dhean,
 'S gach lanphort gan cumail fo fhonn,
 Gun smid as a bhial,
 Ach gan gerradh, gach sìolladh is pong,
 Le buillibh a mhiar.

A cliu airson abuchadh gleois
 Is fada do chuaidh ;
 Sar ionnsramaid mhaiden nach mor,
 Is coitichionta buaidh !
 Cuiridh i smaointinnen gaisce gu leoir
 An gealtair 'ga thruas ;
 Thogadh a crenluath le bras bhuillibh mheoir.
 Aignedh gach sluaigh.

Gur h-e 's beus d' i eirigh le cert,
 Is eibhinn a stuirt,
 An tus teughbail eighidh i scairt,
 Nach breugich a puirt.
 Le seideig de dh-anail a stech
 An earrach a cuirp,
 Cuirer ceol binn, iorallach, ait,
 An ribheid a stuic.

'S fada bhon fhuair sinn taisbanadh shul
 Nach geltach a gnaths ;
 Gu bheil mi derbh nach rachadh i 'n cuil
 Ga fallach gu brath.
 'N tus gach cath' bidh fer brath' air a cul,
 'Deanamh fabhair do chach ;
 Laoch borb agus gaisce 'na run,
 Is bratach 'na laimh.

'N t-urram de na chunnic mo shuil
 Tha 'm Muile dhiu 'n drast ;
 Ach airson Mhic-Cruimein on bhuidhinn e cliu,
 Leig do 'n duinne sin tamh ;
 De 'n airemh Conndulli air thus,
 Iain Mac Uillaim a dha,
 Agus Patric an tres duin' an triuir
 Nach uiresach lamh.

Niall Mor Mac-Mhuirich composed a poem against the bag-pipe. Gillesbic na Cepich composed a poem in praise of it, which is given on page ninety-four. Iain Mac Ailain composed the above poem in praise of Gillesbic na Cepich and the pipe. Lachinn Mac Mhic-Iain composed a poem in reply, which will be found on page 126. It is not to be supposed that he had any unpleasant recollection of Gillesbic na Cepich or any unkind feelings towards Iain Mac Ailain ; he was merely exercising his powers of satirizing. Iain Mac Ailain and himself seem to have been on very friendly terms.

ORAN.

Do dh-Fher Thalascair.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

FONN.—“*Cabar feidh.*”

Air sceith na madne 's luaithe
 Gu tuath thoir mo bhennachd bhuam
 A dh-ionnsidh 'n fhir nach fuath leam
 Gu uaisle, Fer Thalascair.
 'S e mheudich dhomh mo ghradh ort
 Do ghnaths 'dhol ri t' athairelachd ;
 'S gum faic do-mhuinntir fein,
 Ann am dheidh-s', thu bhi mairennach.
 Gheibht' at fhardich muirn is manran
 'S piob da laimh ga callanach ;
 Flath is feusda 's ol d'a reir sin
 Aig luchd feum is aithnichen.
 Bhiodh gleodhrich stop ri lionadh chorn
 Is fion ga ol a serragabh .
 Re sel dhuinn air a ghleus sin
 Bhiodh dith ceill air ferigainn.
 Bhiodhmid mar sud, bhiodhmid mar sud,
 Bhiodhmid mar sud is deimhinn leam ;
 Ag ol gu tric, ag ol gu tric
 Gun ol, gun mhisc, gun mherichinn
 Gun scainnel bhreug ga chur an ceill,
 Gun chomradh breun no ballachail ;
 'S bu tric a' liubhirt phog iat
 Le ro ghradh 's le carthannachd.

Fhuair thu ragha ceile
 Do d' reir fein 's gur math leam sin
 Ann sa bheil bechd is geire
 Le ceill is le banalachd
 Cha dean mi facal breige
 B' e m' eudach is m' anart i
 Is fhad 's a rinn mi cuairt let

A gruaman cha d' fhairich mi.
 Gu bheil thu glie air iomad bechd,
 Chan fhaod mi mhes gur h-amid thu ;
 Tha thu baighail, caoimhnail, cairdail,
 Thlsmhor, daimhail, carthannach.
 Beud no lochd chan airim ort,
 'S gur airidh bhochd is bhennachd thu ;
 'S gur cridhail ri am feum' thu
 Gu feusd' 'thoirt do dh-aithnichen.
 Bhiodhmid mar sud, etc.

Tha mulad mor no dha orm
 Tha fath dhomh 'bhi geranach ;
 Tha mi gun long, gun bhata,
 Gun ardrich bheir thairis mi.
 Nam biodh a chuis mar b' fhearr leam
 'S mo chur 'san ait 'bu mhath leam 'bhi,
 Gum faicinn bho thrath noine
 An Domhnall sin 's lennan dhomh.
 Is ann san am 's an ruiginn thall
 Gun cuirinn geall 's cha chaillinn e,
 'N uair fachinn suas do 'n t-seombar uachdrach
 An deidh fuachd is allabain,
 Gun doirtedh lamh air botull lan
 A dh' f hagadh blath gu h-elamh mi ;
 Chan fhaicteadh nech fo mhuig
 An taigh muirnech Fer Thalascair.
 Bhiodhmid mar sud, etc.

Dh' f hag mi ann san aite sin
 Plannta de lenabh beg ;
 'S gur tric a's smaointinn broin dhomh
 A ghloir an am delachadh.
 Mur h-eil breug 'nam f haistnechd
 Bidh pairten a shenar ann ;
 'S ma 's a duine beo e
 Ni 'n seol sin fer ainnimh dheth.
 Tha uaisle 'bheus a cur an ceill

Gar cruinnechd deise ro mhath e
 Gun robh a sheors' fo mhes ro mhor
 'S gach aite coir 'am fanadh iat
 'N uair 'bha iat thall an cuirt na Frainge
 Ann an am na carraide ;
 'S dherbh iat do righ Tearlach
 An gradh 'n uair a len iat e.
 Bhiodhmid mar sud, etc.

Sir Roderick Macleod, first of Talisker, fought in behalf of Charles II., at the battle of Worcester in 1651. He was succeeded by his son John, and John by his son Donald. Donald, third of Talisker, married Christina, second daughter of John Macleod, second of Bernera and first of Contullich. He is the Fer Thalascair of the poem. John, his eldest son and successor, was born in 1718, and is probably the lenabh beg referred to.

— x —

FREGIRT EOIN GHAI RNELAIR DO DH-EOIN BALBHAN.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

Mu 'n sceul so a chualas
 Ga luaidh air Eoin Manntach,
 'S mu 'n fhregirt a fhuair e
 Ann am brудар a bhalbhain.
 Ged nach digedh le m' gheire-sa
 'N tuigse threun sin a lenmhuinn.
 'S fearde sceula ga threised
 Moran teistis is derbhidh.

Chi mi 'n saoghal air chuibhlibh
 'S gun e aig aon chor a fuirech ;
 Ach a diredh 's a ternadh
 Mar roth amhuiltech mailinn.

Am fer a thachir 'na airde
 'S e 's mo abhar gu mulad ;
 'S gum faod mise 'th' air tearnadh
 'Bhi 'na aite mun scuir e.

Gu de 'n gliocas no 'n tabhachd
 'Th' ann do ghairnelair eolach
 Craobh thorach a gharridh
 'Dhol le ailghes ga 'fogradh,
 Gu craobh ur 'chur 'na h-aite
 'S gun e mu 'nadar leth-eolach,
 'S a mheud 's a gheibh e ga h-arach
 Sel mun tar e deagh phor dhi?

Ach an crann s' bho chionn tamuill
 'Bha fo thoradh gun esbhuidh,
 'S ciar bhon chraobh-scaoil a chomain
 Air gach comunn am Bretunn.
 Ged a rachadh cail dhuathair
 Air a chnuasachd re treise
 'S mairg a loiscedh a thiomban
 Ris a mhuinntir a chreic e.

Is beg m' ionghnadh an dream sin
 'Bha gun daimh ris ga threigsinn ;
 'S gum b' e 'n abhar thun fhogradh
 'Thaobh nach b'ann de 'm por fein e ;
 Ach Alba bheg dhona
 'Bha gun onair fo 'n ghrein aic,
 'N uair a chaidh i ga 'fhagail,
 'S gum b'e arach a geig e.

B'e bhuir gliocas 'san abhar s'
 Ann 'sna casanabh ceutna,
 A bhi carthannach, cairdail,
 Is mar brath'ren d'a cheile ;
 An righ sin 'bh' air mhairenn
 'Chumail slan mar a dh' fheudtedh,

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'S gun do dh-ordich ar Slanaigher
Dhuinn a chain 'thoirt do Cheusar.

Ach 's e 'n ni 'tha mi 'raghinn
Gun dol air m' aghidh na 's daine,
Bhon tha 'n t-ath so cho domhin
Is nach tomhis cas ghearr e.
Ach an Rìgh dha bheil fertan,
'S a ni gach beirt mar a's aill leis,
'Chur na corach 'na suidhe
Mar a's cubhidh 's gach aite.

This poem is a reply to the one on page 144. The poet himself is Eoin Gairnelair, or John the Gardener, and Mr. Beaton, Eoin Balbhan, or John the Dumb. Mr. Beaton is called by this name owing to the fact that he had been silenced or deposed. A chraobh thorach is King James, and a chraobh ur, King William.

ORAN

A rinn am Bard air dha a chluinntinn gun robh
Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain ri fuirech ann san Fhraing.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

FONN.—'Fhir a bhata no ho ro eile.

Tha mi am chadal 's gur tim dhomh duscadh
Mu Shir Iain nan lann 's nan luirech ;
Gu bheil do chairden fo mhoran curim
Nach faic iat sabhailt air lar do dhuthch' thu.

*Faill ill o ro, tha sinn fo mhulad,
Tha ar cridhe mar luaidh air truimed ;
Fath ar call' is ar campir uile
An stad s' tha thall bhuainn air ceann nam Muilech.*

'S truagh an sceul so tha daoine 'g raitinn,
'S a bhruchd an nall oirnn le peann is paipair,—
Gun danic finid air gnìomh ro araid,
Air cinnèdh rioghail, fìor-ghlic statail.

A Chlann-Chilleain gun robh sibh ainmail ;
Fìne fiachail nam piosan airgid :
Gur h-ìomadh Dubh-Ghall nach b' fhiu a shen-
achas
A chaidh gu uir leibh le luths 'ur gela-ghlac.

Craobh ur sinnsribh cha chrìon a thanic ;
Bha fios an sceil sin aig geur luchd-senachais ;—
Gum b' fholachd rìgh sibh bho chrìch na Spaine,
De sliochd Ghateluis nan euchdan dana.

Ghin de 'san uaislen 'bha buadhach, ainmail ;
B' ann diu mic Mhìli nan gnìomh ro chalma ;
Chog iad ri Eirinn le treine 'n laimhe,
'S do thug iad puic de thriuir mhac Earmuin.

Chan fhognadh baothachd no draoidhechd shena
chles
Gun cur air chul bhuath', cha b' fhiu leo 'n delbh
sin ;
Ach cogadh dian, cruaidh, gun sìth, gun tearmad,
Gu onair gnìomha, no dìth an anama.

Air sliochd Eremhain euchdich, ainmail,
Bha uaislen gleusta, fìr threuna, chalma ;
B' ionnan duibh-se 's do 'n linn 'tha 'n senachas
'S len ruibh de 'n dualchas 'bhi cruaidh air armibh.

Air techd an deidh sin dhuibh 'n iar do dh-Albinn
Bu mhor 'ur foirnert le 'r doidibh garbha,
Gus 'n duc Mac-Dhomhnill dhuibh coir bu daingne
Air rioghachd na Dreallinn 's air mor ni 'dh-anbharr.

Bu chennard buadhach uasal ainmail,
 Echann ruatharach ruadh nan garbh chath :
 Airson a ghluasid bha fuath nan Gall ris,
 'S gun duc e ar orra 'm blar Chath Ghairbhich.

Am mac a dh' fhag e bha 'ghnaths mar leoghann,
 Aig Iarla Mar bha freumh an sceoil sin ;
 Thuc e comhdhail dha-san air lar Strath-Lochidh,
 'S rinn e sith bhreugach gun eudach comhdich.

Len ruibh deagh bheusan, 's gur h-e 'chuir sios sibh
 'Bhi leis a chrùn, is gach cuis 'g ar diobradh.
 Thuit Echann Ruadh ann an Inbhir-Chiteinn
 Agus sechd ceut fer de threun fhuil dhirich.

Ged bha 'n sceula sin trom le doruinn,
 Chan e an draста is abhar broin duinn ;
 Ach 'n ti a dh' fhag sinn 's a chaidh air fogradh,
 'S a leth rìgh Seumas a threig an Dreallinn.

Rug froisedh garbh oirnn le gailbheinn shiontan ;
 Aig meud a chall duinn cha b' arbhar shiol e ;
 Bu chruinnechd poir e gun fhotus sciamhachd,
 Ar cuirm, ar sogh e, ar ceol 's ar fion e.

Tha sinn mar threud 'bhiodh fo thearmunn mi-
 ghleidht',
 Gun neach fo 'n ghrein dhuinn mar sceith 'gar
 didenn ;
 Mar elta sleibh sinn gan teum le liontabh
 'S nach fan aon te dhiu air ceut fer-spionidh.

Is truagh gach la dheth ar cas r'a innse ;
 Mar bhall de dh-arcán air traigh ga shior-ruith,
 Gun nech 'toirt baigh dha bho ard gu iosal,
 Ach buille bharach o laimh gach aon fhir.

A Rìgh nan dul 'tha gun tus, gun fhinid,
 A ni 'reir t' aillais nech ard no iosal ;

Ge clann gun umhlachd bho thus ar linn' sinn
Na leg do lamh oirnn le strac na's dine.

Mar choill ged tha sinn 's a barr air crionadh,
Gun mhes, gun bhlath oirnn, ach tair is diobradh,
Thoir caochladh bheus duinn fo sheul do shio-
chaint,
'S na scath dhiot fein sinn mar gheugan criona.

Le tuigse mhathrail da'n gnath 'bni fìor lag,
Cha du do Ghall airde bheann a dhiredh :—
Ach, och, ma ranic sinn ceann ar criche,
Gur h-abhar broin agus doruinn cridh' e.

— x —

ORAN.

*A rinneedh 'n uair a dh' fhalbh Sir Iain Mac
Gilleain a Muile mu dheiredh.*

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

'S an Dreallinn tha air iomad fath
N fir 's na mnai fo thursa,
Mu'n ti so chuaidh do Shasunn bhuainn
D'a bheil an uaisle ghiulain.
Tha sinn ad dheidh mar ian air gheig,
Air cridh' am pein fo churam ;
'S chan fhaicer deut le gair air beul
'S an dig do sceul as ur oirnn.

Gur truagh 'nad dheidh 'tha gruaim nan speur,
Gun tes 's a ghrein bu du dhi ;
Gun samhradh fein no curs' a bheus'
Ach mar aimsir gheir na dulachd ;
Gun mhes air crann, gun f'heur ach gann,
Gun chubhac ann, gun smudan ;
Gun selg nam beann ri 'faotuinn ann,
Gun damh 's a ghleann ri buirein.

Gur moch Di-mairt a chaidh thu t' ardrich
 'Falbh bharr lair do dhuthcha ;
 Bu truagh a bha gach tonn 's gach traigh
 Is coslas craidh is turs' orr'.
 Chaidh 'ghaoth air ghleus an sin gu d' theum
 Gu h-elamh, eutrom, sunndach,
 Gun fheum air nert nan laoch bhi let,
 Ach aon fher-beirt gu stiuredh.

Ged chaidh air thuras fir Alb' uile
 'S ged dh' fhag iad Lunninn dumhil,
 'S e fath ar mulaid ceann nam Muilech
 Dha'n robh a chulidh dhiobhail.
 Gum facas uair thu, ri Raon-Ruairidh,
 Nach d' fhuair luchd t' fhuatha puic dhiot ;
 Bu treun do gheard a dol 's a bhlar
 Ged dh' fhalbh thu 'n drast le aon fher.

Cha b' dual do d' bhanruinn air aon abhar
 'Bhi 'na namhit diomb' dhuit,
 'S gun senachas dhacine riamh r'a fhaotuinn
 Gur dream 'chlaon air cruin sibh :
 Gun aon aobhar dhuit r'a fhaotuinn
 Aig luchd-gaoil no diomba,
 Ach falbh le h-athir do'n Fhraing air bhadha',
 'S b' e sud an athis shughail.

Bu mhor an luighechd thug thu bhuaith
 Airson na fhuair thu chuir oir',
 Cinnedd greodhnach, fechdail, daonnach,
 Ferann saor is duthich :
 An t-anam fein 'bha staigh ad chre
 Chaidh sud 's na ceutan cunnart ;
 D'a shliochd 'bhi' 'm fuath cha 'n fhaigher bhuaith,
 Cha robh e 'n dual no du dhuit.

Rinn coill' is machir caoimh ri Echann
 'Chionn gum bu ghas' am flur e,

Mar umhlachd dho fo bhonn a bhrog
 Bha feur na foid a lubadh ;
 'S 'n ar fianais fein gu grad ag eirigh
 'Suas gu h-eutrom, driuchdmhor,
 'S b' i barail threun gach duine gheir
 Gur falbh 'na dheidh 'bu run leis.

An talla chomhnidh 'n robh do sheorsa
 Riamh gu ceolmhor, sunntach,
 Tha 'n eidedh broin gun aoibhnes dho
 Fo fhuaim nan stop aig Dubh-Ghail :
 'Nuair fhuair e stech e leum e 'dh-aites
 Alr leis gum b' chaistal ur e ;
 Bha chlachan snaight' air caochladh snais,
 Cho ban ri cailc ri aon trath.

An Ti 'rinn ceann duibh air bhur rann,
 'S sibh tric fo alnnert spuinnidh,
 'N uair chi e 'n t-am g' ur cur a nall
 Gun bheud, gun chall, gun chunnart !
 Bu sibh ar sogh, ar cuirm, ar ceol,
 Ar blaths, ar n-ol 's ar n-ur ros ;
 Bu sibh gu deimhinn ar miann 's ar lennan
 'S ar dion 's gach aindheoin cuise.

Nan abradh nech nach 'eil so cert
 Chan iarrinn dad bu mhu dha
 Na tigh'nn fo chall mar tha sinn ann
 Gun righ, gun cheann, gun duthich.
 Ach chi mi 'ghnath gur fìor ri radh,
 Ge bristedh aithn' bho thus e,
 Gur beg a's cradh le nech tha slan
 Mar chneidh d'a naidh 'mhuire.

MARBHRANN.

*Do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain, a chaochail 'sa
bhliadhna 1716.*

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

Iomchir mo bhennachd
Gu baintighern Hamara,
Ben 's a bheil barrachd
De charantachd nadair.
Chunnic mise gu dlighech
A suilen ri snighe,
S i 'g airemh mar mhi-adh,
Sir Iain 'gar fagail.
Bha doruinn a cridhe
Cho mora ga 'ruighinn,
'S mar gum biodh e air tighinn
Bho dherbh nighinn a mhathar.
Gu cuimhnechan sceula
'Bhi tamull 'na dheidh air
Thug Mairerad na feile
Spor gheur do 'n fher-dhana.

Nach ionghnadh ri chlaistinn
Gu hheil mise o cheann fada
Ri turracairnich cadil
Is m' aicaid ro chraitech.
Tha cneidh air mo ghiulan,
Tha mi leisg air a duscadh,
Air egal le 'burach
Gun uirich i 'm bas dhomh.
Gidhedh cha sceul ruin e,
Ach sceul a 's mor curam,
Sir Iain gun duscadh
An dluth chiste chlaran.
B'e sin ar fras dhumhil
'Mhill ar n-abhall 's ar n-ubhlan;
Rinn e doscinn 'bu mhu dhuinn,
Chuir e 'm flur bharr a gharidh.

B' e-fhein ar crann dosrach
 A chomhdich le 'choslas
 Gur coiltichen solta
 'N d' fhas toisech a fhreumhachd ;
 Gun dredhunn, gun chrionach,
 Gun chrithenn, gun chrion-fhas,
 Ach geugan ro phrisail
 De fhion-fhuil na Spaine.
 Bha fios aig luchd-leughidh
 'S aig senachaidhen geur'
 Air bhur techd o Ghatelus
 As an Eiphait a thanic ;
 Sliochdh mhillidhen treuna
 'Fhuair cennas na h-Eirinn
 Mar bha Eber na feile
 Agus Eremon dana.

Bhon ghin sibh o Scota
 Bha buadhan bhur cordis
 A derbhadh 's a comhdach
 An por as an d' fhas sibh.
 Far an gabhadh sibh comhnidh
 Bu leibh cennas na foid sin
 Le iomracin corach
 'S le moralachd stata,
 Air bhur techd air an t-seol sin
 A criochibh na Fola
 Fhuair sibh cennas na Dreallinn
 Is moran a bharr air ;
 Ciat nighen Mhic-Dhomhnill
 Aig Lachinn bha posda,
 'S b'e a shenailair comhraic,
 Chiat thoisech is 'armunn.

Bhon shuidhich sibh luchirt,
 Bha dh' aillechd 'n ur n-ur-fhas
 'S gur h-iomadach duthich
 'Bh' air a cuinnedh le pairt dheth.

Bha dh' airde 'n ur giubhsich /
 'S nach dugadh each puic dhibh,
 'S nach bu tric le luchd-diumba
 A lubadh le taire.
 'S e 'n rud a thug sciurs oirbh
 Gum bu diles do 'n chrùn sibh,
 'S gum b'e dlighe bhuir duthchis
 Bhi 'san iul dhe 'm biodh iatsan.
 Ged bha sin ann san tim sin
 'Na mhios 's na mhor mhislan
 Tha e 'nis gu truagh lionte
 Daor tri-fillte paighte.

Tha sen-fhacal eile ann
 'Tha cho fìor 's mar a their iat,
 Ge b'e nech air am beir i
 Tha chreach dheirennach craitech.
 Ged tha sinne 'geur-achdain
 Na dh' fhalbh o chionn fad oirnn,
 Bhiodh ar duil ri bhi beirtech
 Nam biodh aginn na dh' fhag sinn.
 Ach tha ar nadar cho truagh
 Is nach faic sinn ar buannachd,
 'S nach leir math an fhuarain
 Gus an uair sin an traigh e.
 Tha e 'nis na ni soillair
 D'ar nabuidhnen comuinn,
 Gun d' bhristedh mar phronnaig
 Garadh-droma nan Gaidhel.

'Fhir ghasta gun chrìne
 'Bha ainmail 's gach rioghachd,
 'S cha bu tric do luchd-miurain
 Ann an innsedh no 'n airemh ;
 Bu chompanach rìgh thu,
 Fer menmnach mor prisail,
 'S cha bhiodh tu fo dhiobradh,
 Ach am prisalachd stata

An cogdh luchd-atrithe
 Cha robh masl' ort r' a innsedh,
 Ghleidh thu onair do s' innsridh,
 'S ann a mhiadich thu 'a aird i;
 Cha robh thu, cha b' f'niach let,
 A falbh fo bhrat fillte,
 Etar am bhi 'nad *mhinor*
 Is finid do laithen.

Bu mhor air gach achd thu,
 Bu mhor thu ri t' fhaicinn,
 Bu mhor thu 'nad phersa,
 'Nad ghastachd 's na t' aillechd;
 Bha thu mor anns gach miadachd,
 Bha thu mor gu bhi rioghail,
 Bha thu mor airson ionracis
 Firinn is cairdis.
 Bha thu mor airson diulnais,
 'S bha thu mor gu bhi sugach,
 Bha thu mor an deagh ghulan
 An cuirtenabh arda;
 Bha thu mor ann am misnich,
 Bha thu mor ann an gliocas,
 'S bha thu mor gun cheist idir
 'N sar ghibhten do nadair

Nam b' aithne dhomh innse,
 Bha e mor ann san rioghachd,
 Ann am folachd gun isled
 'S an lionmhorachd chairden.
 Le senachas na firinn
 Bho thoisech a linne
 B'e-fhein 's Iarla Seasforth
 Sliochd direch 'n da bhrathar;
 Is triath Ghlinne-Garadh
 An dluth-chengal fala,
 'S e cho dian air a chengal
 'S nach scaradh a b' aill leo;

An an aimsir na ruagil
 'Nuair a thigeadh luchd fuatha,
 B' e chompanach sluaigh e
 'Nuair a ghlaisteadh leis armlinn.
 Bha iatsan 'san tim sin
 Gun mhasla, gun mhi-chliu,
 Ann am fochair a shinnsridh
 Le gnìomharan dana.
 Ach on chaochail iat clechdadh
 As an aite bu chert daibh
 Chluinn sibh fein mar a thachir
 Dhaibh am batailte Mhara.

Ach 's e raghinn a ni mi,
 Bheir mi 'ghloir so gu finid,
 'S nach gliocas no crìonachd
 Dhomh 'mhiad 's 'tha mi 'g raitinn;
 Gur a fionn-fhechd 'san tim s' sibh
 Ann an airemh, nan innsinn
 'Nuair a bha sibh gun diobradh
 'N ur miad is 'n ur n'airde.
 Etar Scalpa 's Caol Ile,
 Ged a b' f'harsinn na crìochan,
 Bha roinn de gach tìr dhiu
 Fo chis dhuibh a paighadh.
 'Nis on thuit na stuic fhion-fhuil,
 Ris an abairteadh rìghren,
 Tha na geugan 'bu dillse dhaibh
 Air crìonadh nan abhar.

Spor, excitement, stirring up. Solta, sultmhor, fat, fertile, comely. Cordas, agreement. Fodhla, an ancient name of Ireland. Drealluinn, a name applied by the poets to the island of Mull. Toisech, a leader. Giusach, a pine forest, a flag-pole. Puic, advantage, bribe. Minor, the English word minor, a youth under twenty-one. Folachd, extraction, origin by blood. Mioscuinn, malice, grudge. Esrich or esarich, the boiling of a pool where a cascade falls; the

rushing of liquid through a hole made in a cask or churn. Muirnain, a dearly beloved person. Fridem, support. Flaithes, chiefship, rule, dominion. Milsan, anything sweet.

Margaret, eldest daughter of John Macleod, second of Bernera and first of Contullich, was married to William Macleod, third of Hamer. She is the Baintigherna Hamara and Merarad na feile of the poem. She had strongly urged the poet to compose the elegy: *thug i "spor gheur do'n f her-dhana."* Gathelus, Gathelus the fabulous ancestor of the Gaidel. Milidh, Milesius, a descendant of Gathelus. Eber and Eremon, sons of Milesius, who conquered Ireland and divided the country between them. The Macleans, Macdonalds, and other western clans were looked upon as descendants of these imaginary heroes. Lachlan first Maclean of Duart, married Margaret, daughter of John Macdonald, first Lord of the Isles, in the year 1366. The Lord of the Isles gave him the next place to himself in point of honor and appointed him his lieutenant-general in time of war. Margaret Macdonald is the person referred to in the expression: *'S iat bu phor d'a chiat mhathair.* Sir John's mother was daughter of Macleod of Dunvegan. Bancho, the Banquo of Shakspeare's Macbeth. It was held at one time that the Stewarts were descended from him through his son Fleance. As a matter of fact they are descended from a Norman named Alan who came over to England with William the Conqueror in 1066, and settled in Shropshire, England. Walter, Alan's second son, settled in Renfrew, Scotland, and was appointed Stewart of Scotland, an office which became hereditary in his family. The correct form of the name is Stewart, not Steuart or Stuart. It was firmly believed in Iain Mac Ailain's day that the Macleans and the Mackenzies are descended from two brothers, Giileain and Cailain. It is now well known that they are not. Ailain Muidertach, "murnain nan Gaidhel," was killed at Sheriffmuir. Sir John Maclean and himself were first cousins and intimate companions. The Macneils of Barra and the Mackinnons generally followed Maclean of Duart. At Sheriffmuir the Mackinnons were with the Macdonalds of Sleat. The poet complains of the change they had made. He tells them that they were "gun mhasladh gun mhichliu" whilst they followed the ancestors of Sir John.

AIR FOGRADH NAN COCUPS.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

Beir an t-soridh so bhuamsa
 Gū bard ruadh Thota-Raonill ;
 'Nuair bha 'n aimsir an tus aig
 'S ro mhath dhuisedh e aoiredh.
 'N rud cach taitnedh ri 'shuilen
 Dheantedh burdan beg faoin deth ;
 'S 'nuair a chreichdt' e ri uaislibh
 Bhiodh a dhuais na 's leoir daorid.

Ach mu'n rud s' 'chuir ort miothlachd,
 Mar tha 'n cirain s' 'th' air mnathabh,
 B' fhearr e thall an Duneidenn,
 'S ro bheg 'fheum 'Chlann-Ghilleain.
 'S ann air leamsa 'bu choir dhaibh
 Aodach broin bhi ga chaitemh,
 'S gur a minic tha foirnert
 Aig an seorsa ga fhaighinn.

'S ann tha ferg air na duilibh
 Ris 'n fhasan ur ud gu derbha ;
 Tha na siontan air caochladh
 Ki linn daoine ga lenmhuinn.
 Chan fheil mes air na crannabh,
 'S chan fheil toradh 'san arbhar,
 Cha d' fhan iasc air a chladach,
 'S chan fheil tacar 'san fhairge.

Chan ionghnadh leam sroilten
 Air mnathabh coir' agus pearlinn,
 Agus musalin riomhach,
 Ge daor r'a dhiol sin air feilten ;
 Ach na broileinen anirt
 'Bhi air cailinn na spreidhe,
 'Dol do bhuaile no mhainnir,
 'S culidh fhanaid gu leir e.

'Nuair bha aimsir an aigh ann
 Chan e 'n riomhadh bu bheus daibh,
 Ach mnai uaisle nan Gaidhel
 A plaide bhan is a breidibh,
 'Scapadh arain is caise
 Air ceann ard uirigh-seise,
 'S cupa rosach math laidir
 Ga thoirt d' an cairdibh mar fheusda.

'Righ, bu taitnech bhi lamh riu
 Mu thim taimh agus eirigh !
 Bhiodh ac' meodhil is manran
 Agus canran air theudabh.
 Ghabh iad toghidh dhe 'n naire,
 Chuir iat gnaths ann san fheile ;
 'S bhiodh am bonn aig luchd-siubhil,
 Egal gutha no beuma.

'S e a chi mi an aite sin
 An drast aca currachd,
 Agus *semincleit* gorach
 'N delbh cleoc' air a chumadh.
 Cha bhi chridh' aig an oglach
 Eidedh cloth' 'chur mu 'mhuinal,
 No a bhoinaid a phaigh e
 'Chur 'nan lathir mu 'mhullach.

Bidh iat-fhein ann an seombar,
 Gun fhacal combraidh ach Beurla,
 Gun aon duile fo 'n chruinne
 Aig an duin' ach a cheile ;
 Bidh an seipein beg lenna
 'N cois an aingil air eibhlibh ;
 'S iat gun chomunn, gun choisir,
 Ach ga ol air a cheile.

Beiridh ise air an scathan,
 'S theid i lamh-ris an uinneig,

'S a cocuy air a charadh
 'Chert cho ard 's a tha 'n Lunninn.
 Beiridh e-san air leobhar,
 'S beg a thoghidh d'a ghunna ;
 'S 'n uair a thic air a namhit
 'S soirbh dha 'lamh 'chur 'na mhuinal.

'N uair a bhios a luchd-fuatha
 A tigh'nn cruaidh air le eucoir,
 'S e gun duine r'a ghuallinn
 Ach aon bhuachaille spreidhe,
 Their e, 's dorran ga 'chaitheamh,
 "Bu ghlic m'athair 's mo mhathair,
 Chuir iat uigh 'san luchd-taighe
 Sel mun faighedh nech fath orr'.

Ach a bhaintighernan ura,
 Bu mhath 'n cliu dhuibh sar ghliocas ;
 'S gun 'chur air earball bhur cota
 'N rud bu choir dhuibh 'bhi 'g ithedh ;
 Gun 'chur an satin, no 'n *tabi*,
 No 'm faine, no 'n ribin
 'N rud a chuireadh bhur ferann
 Ann am barrachd de thrioblaid.

Na gabhabh iomadidh sannta
 Air 'bhi Gallta bhon dh' fheudas,
 'S na biodh bhur duil ris gach seorsa
 'Bhios air bhordabh Dhuneidenn.
 Ma bhios blas mel, air gach aon mhir,
 'S gach aon deoch d'a reir sin,
 'S gann nach faicer gun toghidh
 Gum bi 'n t-ogha air on deiric.

It is almost certain that the poet meant by Bard Rúadh Thota-Raonill is Lachinn Mac-Mhic-Iain. This makes it probable that Lachinn Mac-Mhic-Iain was a son of John Roy of Totaranald, second son of John Garbh, seventh of Coll.

EALLAIN AN EICH BHAIN.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

AM BARD.

Gu de bheir dhuit 'bhi 'falbh gagach,
 Eich bhain, 'nuair bhios sinn air choisichd?
 C' arson nach cum thu mi samhach
 'S gun dean began spairn mo dhochann?
 'S mise gad bhethachadh sasta,
 'Cumail a lom-lan ad chorpan,
 Nam foghnadh feur fada fasich,
 'S gun aon duine 'chach ga 'dhoichell.

AN T-ECH.

'S ann ort f'hein 'bu choir dhuit arach,
 Aon sarachadh 'rinn mi ort-sa.
 Cha chum thu mar echabh chaich mi,
 'S gur sar-mhath 'tha mi ga 'chosnadh;
 Cha chum thu rud fo m' dha spagaig
 Gu m' shabhaladh bho na clachabh,
 'S gum foghnadh dhaibh leud a bhraisde,
 'Chithedh tu aig paisd' a bhrochain.

AM BARD.

'S e sin do ghearan air m' f'hailinn
 Chail thu do naire 'san droch-uair;
 Nach faic thu mo phoc' gun f'hairdinn
 Ghleidedh dhomh m' f'hardich gun choicheid!
 'Se 'n ni 'tha mo thuath ag raitinn
 'Tha 'toirt lathail dhomh mo *phortion*,
 Nach bu diochd leo mi-f'hin arach,
 Gun dragh an eich bhain mar ghocan.

AN T-EACH.

Cha bhi sin aca ri raitinn,
 Air egal naire 'chuir ort-sa;

Dell' aidh mise riut am mairech,
 'S chan fhag sin do chas-sa socrach.
 Ma gheibh thu ech geitach scathach
 Nach tuig an fhailinn a tha ort-sa,
 'S ro bheg a bhuille de spagabh
 Le 'm faod e t' fhagail ad thoitain.

AM BARD.

'Fhir chridhe, cha dell' inn gu brath riut,
 Mur bhi cach bhi 'cur orm coicheid,
 'Graitinn gu bheil thusa dana
 'S nach ball sar-mhath dhuine bho chd thu,
 Gum brist thu cuith agus garradh
 'G iarridh gach ni 's fearr dha d' chorpan,
 'S air an rathad am mesc nabidh
 Nach h-aill let gun bhi air thoisech.

AN T-ECH.

'S maig mis' 'tha fuirech 'san aite
 An deantar orm tair le fochaid,
 B' olc an urrinn fer mo chnamhan
 'Dhol roimh echabh chaich air thoisech ;
 Ach air egal thus' bhi traillail,
 'S gun iatsan a gabhail toirt dhiot,
 Dheaninn dhuit mo dhichioll daonnan
 Dh' fheuch am faodinn bhi 'nam fochair.

Tha 'm ministir 'na dhuine sar mhath
 Gu la brath' chan iarr gu droch-bheirt ;
 'S tric a thug e erail laidir
 Air pein a bhais gun mo dhochann.
 'Nuair chuir' do 'n mhuilenn le gran mi
 Mur falbhinn gu sar mhath 'm throtan,
 Gheibhtedh do shlat air mo mhasabh
 Le deanadas Iain Bhain na poit.

AM BARD.

'Mhic chridhe, fuirich mar tha thu
 Dhe mhiad 's gan dean cach de d' dhoichioll ;

Cha dirich mis' uchd no ardan
 Aig an fhailinn a tha 'm chaisain.
 Rinn sinn an so chena 'dhanachd
 Na chuir ar naire fo 'r casan ;
 Chaidh dhuinn mar a chaidh do 'n sceul sin,
 Mar a du'irt an te mu 'n t-sopan.

— x —

AN SEAN DUINE.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

Air leam fein gur truagh do dhaoine
 'Bhi 'g iarraidh gu aois an-mhoir,
 'S a liughad car agus caochladh
 A thig ri aois 's ri anmhuinn.
 'N nech a bhiodh ri nert a threine
 Iomad te ga 'lenmhuinn
 'S eig'nach a bheir a bhen-phosd' d'a
 Blas a poig 'na shean duin'.

Nach faic thu 'chlann mhac is nighen,
 Ge dlighail an dream iat,
 Dha 'n dugadh e 'chrodh 's a chapill
 'S na bhiodh age 'dh-airgiod,
 'N uair a chaoliches a chasan,
 Is casadich ga 'lenmhuinn,
 Cuiridh iat le casadh fiacill
 Mìothlachd air an t-sean duin ?

'N uair 'bhios a mhac an deidh posadh
 Ri cailinn bhoidhich, bhaindidh,
 A bhios fresdalach 'na fheum dha
 'S anam fein an geall oirr',
 Their e rithe, 'ghaoil mo ghraidh thu,
 Tha aiceid a bhais teann air,
 Is bidh sinne subhach, samhach,
 'N uair is bas do 'n t-sean duin'.

'N uair 'bhios e treis an deidh posadh
 Is nos da gum bi clann aig';
 Bidh moran soin agus gaoil aige
 Do dh-aobhachd an cainnte,
 'S their e 'b' fhearr leam eistechd tacan
 Ri acain 'no lenabain
 Na na chluinninn etar dha Dhomhnach
 De ghloir bosd on t-sean duin'.

'Nuair 'theid e 'bhaile 'chinn-chinnidh
 'S iomad fer 'bheir dreang air,
 'S iat ag radh le gaire lachainn
 Gur h-e bata 's arm dha.
 Deir an tigherna, mo thruaighe !
 Bha uair a bha e greannar,
 Ordichidh mi 'chur do 'n chitsin,
 Ni mi iochd ri sean duin'.

'Nuair 'chluinneas an sean duin' 'ghloir sin.
 'S nos da a bhi fergach ;
 Gun deid moran 'sios de 'ghibhten
 De 'mhisnich 's de 'mhenmna.—
 'Nuair a bha mise mar-ri t' athir
 A cur catha le m' armabh,
 Theiredh e nach ann 's a chitsin
 Gheibhinn mes am shean duin'.

Fasidh an tigerna fiata
 Ri briathrabh an t-sean duin';
 'S deir e ris, "a dhuine thruaigh
 'S ro bheg mo luaidh de d' shenachas ;
 Airson mar a bha sibhse 'gluasad
 Le uabhar 's le anameinn,
 'S iomad fer *caption* 's an uair so
 Gam ruagadh-s' mu 'n ainbhf hiach."

Fregridh an sean duin 'le misnich,
 'S tric leo 'bhi neo-thaingeil,

Gur h-e 'chuir an t-ainbhfhiach ur-s' ort
 Meud do dhuil de 'n Ghalltachd,
 A phoit bheg 'bhi 'n cois an tellich
 'S blas mela air a h-enrich,
 A cosc an ni le 'n cumadh t' athir.
 Luchd-taighe le'n armabh."

'S e 'ghloir sin a thuitem bhuaithe
 Car tuathal an t-sean duin',
 Cuirar maor air fedh na duthcha
 Ga cur fo umhladh cailte,
 Gun nech a thoirt bidh, no lepa,
 No caidrimh, no cainnte,
 No sion a dh' fhaodas a bhi aca
 Do chlaigenn an t-sean duin.'

'N uair a theid e do 'n taigh-osda
 'Thoisechadh ri dram ol,
 'H-uile flescach, barrail, boidhach
 Le 'sporan oir is airgid,
 De dherbh chairden diles, delidh,
 'Bha anam an geall orr',
 Cuiridh iat gu ceann na h-uiridh
 Uilenn ann san t-sean duin'.

'N uair a theid e 'thaigh-na-curtach
 'N deidh a spuinnedh le anacert,—
 'S mar tha gach donas dha 'g eirigh,
 Chan i 'Bheurla 's cainnt da,—
 Thig scoilair a's domhin munadh
 Mac umbidh no lamhraig,
 'S bheir e le feobhas a ghiulain
 Cert na cuis' bho 'n t-sean duin."

An sin 'n uair 'chi e le 'shuilibh
 Gach cuis air na crampaig,
 'S nach h-'eil nech fo ghash na greine
 'Ni dha feum ri aimcheist,

Fasidh e toilech air gluasad
 Le buaidh do 'n taigh ghemhridh,
 Far am faigh e Maighstir pailt
 A bheir dha cert gun airgiod.

Lamhrag, a slovenly woman.

— x —
 LAOIDH.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

'Thi chumhachdich nan cumhdachdan,
 'S a Chruathadair 'tha shuas,
 Tha do shuilen mion-eolach
 Mu fhinechan nan sluagh,
 An nech ris am bi t' esontas
 Cha bhi e fada buan,
 S gu bheil t' armailt agus t' fhechdan
 Air an nertachadh le 'buaidh.

Is nearachd nech air secharan
 A thachradh riut 'sa chluain,
 'S a chithedh meud na maiselachd
 'Tha air do chert 's do bhuaidh.
 'S e sin 'bu daingenn taitnech dha,
 'Nuair 'bhiodh e 'n airc no 'n cruas,
 Do ghairdain-sa 'bhi faisce dha,
 'S fer-taic Thu anns gach guais.

Tha cian nan cian on bhechdichedh,
 Air stapuinnen do bhuaidh,
 Nach h-'eil ann cruithair fertach
 Ach 'n triuir phersa 'tha r'a luaidh,
 'Rinn beinn is coill' is machrichen,
 'Rinn cuan is clach is cruas,
 'S a dhioghail mort nam macanabh
 'S an Eiphait fad o 'n uair.

'Na aodhir treud' mar dh' innsedh dhuinn
 Bha 'n ti 'fhuair ordagh bhuaith,
 Gu bhi 'na cheanntart smachdalach
 Air uibhir pailt de shluagh.
 Thug Thu Aron mar dheagh shagirt da
 Gun lapachas, gun luas,
 'S chuir Thu brigh 's an t-slataic sin
 'Bhiodh 'na nathir iomad uair.

Dh' fhoghnadh do ghnìomh miorbhuiltech
 A dh-innse miad do bhuaidh,
 'N uair' thug thu pobull Israel
 Bho chisibh troimh 'n Mhuir Ruaidh.
 A bhuidhenn 'bu luchd-strithe dhaibh
 Le miorun is le fuath,
 Cha d' fhan a h-aon an lathir diu
 Gun bhathadh ann sa chuan.

'Nuair 'bha Maois 's an f hasach
 Is e 'cumail t' abhair suas,
 'S iat cumhachdan do ghairdain-s'.
 'Bha ga 'shabhaladh gach uair.
 Thuc Thu burn thun feumalachd
 A eudann creige cruaidh,
 'S chuir Thu brigh 'san nathir phraisich
 Gu slanachadh an t-sluaigh.

Chuir Thu reull gu 'n sabhaladh
 'S an speur a b' airde shuas,
 Gu'n stuiradh ann sna cearnichibh
 'Bu stathaile de'n chluain.
 Mar iul aig cumhachd ard ghliocais,
 No stiuir air ardrich cuain,
 Bhiodh meall teine 'na aite sin
 'S an oidhch' dha 'n gnath 'bhi fuar.

'S iomad ait 'san d' fhairich iat
 Do charthannachd gun fhuath,

'S an d' rinn Thu fresdal ath'rail dhaibh
 Ri 'n ainnis is ri 'n cruas.
 'N uair a dhiult an talamh dhaibh
 Blath no tenal scauib,
 'S Tus' a dhoirt am mana orr'
 Bho nebh nan aingel shuas.

Airson an f hresdil shaibhir sin
 Thug iatsan mar dhroch dhuaib
 Aoradh an De 'shabhail iat
 Do dh-ìomhaigh ghrabhailt' thruaigh.
 Chuir thu lagh gu 'n sabhaladh
 O'n bheinn a b' airde shuas,
 'S thaisbain Thu le t' aithne dhaibh
 Do thoil 's gach cas 'san gluais.

Luchd t' esontais chan ardich ort,
 Chan fhaigh 'sna blarabh buaidh ;
 An triuir sin 'rinn le danadas
 A chennairc ghrainail 'suas
 Tha 'm breithanas a tharlaidh dhaibh
 'Na scathan soilleir buan ;
 Do shluig an talamh fasail iat,
 'S bi lorg an sail' an uaigh.

Chunnic an rìgh Paganach
 Aisling araid uair,
 Is b' aill leis daoine 'bhasachadh
 Mur h-innst' i dha 's a buaidh.
 Thaisbain Thus' a Dhaniel i,
 Bhon 's e 'nad ghradh a ghluais,
 Is mhol e le mor thaingalachd
 Am maighistir bho 'n d' fhuair.

Bha rìgh Nebuchadnesar
 'N a chridhe fhein cho cruaidh
 Is nach b' fhiach leis geillechdinn
 Do Thriath nan nebhan shuas ;

Chuir e 'n triuir dha 'n robh 'n sar-chreidemh
 An amhinn teine guail,
 Is gleidh Thusa gu sabhailt-iat,
 Gun bholadh datht' dhe 'n gruaig.

Chaidh Iona mar fhear-techdirechd,
 'S mar fhaidh des-fhaclach bhuaith;
 'Nuair 'dh' fhas a chreidemh failinnech
 Rug anradh air 'sa chuan.
 Dh' uidhimich Thu mor-mhiol dha
 Gu 'shlugadh beo gun ghuais,
 Is liubhir i air t' ordagh-s' e
 Air a chorsa bharr 'n do ghluais.

Ghabh e ferg gu morchuisech
 Le ardan gorach truagh,
 'Chionn fad-bheirt a bhi 'd throcir-sa
 Ri iompidh fhoil do shluaigh.
 Air tulich far 'n do chomhnich e,
 'Sna thuit air seorsa suain,
 Thog e bothag eugsamhil
 Gu 'dhion o ghrein 's o fhuachd.

A mhic an duin' 'tha ardanach,
 Cia 'n t-abhar mu bheil t' uail?
 'S gur h-ann de dh-uir gun chailechd
 'Tha do scail air 'dheanamh suas.
 Ciod a b' fhiach thu 'n Ard-Rìgh,
 'Nuair a ghabh e 't abhar truas,
 'S gun dug e 'mhac gu'r sabhaladh
 O bhruid an amhghir chruaidh !

A Bhith nam bith 'th' air t' ardachadh
 Mar nach eol do chach thoirt suas,
 'Tha gun tus, guu chrich, gun daibhres,
 Is a mhaireas lathail, buan,
 'S co-sholus oidhche 's la dhuit,
 Is ni araid sin r'a luaidh ;

Tha ianlith 's iasc gan arach let,
Ged nach dean iat Mart no buain.

Mo chutrom uile ort fagidh mi,
'Thi shabhail mi gach uair,
'S a rinn fresdal saibhir dhomh
'Nuair 'bha mi 'n cas no 'n cruas ;
O gleidh, a Chruithair ghrasmhoir mi,
Gu la mo bhais 's gum uaigh ;
An onair an Ti 'shabhail mi
Cum cunnart shatain bhuam.

Is nearachd nech, happy is the one.

— x —

APPENDIX.

THE BOOK OF DEER.

The book of Deer belonged to the Culdee Monastery of Deer, in Arberdeenshire. It is chiefly in Latin, but contains several entries in Gaelic. The Gaelic portion of it was written about the year 1100. It was published in 1869. We give the following sentence from it :—Columcille acus-dtostan mac cosgreg adalta tangator ahi marroalseg dia doib gonic abbordoboir acusbete cruthnec robomormaer buehan araginn acusesse rothidnaig doib ingathraig sain insaere gobraith omormaer acusothosec. It may be thus rendered into modern Gaelic :—Calumcille agus Drostan mac Chosgrach, a dhalta, thainig a I, mar a dh' fhoillich Dia dhaibh, gu ruig Abar-dobhair, agus (is e) Bede, Cruithneach, a bu Mhor-mhaor Bhuchain air an cionn, agus is e a thiodhlaic dhaibh a chathair sin an saorsa gu brath o Mhor-mhaor agus o Thoiseach. The meaning may be given in English as follows :—Columcille and Drostan, son of Cosgrach, his pupil came from I, as God had revealed to them, unto Aberdour, and Bede, a Pict, was Great Steward of Buchan when they came, and it was he that gifted to them that town in freedom forever from Great Steward and Leader.

GAELIC AS WRITTEN IN 1100 A. D.

The extract from the Book of Deer shows to some extent the changes that have taken place both in the pronunciation and spelling of Gaelic words since the year 1100. We give a few words, not contained in that extract. We give first the old form of the word, next its modern form, and then its meaning.

Aen	Aon	One
Bec	Eag	Little
Bennacht	beannachd	A blessing
Carric	Carraig	A rock
Cet	Ceud	A hundred
Cland	Clann	Offspring
Cuit	Cuid	Share
Der	Deur	A tear
Dub	Dubh	Black
Ec	Eug	Death
Etach	Eudach or aodach,	Clothes
Fer	Fear	A man
Grisad	Griosadh	Beseeching
Iat	Iad	They
Ingen	Nighean	Daughter
Loisc	Loisg	Burn
Mulenn	Muilleann	A mill
Nert	Neart	Strength
Oc	Og	Young
Peccad	Peacadh	Sin
Recht	Reachd	Law
Rosc	Rosg	The eye
Scian	Sgian	A knife
Tet	Teud	A cord
Uisce	Uisge	Water

A long vowel such as e in cet, der, ec and tet had a mark placed over it to indicate that it was long.

THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE.

James Macgregor, son of Dughall Maol, son of Iain Riabhach, appears in authentic documents as a notary public in 1511, and as Dean of Lismore in Argyshire in 1511. He collected a large number of Gaelic poems, chiefly about the year 1512. He employed a peculiar kind of phonetic orthography. He died in 1551. His collection was published in 1862, by that well-known Gaelic scholar and devoted Highlander, the Rev. Dr. Thomas McLauchlan,

The following lines are from it :—

Claive tromte tortoyl nach gann
Gi tenn er teive in ir vor
A giymir. class ossi cl'ind
Is a techt in genn tloy.

In modern orthography these lines would read thus :

Claidheamh trom toirteil nach gann,
Gu teann air taobh an fhir mhoir,
Ag iomairt chleas os a chionn
Is e teachd an ceann an t-sloigh.

DR. MACLEAN'S MANUSCRIPT.

Dr. Hector Maclean was the only son of Lachlan Maclean of Grulin by his wife, Jennet, daughter of John Macleod, second of Bernera and first of Contullich. He was a well-educated man. He spent several years in Flanders and Holland. He married Catherine, daughter of Donald Maclean of Coll by his wife, Marion, daughter of Sir Norman Macleod, first of Bernera. He resided in Glasgow several years after his marriage. He lived during the latter part of his life on the farm of Erray, about a mile from Tobermory. He collected a large number of valuable Gaelic poems. He had one child, a daughter named Mary. He died about the year 1785. After his death his widow resided with her nephew, Alexander Maclean of Coll.

Dr. Maclean wrote down the poems he collected in a strongly bound book, which is about twelve inches in length, seven and a half inches in breadth, and an inch and a quarter in thickness. The date, 1768, is stamped on the cover. The writing is very plain. There is not the slightest difficulty in reading it.

Dr. Johnson and Boswell spent a night at Dr. Maclean's house in 1773. The Doctor himself was not at home, so that the travellers had to be entertained by his wife and daughter. Dr. Johnson says that he found very kind entertainment and very pleasing conversation, and could have been well contented to stay longer. Miss Maclean read and translated for him two poems from her father's collection. She also gave him several tunes on a spinnet, and sang along with it. The next day in speaking of her, he said to Boswell, "Miss Maclean is the most accomplished lady that I have found in the Highlands. She knows French, music, and drawing, sews neatly, makes shell-

work, and can milk cows; in short she can do everything. She talks sensibly, and is the first person I have found that can translate Gaelic poetry literally."

Miss Maclean, Mari nigh'n an Dotair, was born and bred in Glasgow. She had not learnt Gaelic in her childhood; it was after she had come to Mull that she acquired it. With all her accomplishments her life was an unfortunate one. She fell in love with a man named Duncan Mackenzie, who was in every respect her inferior. Rather than displease her father she remained single a long time. But shortly after his death, June 6th, 1786, she became the wife of the man she loved. They lived in Tobermory, and were in poor circumstances. Mackenzie died in 1800. After his death Mary was supported by Alexander Maclean of Coll. She died in 1826. She was buried at Kilmore, about seven miles from Tobermory, but no stone marks her grave. She had no children.

Mary Maclean took good care of her father's collection of Gaelic poetry. It is evident that several poems at the end of it were written down by herself. She gave the collection to John Maclean, the poet, about the year 1818. She told him that she had been anxious to publish it, but had been too poor to pay the cost. She expressed a hope that it would be published some day. She must have been at that time over seventy years of age. John Maclean brought the collection with him to Nova Scotia in 1819.

The following are the contents, word for word and letter for letter of the first page of Dr. Maclean's MS.:-

*Orain le Iain Mc Iloin aun Muil, Mac Alain
Mc Iain Mc Ailen.*

ORAN DON SEAUNDUINE.

I.

Hoir leam fein gur truodh do dhaon
Bhi gearidh go aois anbharich,
'S leubhad car agus caochladh
Thig re aois 's re anmhenn.
Neach a bheadh re neart a threin
Iomadh te ga lenamhainn
Seignach i bheir bhean phosd
Blas a poig don teaunduin.

2.

Nach faic thu chlaun mhac is inghin
 Ga dlighail an draum iad,
 Ga dugaodh e chrodh si chaplail
 'Sna bhiadh aig dhairegaid,
 Nuir a chaolichis chasan
 Is casadich ga leanmhuinn
 Cuirich iad le casaodh fìocall
 Mìhlach air in teaunduin.

3.

Nuir bhios mhac indeigh posigh
 Rì calin bogheaoch baint,
 Bhies fresdalaogh na fem dha
 Is anum fein an geul ora,
 Her e rì ghaol mo ghraidh
 Tha aichaid a bhas teun air,
 'S beedh sinn fein gu sudhach samhòch
 Nuir 's bas don teaunduin.

4.

Nuir bhios e treus an deigh posigh
 Snos da gu mbi claun aig;
 Bugh moran son is gaoil aig
 Aobhichd an caint,
 'S deir e bearleum eistachd tacan
 Re aden mo lenubain
 Na na chluinidh eder dha dhomhnach
 Du ghloir bhosd teaunduin.

5.

Nuair heid e bhaile chinn chinich
 Simaodh fear bher dreang air
 Siad aig rah le gaire lachan
 Gur bata is arm dha.
 Dear in Tighurna mo thruaidhe,
 Bha uair bha e greunair,
 Orduegh mi chur don chisten
 Nì mi iochd re seunduin.

6.

Nuir chleuin seunduin ghloir sin
 Snos da bhi feargaogh;
 Gun deuid moran sìos da ghiften,
 Da mhisnich s da mhenmna.

Nuair bha mis mari tather
Cnr cah le marmaobh
Deiraogh e nach aun si cheisten
Gheubhin meas am seaunduin.

7.

Fasigh an tighearn fiate
Ri briathraobh an teaunduin,
Deir e ris duine thruaidh
Sro bheg mo luodh dod heanachas,
Air son mar bha shibhis gluosod
Le uabher sle anamein,
Sheamaodh fer captian si nur sho
Cam ruogaoths mo nainmhaoch.

8.

Freagridh e sheunduin le misnich,
Strc leo bhi neo haingel,
Gur e chuir an tainmhaoch uirs ort
Meud do dhuil don Ghaultachd
I phoit bheg bhi 'n cois teallich
Is blas meal air a henraich,
A cosg ni le cumaodh tatheir
Luchd tagha le narmabh.

THE MODE OF SPELLING FOLLOWED IN THIS WORK.

We have been guided in spelling by the following rules:—

1. Spell every word as it is pronounced. There are several violations of this rule; as Caimbeulach on page 19, urchair on page 25, and chennaich on page 125, in place of Caimbalach, uchir, and chennich.

2. When you can use either bh or mh, as in naobh or naomh, gh or dh, as in paighedh or paidhedh, follow the oldest form or the spelling required by the root. Of course this rule cannot be carried out as it should be until a Gaelic dictionary on the same plan as Skeat's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language be published.

3. Spell the same word in the same way. There are a few violations of this rule. We find Nimhais in one place and Nibhais in two or three places. We should have written Nimhais or Nimheis everywhere. Again we find giuthas in one place and giubhas and giubhsach in other places. We should have written giuthas or giuas everywhere, and

giusach in place of giubhsach. The oldest form of the word that we can find is giuis. Sid occurs in two or three places for sud or siod, and cha'n in one or two places for chan; but these are mere slips.

4. Let eu always represent the long sound of e in feum.

5. Let ea always represent the long sound of e in fearr, ceann. We notice a few violations of this rule; as in feadh on page 149, and ann san fheascar on page 151, which should be fedh and ann san fhescar.

6. Let the short sounds of e be represented simply by e, as in fer, fed, for fear, fead.

7. In adding terminations beginning with ea or a write e after i, and a after e, a, o, u: as in tir-en, cas-an; firinn-ech, ardan-ach; mill-edh, bual-adh; naidh-echd, marc-achd. In an unaccented syllable e and a have the same sound.

We are not in favor of this rule. It is just the rule of lethann ri lethann and caol ri caol. We think it would be better to use a in every position. Perhaps un might be used to form the plural, and an simply to form diminutives. This would give us tir-un, cas-un; bior-an, fer-an.

8. In forming the dative plural write ibh after i, and abh after e, a, o, u; as in cir-ibh; fer-abh, lach-abh, bord-abh, lunn-abh. Why not write cir-abh, and thus have uniformity? Because we believe that whilst the great majority of those who sound the bh say cir-ubh, a few of them give the i its proper sound, and say cir-ibh.

9. Change sg everywhere into sc. In behalf of this change it may be urged, first, that Latin, Greek, English, and other Indo-Keltic languages use sc or sk, and that we should follow the same mode of spelling unless compelled by necessity to depart from it; secondly, that Gaelic scholars in the palmiest days of our language invariably used sc; and, thirdly, that those who are taught in school in English would find it easier to learn to read Gaelic if we used sc. Against the change it may be urged that to those who know the sound of Gaelic g, sc represents the pronunciation with perfect accuracy. We admit that from a phonetic point of view there is no objection to sg. We do not say that the change of sg to sc is desirable. It may or may not.

10. In words in which d or g has taken the place of an original t or c, restore the original letter. We have applied this rule regularly only in a few words, such as iad, eadar, ciad, coig, Gilleasbuig, which we have written iat, etar, ciat, coic, Gillesbic.

11. As n after u or i, in an unaccented syllable, has invariably its liquid sound, it is not necessary to write nn. Under the influence of this labor-saving rule we have written aodun, comun, 'tighin, alin, in place of aodunn, comunn, 'tighinn, alinn. We disapprove of this rule. We abandoned it before we came to the end of the work.

12. Throw away all useless apostrophes.

We may state that this work was written out in the current orthography, and that in changing it we omitted in a few instances to score out a silent vowel or useless apostrophe, or to convert *sg* to *sc*. We may also have made a few other trifling omissions.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

There are several typographical errors: but they are, with scarcely an exception, of very little consequence. We have noticed the following:—

Page xiv, saighit for saiged. P. xv, prefex for prefix. P. xviii, buladh for bualadh. P. xxiv, its song and stories for its songs and stories. P. xxviii, chru-adail for chruad-ail. P. xxxi, Bean Mhurchiodh for bèn Mhurchidh. P. xxxii, Bhath-fhiunntinn for Bhoth-fhiunntinn, in two places, marbhaise for marbhaisc, noch for nach, and Ellain for Elain. P. 1, line 9, archdach for arachdach. P. 4, nc for no. P. 6, Sasunach for Sasunnach, and crainn for croinn. P. 7, Brannrhd, as tand, for Brannradh, a stand, and in Iona for in Iona. P. 9, Ferghas for Ferghus, and thoishich for thoisich. P. 12, 1, dnrda for durdan. P. 13, 12, ghluis for ghluas. P. 15, Au coire for An coire. P. 17, air' a for air a; shrem-shuilech for shrem-shuilech: and eigin' for eiginn. Page 18, mothair for mothar. P. 20, 1, rach for nach. Page 22, bhechdal for bhechdail. Page 23, firinech, for firinnech, and dh-alta for dhalta. P. 23, Clachan Duibh for Clachan Dubh, An la 'thunic thu 'dh-Albain for An la 'thanich thu 'dh-Albinn; of curious for of a curious; Mac Murcidh for Mac Mhurchidh, Glencilchaig for Gleneilcheig; Inverinate for Inverinate; and Murdock for Murdoch. P. 33, 1, mor for mar; 9, Mach for Mac. Page 34, then Earl for third Earl, and chathanalch for chathanich. P. 35, Chathanach's sons for Chathanich's sons, and Autrain for Antrim. P. 37, ne feile for na feile. P. 38, sugradh for sugradh; Watermish for Waternish. P. 43, oi 'rr for oirr'. P. 47, Fherghais for Fherghuis. P. 47, cha gheilldh for cha gheilledh. P. 49. Gcd for Ged. P. 52, robb for robh. P. 54, Dhom-nallich for Dhomhnallich. P. 57, bragaade for brigade. P. 62, chomradh for chomhradh, and ranig for ranic. P. 66, Litenan for Lite nan. P. 68, 'dh-albinn for 'dh-Albinn. P. 77, chrìochd for chrìoch, and 'S math is for 'S math a's. Page 78, 28, nach d' aichidh for nach d' aichaidh. P. 79, 19, a eirigh for let eirigh. P. 80, Mac Aonghus for Mac Aonghuis. P. 85, 27, orr? for orr'. P. 87, 3,

bratich for bhratich. P. 91, errbal lt' eididh for errball t' eididh. P. 93, iathar for iat thar. F. 94, 'San 't-sith for san t-sith. P. 101, 7, Chair for Chuir. P. 102, Druim-uachdair for Druim-uachdir, and painechas for paighnechas. P. 103, reidhleinn for reidhlein. Page 107, Eoghinn for Eoghin. P. 110, about for about. P. 111, 13, ghruan for ghruaim. P. 112, 24, Shliochd-an-taighe for Sliochd-an-taighe. P. 113, 25, ruim for rium. P. 114, 1, fiallidh for fialidh. P. 115, 'S buides for 's 'bu des. P. 116, Muc-Duibhe for Muic-Duibhe. P. 118, 12, biodh for bhiodh. Page 120, 18, choilich for choilich. P. 122, Triath Cholla for Triath Chola. P. 123, ballich for balich, and laimhsiched for 'laimhsichedh. P. 126, 'n t-uram for 'n t-urram, fheol for feol, and A bhallich for A bhalich. P. 128, B' uran for B' ur an. P. 129, fhionn-fhuil for fhion-fhuil, and Leis and radh for Leis an rath. P. 134, fear-oinn for ferinn. P. 137, Nic-Gilleaain for Nic-Gilleain. P. 138, 25, Lomh for Lamh. P. 140, n-aman for n-anam. P. 142, Achallaster for Achallader. Page, 143, 3st for 31st. P. 144, Mar Iain for Mr. Iain. P. 145, socainn for socain. P. 146, 28, cid for cia. P. 152, 5, gloir for ghloir. P. 153, cuirein for cuirer. P. 154, guu for gun. P. 156, Mac Gillemhoir for Mac-Gillemhoire, ghabhe e gal for ghabh e egal, ri 'chelle for ri 'cheile, nash for nach, 'S sheibh thu paidhedh for 'S gheibh thu paighedh, 'Nuair 'thogadh tu ridhe h-aotach for 'Nuair 'thogadh tu rith' a h-aodach, luain inche for luainiche. P. 157, cuig for coic, b' urruin e for b' urrinn e, and di-luain in three or four places for Di-luain. P. 165, ionndriun for ionndrinn. P. 166, venus for Venus, and feirrein for feirnein. P. 169, 12, Ghlac, for Glac. P. 170, 32, Chumas for 'chumas. P. 171, 37, or for nor. P. 173, 2, mar for mur. P. 175, 12, fallach for 'falach. P. 176, chomradh for chomhradh, and ballachail fot balachail. P. 178, 1, Gar for Gur. P. 179, 26, 'Bha gun for Bha gun. P. 181, Eremhain for Erimhain. P. 182, arbhar shiol for arbhar sil. P. 184, 12, dhiobhail for dhiubhail, and air cruin for air crun. P. 186 baintighern Hamara for baintigherna Hamarra, and Gu Shell for Gu bheil. P. 187, 13, sliochdh for sliochd, Eber for Eibher, Eremon for Erimhan, and Chiat thoisech for 'Chiat toisech. P. 189, cogdh for cogadh. P. 181, 2, falachd for folachd. P. 192, ghlaistedh for ghluastedh, and fionnfhechd for Fianntachd. P. 193, daughter for a daughter, Stewart of Scotland for Steward of Scotland, Giileain for Gilleain, and murnain for muirnain. P. 194, 7, cach for nach; 16, chaitemh fot chaithemh. P. 196, mel, air for mel' air. P. 197, Eallain for Ealain. P. 198, dhuine bhochd for 'dhuine bochd, and na poit for na poite. P. 200 bosd on for bosd an, and chluinnea for 'chluinnes. P. 205, guu for gun. P. 206, 19, dtostan for drostan, and Cruithnech for Cruithnech.

On p. xii, 18, this sound should be the third sound of u.

P. 3.—IS MAIRG DO 'N GALAR AN GRADH. This poem is from the Dean of Lismore's Book. We may or may not have given the substance of it. It is very difficult to read the Dean's book.

P. 13. In the line, Tha blath mo bhogh' ann am uchd, Ranald Macdonald has blagh, half; Gillies has blagh, fame; whilst Turner has blath, effect.

P. 35.—IORRAM NA TRUAIGHE. This poem is taken from Ranald Macdonald's collection. It is very irregular in versification as given in that work. We have made several changes in the words used; but none, so far as we know, in the ideas expressed.

On p. 41, He commanded, etc. should be He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the MacLeod regiment.

P. 47.—The stanza beginning Thug Iarl' Ogilbhi 's Eirli, should be deleted. We find that we have not given it correctly. It is very obscure in the MS.

P. 56. Probably tigherna Ghearrloch should be tighern' Chinn-Ghearrloch. There can be no doubt that the person meant is Maclean of Kingerloch.

P. 65.—Archibald Macdonald etc. should be Archibald Macdonald, An Ciaran Mabach, was a natural son of Donald Gorm Og, eighth baron of Sleat.

On p. 91, line 7, sligach should be slighech. Slighech means sly, cunning, full of stratagems.

P. 126.—CHA TAOBH MI NA SRATHAN. This poem was written down by a man who has it by heart and sent to us in 1888. We have given it word for word as we got it, except Beinn Muic'-Duibhe, which was Beinn Mac-Duibhe. A version of it appeared in the "Oban Times" of September 27th, 1890. The person who sent it to that paper says that the poem was composed by MacArthair Beinn-thuirc, in 1685. He has Beinn-an-luighe where we have Beinn Muic' Duibhe, Beinn-mheadhoin where we have Beinn Bheathain, and Beinn-bhurlaich where we have Beinn Mhurnain. Beinn-thuirc is in Glenfyne, Argyleshire.

P. 156.—GED A THA MO CHOIRC' AN CUNNART. The first eleven lines should have been printed at follows:—

Ged a tha mo choirc' an cunnart
 'Bhi air a fhroisedh gu builech,
 Tha Daibhidh ag radh e 'dh-fhulang,
 Nach dig e dhe 'n bheirt an diugh dhomh.
 Daibhidh greosgach, crom, ciar,
 'S gile 'n rocas no 'bhian;
 Bha mi eolach air riamh,
 Fer 'bu ghreoiliche fiamh.
 A Dhaibhidh an deid thu 'bhuain,
 'S gheibh thu paighedh Di-luain?
 Cha deid, arsa Daibhidh.

The first four lines have been lost. Those given by us have been merely inserted to make up the stanza.

A few stanzas of this work will be found in Gillies's collection, at page 138. The first stanza in that work is as follows:—

Thoir fios gu brebadair no beirte,
'Thuir rium gun do bhris mi 'aitrebh,
Gum faigh e paighedh air an fhaiche
Le tri chuairt de mhaide seidh.
Comh-thoirm laidir do 'n chu
'Thug a bhairlinn ud dhuinn;
Sud am paighedh 's math lium,
Tou 'bhi 'fagail na duthch'.

P. 176.—Delete Fonn.—“Cabar feidh.”

P. 194.—AIR FOGRAIDH NAN COCUPS. Cocups is evidently for cock-ups. Semincleit is in the MS. celninclet. Tabi is from the English word tabby, a kind of rich, waved silk.

us
col-
as

evi-
clet.
ved